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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Social & Political background of England.

Introduction :

The fortunes of England were at a very low ebb when Elizabeth ascended the throne. There were troubles at home and dangers abroad. The conquest of Calais by France had made her mistress of the Channel. Mary Stuart of Scotland assumed the style and arms of an English sovereign and her French marriage threatened to unite Scotland and France in a league against England. At home the religious strife between the protestants and Catholics had increased in bitterness owing to Mary's persecution. The treasury already drained by misgovernment under Edward II, was further exhausted by Mary's restoration of the Church lands and the cost of her French war. In the presence of these dangers England lay utterly helpless without a trained army or an equipped fleet.

Historical Background :

Thus Elizabeth was confronted with three dangers. First, there was the danger of civil war. The orthodox Catholics regarded Elizabeth as a usurper and might take up arms to support the cause of Mary Stuart. Second, there was the danger of a religious War between Catholics and protestants. Third, there was the danger of foreign invasion and conquest. So, she adopted the middle course, between extreme Protestantism and Catholicism. She persecuted the Puritans who wanted to purify the Church by abolishing many rites and ceremonies which she retained. The foreign policy of Elizabeth was essentially a peace policy. She knew that for every year of peace she could win, England would grow richer and stronger, so her great object was to keep England out of War, and to keep on good terms with foreign powers as far as possible. She took advantage of the bitter rivalry that then existed between France and Spain and by playing off the one against the other, managed to prevent them from making a common cause against England. In Scotland Elizabeth took advantage of the bitter strife between

the Catholics and the Protestants. She did her best to embarrass the hostile parties and thus prevented them from taking united action against her self.

Catholicism was the chief danger against which Elizabeth had to fight all through her reign. First, there was the Catholic rival in the person of Mary Stuart. Then there was the Pope who wanted to depose Elizabeth by inciting the English Catholics to revolt. Lastly, Philips of Spain, as the Champion of Catholicism took up arms against her. Hence her reign was a long struggle against the Counter-Reformation.

Achievements of Elizabeth :

The glories of Elizabethan reign consisted in the energy and wisdom of the Queen herself, in the group of the able statesmen, in the enterprise of her sailors and in the wealth of literature. Through her peaceful but energetic policy, she completed the conquest of Ireland, brought the long struggle with Scotland to a close, and freed England from foreign dangers. France was out-witted and Spain thoroughly humbled.

The reign of Elizabeth saw the beginning of English maritime activity. Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh were great navigators. This maritime enterprise of the English received a further impetus after the destruction of the Armada. Spain was no longer to be feared and the English became aggressive in their piratical enterprises. Besides, several merchant companies were founded. The most important of them was the *East India Company* formed in 1600.

The reign of Elizabeth is specially famous for the abundance of literary out-put, for the out burst of a splendid crop of literature which has never been equalled in any other period of English history. Among the writers of that age stand the most illustrious names in the annals of English literature. It was the English Renaissance. In all departments of literature the era was a great one. It saw like the birth of English prose, the origin of the national drama and the elaboration of poetry. In prose the outstanding names are those of *Hooker*, *Sidney* and *Bacon*. Among the Elizabethan poets, the greatest name

is that of Spenser. With Marlowe is associated the development of English drama which reached to its perfection in *Shakespeare*.

Elizabeth died in 1603 and James I, the son of Mary Queen of Scots became king. He reigned from 1603-1625; the period is known as Jacobean period. During his reign the English literature also flourished much.

The Shakespearean Age :

The period from 1558 to the death of James I in 1625 is called the Shakespearean Age. "This period of 67 years fall naturally into three divisions—the first 21 years of the Queen's reign; the 24 years between the publication of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender* and her death; and the 22 years of the reign of James I. We may call the first division, the time of preparation, or the springtide of Elizabethan literature, the second, its time of full fruition, or summer; the third, its time of decline or autumn. Strictly speaking, it is of course to the first two divisions only that the term Elizabethan should be applied, while the proper designation for the third is Jacobean.

"By virtue of its wonderful fertility and of the variety and splendour of its production, this period as a whole ranks as one of the greatest in the annals of the world's literature and its greatness was the result of many co-operating causes. As we follow the course of history, we observe that some times it is exceptionally vigorous and alert. Men who, like Spenser, Bacon and Shakespeare grew from boyhood into youth in the early years of Elizabeth's reign, and reached maturity during the closing decades of the sixteenth century, were fortunate enough to find themselves in a world in which the tides of life were at their highest. Influences were everywhere at work which tended to expand thought, stir the feelings, dilate the imagination, and by nourishing as well as stimulating genius, to give breath and energy to the literature produced. England now felt the full effect of the revival of learning, which was no longer limited to the scholarly few at the universities and about the court since innumerable translations carried the treasures of the classics far and wide through that large miscellaneous

public to which the originals would have been sealed books. In this way, as has been well said, 'every breeze was dusty with the pollen of Greece, Rome, and Italy', and even the general atmosphere was changed with the spirit of the new learning. An appetite for literature was thus fostered, and an immense impetus given to the sense of beauty and the growing love of everything that made for the enrichment of life. While the Renaissance aroused the intellect and the aesthetic faculties, the Reformation awakened the spiritual nature; the same printing press which diffused the knowledge of the classics put the English Bible into the hands of the people; and the spread of an interest in religion was inevitably accompanied by a deepening of moral earnestness. The recent discovery of new worlds beyond the seas, and the thrilling tales brought home by daring explorers, like Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, and Raleigh, quickened popular curiosity and the zest of adventure, kindled fresh ideas about many things, and did much to enlarge the boundaries of men's minds. The general prosperity of the country was also increasing and for the first time for many years it enjoyed the blessing of internal peace. England had thrown off the yoke of foreign power in the great rupture with Rome; the fierce feuds of Catholic and Protestant, by which it had long been rent, were now over; its discordant elements had been welded together into a united nation; and in the crisis in which, for the moment, its very existence imperilled—the collision with Spain—Englishmen found themselves sinking minor differences to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of their common country against their common foe. An intense patriotism thus became one of the outstanding features of the age, and showed itself in many ways—in a keen interest in England's past, pride in England's greatness, hatred of England's enemies, and extravagant loyalty to England's Queen.

"Such were some of the conditions which combined to create the spirit of Shakespeare's age—and age in which 'men lived intensely, though intensely and wrote intensely'. At such a time, when passions were strong, and speculation was rife, and, a great public existed eager to respond to appeal of genius, everything conspired to bring out of each man the best that was in him, and whatever might be the individual quality of his

work, the fulness and manysidedness of the life about him were certain to be reflected in it.

**Begining of the drama in England and its evolution
to the stage of Shakespeare.***

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, the drama for the most consisted of the Morality or Allegorical plays. The Morality plays dealt with some lesson of duty personified as Mercy, Justice, Temperances or Riches. Various characters were brought together in a rude kind of pot, virtue was always victorious which established some moral principle. Satan was always introduced and the humorous element was supplied by his torments at the hand of vice-vice was alwas represented with a low jocular buffoon, who kept the audience in a fit of mirth. Two examples of popular Moralities are *The Cradle of Security*, and, *Hit the Nail on the Head*. These Morality plays died about the end of Elizabethan reign, although even some critics go so far as to call *The Murder in the Cathedral* of T. S. Eliot of the 20th century as an example of the Morality play.

The Revival of learning really gave a great blow to the Morality plays. The old Greek and Roman plays became model in the hand of the English play-wrights.

“At first the virtues and vices of the morality gave way to characters from classical mythology. The plot too, instead of treating of Christian morals, was taken from the same source. This kind of drama was very fashionable at court throughout the reign of Elizabeth. The play generally abounded with compliments to the Queen or the nobles who were patrons of the players.”

The Interludes of John Heywood formed, then, a connecting link between the Morality and the regular drama. Such plays were generally played at court during the reign of Henry. These were short and humorous and represented in many respects our modern Farce. The characters were drawn mostly

* *Trace the begining of the drema in England and its evolution to the stage of Shakespeare.*

from real life, although the *vice* of the Morality plays still remained.

With the Reformation, the play-wrights hastened towards what is known as modern drama. The Interludes and moralities gave way as they were used either to support the Catholic cause or that of the Protestants, and the plays were full of sneer, jest satire which, the opposite party felt a great deal.

The first stage of the regular drama begins with the first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall, master of Eton. Though it was performed before 1551, it could not be published before 1556. The plot is woven round the adventure of a foolish town fop, and the manners represented therein belong to those of the Middle-class-people of that period.

The earliest known English tragedy is *Garboduc or Ferrex and Porrex*, written by Sackville and Norton, played in 1562. The plot was taken from an ancient British legend the *King Lear* 'the piece was too heavy and solemn for the taste of the audience.

In 1564, Richard Edwards combined tragedy and comedy in *Damon and Pythias*. The plot was taken from the classical mythology. It is very probable that this play was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall during the Christmas festivities (1564-65). The play was received warmly by the public.

The success of these plays allured others to write for the stage, and produced many playwrights who were well-acquainted with the classical drama, and who chose not only the romances of Italy and Spain for their plots, but also the narratives from the chronicle Histories of England. Holinshed's chronicles had great place from which Shakespeare drew much.

Among the dramatists who immediately proceeded Sakespeare and who wrote during what has been termed the Second Stage of the drama, the most noted were Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Nash and Lodge. These people are called University Wits as they had received University education, who wrote for the London stage between 1585 and 1593.

Charistopher Marlowe was born as Canterbury in 1564. He received his education at the King's School and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Till 1587 all the plays written for the stage, were all in prose or in rime. It was Marlowe who produced his *Tamburlaine, the Great* in blank verse, Gradually Maslowe developed his blank verse in his *Life and Death of Dr. Faustus* ; *The Jew of Malta* and in *Edward II.* Other playwrights followed suit and it can be said without doubt that in some degree he prepared the way for the mighty creation of Shakespeare.

Of the rest, Robert Greene ranks next to him. He was born at Norwich in 1560, and received education at Cambridge. More than forty plays are ascribed to him, among which *Alphonso*, *Orlando Furioso*, *Friar Bacon*, and *The Scottish Histories of James IV* are important.

In one of his pamphlets written on his death bed, we find the name of Shakespeare, wherein he warns other three fellows—Marlowe, Peele and Nash (or Lodge) against players, "Yes, trust them not ; for there is not an upstart crow, beautiful with our feathers, than with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." Three months after the death of Greene, one Henry Chettle, Greene's friend, published it ; later on he himself published a pamphlet asking apology from Shakespeare writing therein. "I am as sorry as the original fault had been my fault, because myself have been his Shakespeare's demeanour no less civil, than excellent in quality he professes ; besides, diverse of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious graces in writing, that approves his art."

Next comes William Shakespeare who has given us 36 plays: Second only to Shakespeare in the drama of this period stands Ben Johnson, whose *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, *The Alchemist*, and *Volpone* or *The Fox* are chief plays.

Many dramatists wrote towards the end of this period

Among them the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, John Ford and John Webster stand out prominently,

**Chief Characteristics of the Elizabethan,
Jacobean and Caroline drama.***

The period between 1603 to 1642 saw great artists as Shakespeare, Chapman, Dekker, Johnson, Massinger, Middleton, Webster, Ford, and Shirley, to mention only a few who made the theatre glorious. This period which stretches from the last days of Elizabeth to the time of William and Mary shows not only the best work of Shakespeare and his companions, but also the excellent glory of the Miltonic blank verse and the gradual chastening of poetry and of prose. It starts in the full flush of romantic enthusiasm and closes with the establishment of correct and careful neo-classicism.

“The seventeenth century opened with the last years of Elizabeth’s reign. She had unified England. She had made her country one of the chief of European nations, the colossal defeat of the Armada having for that time dissipated fear of any foreign invasion of English shores. She had made herself moreover, the head of a national Church. Her rule, if strict against Catholics and Puritans who were in any way adverse to her system of government, was, it may be said ; accepted by all. She was vain ; she was, artificial ; but she was a diplomat, and she was the symbol of England.

Elizabeth died in 1603, and James VI of Scotland, altering his title to James I succeeded the throne. He was thoroughly unlike his predecessors, Elizabeth had been supreme, but she had always known when to give way. James assumed her place with far more-exalted ideas of kingly power. He believed in the Divine right of the King. No doubt he had been gifted by nature with a clever but muddling brain. He is therefore, called the ‘wisest fool’ in Christendom. With him, then, in England grew up this new doctrine that Kings could do no ill. With James’s abrupt cessation from all foreign wars the

* *What are the Chief Characteristics of the Elizabethan, Jacobean and Caroline drama ?*

broad free air that had informed the life and literature of Elizabeth's reign began to vanish. Literature and life grew artificial, courtly, more luxuriant, more unmoral, more infidious, and yet, in their own way, more gorgeous. The bare simplicity and noble tone of Shakespearian tragedy degenerated into the florid beauties of Webster and Ford; the charm of *As You Like It* rank into the heated atmosphere of *A King and No King*."

James died very soon in 1625 avoiding any serious trouble with his subjects, but Charles I, who succeeded him had to see evil days. 'All through his reign he struggled, committing mad and perfidious act after mad and perfidious act.' His counsellors like Wentworth and Land aroused the public. By 1642 the tide was full; the Civil War broke out, and in 1649 Charles himself went to the scaffold bringing victory to the Puritans. The Puritan rule began but soon after the death of Cromwell, Charles II was recalled from France and again the Stuart's rule was restored.

During the Puritan's England; all the play-houses had been closed but now they were thrown open, immorality took the place of morality of the preceding years; gaiety took the place of sadness and solemnity careless abandon was substituted for restraint.

The Theatre :

A. Nicoll observes in his *British Drama* that the theatre of Elizabeth's day was a theatre of the people. Men and women of all classes flocked to it, and as a consequence the dramatists had to please both the nobility and the humbler citizens. The 16th century could give birth to the idyllic charm of *As You Like It* and to the crudest farce, to the rich bombast of *Tamburlaine* and to *Titus Andronicus*, to the cheap vandyke puns of *Romeo and Juliet* and to the lyrical passion. In the 17th century, fundamentally the actual play-houses remained as before with the platform stage.

"Most of the principal theatres were built on the plan of the Globe, open to the sky and plainly square or circular, but alongside of these 'public theatres there were springing up more and more of the 'private' type, generally rectangular, with roofs

and artificial lighting The use of scenery in the theatres appear during the last years of Charles's reign and that these are confined to the 'private' type of play-house. Thus in 1637 Sir John Suckling provides suits and scenes to the value of £ 300 for the production of his *Aglaure* at Blackfriars." Dumb shows, processions, and such like became very common in the seventeenth century. Old Chorus, as had been employed by Shakespeare, was also made use of. The old tricks of the stage remained almost unchanged. Plays within plays were of frequent occurrence. So, too, the old device of a girl dressed as a boy still held the boards. Still the actors all were men or boys. French actresses made an appearance in London about 1625, but hissed out of the town.

The device of dressing a girl as a boy aided in the first place toward, the introduction of scenes of an indelicate character, secondly it helped towards pathetic situation, and thirdly it assisted the dramatists in their constant search after novelty and complication of plot. "Immorality or indelicacy, pathos and the straining after novelty will be found to be three of the chief characteristics of Jacobean and Caroline literature."

The result of these prevailing conditions was manifold. In the first place, there arose a new criticism which led ultimately toward a better technique. The dramatists aimed at well-knit plots and better exposition. Middleton's *Women Beware Women* or Middleton and Rowley's *The Spanish Gipsy* stands good. Though the play-wrights aimed at better opening scene in their plays, yet they had a weak dramatic close.

Secondly, in the seventeenth century we find an increased love of thrills, not necessarily throughout the play, but in stress-position within the play. Thus many of the dramatists seemed to find a difficulty over their last acts. "All through these plays the dramatists attempt to fire the audience with suspense ; they constructed their tragedies on the plan of a series of exciting episodes, and constantly employ theatrical devices, both good and bad, for the purpose of arousing attention. The horrors, the poisoned pictures, the drinking cups made out of skulls, those devices made so familiar by Webster and Ford and Tourneur, are all manifestations of this aim."

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Thirdly, in order to appease their spectator, they mixed within their tragedies some scenes of hilarity and mirth thus arose a peculiar form of drama—the tragicomedy. In this form of tragi-comedy torment horror hover in the air, but are finally dispelled by an artificial close. "Love, particularly passionate and illicit love, has come to dominate the minds of the playwrights and of the audience; novelty is aimed at; and all means are taken to provide each drama with thrilling episodes, however artificial and unnatural they may be." By the side of this degeneration of moral tone, the audience developed an increasing love of pathos and of what may be termed sentimentalism. 'The dramatists employ every means, illegitimate as well as legitimate, to stir the emotions of the spectators and to present before them something of novelty. So we find the wholly false pity summoned forth by Ford and the painful attempts at pathetic situation made by Shirley and even by Webster.'

Weakness delineation of characterisation grew side by side. There was no possible delving into the depths of personality such as we find in Shakespeare. So, too, with the themes of the plays. Artificially and novelty came rapidly to count for more than anything else. Many of the plays of the time contain references to current events and to contemporary conditions. The political element is most traceable in tragedies and the rapid growth of the satire in comedies.

"In this development of satire it was but to be expected that the dialogue of plays should become more natural and life-like, and this tendency toward greater realism in language is a marked feature in almost all early seventeenth-century drama. In comedy the endeavour effected the scenes both for good and for evil. Obviously one of the readiest methods of securing the realistic effect was the introduction of slang terms and of barbarism. Jonson used the 'philosophical' cant in his *The Alchemist*, the cant of the Puritans in *Bartholomew Fair*. Middleton and Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel* has passages of 'roaring words', and Dekker's portion of *The Roaring Girl* abounds in 'Alsatian terms' the dialect of thieves."

The romantic tone frequently used in the more serious scenes ; the insistence upon intrigue, or action, at the expense of the characters ; and the air of aristocratic gallantry-all three appealed to the English playwrights and spectators. 'Romanticism and intrigue were rapidly leading toward exaggeration of effect and artificiality of psychological delineation ; the realist movement did at last keep the eyes of the dramatists intent upon contemporary London and its characters.'

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Life

William Shakespeare (1564-1616), was born at Stratford-on-Avon, and baptized on 26 April 1564. Shakespeare's father was a husbandman at Stratford and held various municipal offices. We have very little direct and positive knowledge concerning the facts of Shakespeare's life, and dependent on inferences of more or less probability, ranging from practical certainty to conjecture.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a farmer's son from the neighbouring village of Snitterfield, who came to Stratford about 1551, and began to prosper as a trade in corn, meat, leather, and other agricultural products. His mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a prosperous farmer.

Of Shakespeare's education, we know very little. It is probable that he might have attended the grammar school at Stratford, and picked up 'small Latin and less Greek' to which his learned friend Ben Jonson refers. Stratford is a charming little village in beautiful Warwickshire, and near at hand were the Forest of Arden, the old castles of Warwick and Kenilworth, and the old Roman camps and military roads, to appeal powerfully to the boy's lively imagination.

"With Shakespeare's education at the hands of Nature, came from keeping his heart as well as his eyes wide open, the beauty of the world. He speaks of a horse, and we know the fine points of a thorough bred: he mentions the duke's hounds, and we hear them clamouring on a fox tail, their voices

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matched like bells in the frosty air ; he stops for an instant in the sweep of a tragedy to note a flower, a star, a moonlit bank, a hilltop touched by the sunrise, an instantly we know what our own hearts felt but could not quite express when we saw the same thing. Because he notes and remembers every significant thing in the changing panorama of earth and sky, no other writer has ever approached him in the perfect natural setting of his characters."

When Shakespeare was about fourteen, he had to give up his studies to help and support the family of younger children. It is not known what type of occupation did he undertook. From evidence found in his plays, it alleged that he became a school master, and a lawyer's clerk, the character of Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, being the warrant for one, and Shakespeare's knowledge of law-terms for the other. In this connection Long says, "But, if we take such evidence, then Shakespeare must have been a botanist, because of his knowledge of wild flowers ; a sailor because he knows the ropes ; a courtier, because of his extraordinary facility in quips and compliments and courtly language ; a clown because none other is so dull and foolish ; a king, because Richard and Henry are true to his life ; a woman, because he has sounded the depths of a woman's feelings ; and surely a Roman, because in *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar* he has shown us the Roman spirit better than have the Roman writers themselves. He was everything, in his imagination, and it is impossible from a study of his scenes and character to form a definite opinion as to his early occupation."

In 1582 Shakespeare was married to Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a peasant family of Shottery. Whereas the marriage was a happy one or otherwise is a matter of conjecture. "The references to love and home and quiet joys in Shakespeare's plays are enough, to establish firmly that his love was a happy one. And the fact that, after his enormous success in London, he retired to Stratford to live quietly with his wife and daughters, tends to the same conclusion."

About the year 1587, Shakespeare left his family and went to London and joined himself to Burbage's company of players.

Of his life in London from 1587 to 1611, the period of his greatest literary activity, we know nothing definitely.

Shakespeare's first work may well have been that of general helper, but he soon became an actor, and the records of the London theatres show that next ten years he gained a prominent place. Within two years he was at work on plays; he worked with other men, and he revised old plays before writing his own, and so gained a knowledge of his art.

Shakespeare's poems, rather than his dramatic work, mark the beginning of success. *Venus and Adonis* became immensely popular in London. Soon after he became part owner of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres, in which his plays were presented by his own companies. His success and popularity grew amazingly. In 1597, he bought a house in Stratford and soon added a tract of farming land to complete his estate. His home visits grew more and more frequent till, about the year 1611, he left London and retired permanently to Stratford. After a few years of quiet life, Shakespeare died, probably, on April 23, 1616. Ben Jonson speaks of him very reverently, "I loved the men and do honour his memory, on this side of idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

Works of Shakespeare : At Shakespeare's death, twenty-one plays existed in manuscript. A few others had already been printed in quarto-form. The first printed collected collection of his plays, now called the First Folio (1623), was made by two actors, Heming and Condell, who asserted that they had access to the papers of the poet and had made a perfect edition, in order to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive." This contains thirty six of the thirty-seven plays attributed to Shakespeare, *Pericles* being omitted. We can divide all his works under four periods :—

First, A period of early experiments : (1) *Venus and Adonis*, (2) *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594. (3) *Titus Andronicus*, (4) *Henry VI* (three parts, 1590-91), (5) *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1590 (6) *Comedy of Errors*, (7) *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 1591-92, (8) *Richard III* 1593, (9) *Richard II*, (10) *King John*, 1594-95.

Second, A period of Development : (11) *Romeo and Juliet*, (12) *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1595, (13) *Merchant of Venice*, (14) *Henry IV* (first part) 1596, (15) *Henry IV* (second part), (16) *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1597, (17) *Much Ado About Nothing*, 1598, (18) *As you Like It*, (19) *Henry V*, 1599.

Third Period, Maturity and Gloom : *Sonnets* (1600 ?), (20) *Twelfth Night*, 1600, (21) *Taming of the Shrew*, (22) *Julius Caesar*, (23) *Hamlet*, (24) *Troilus and Cressida*, (1601-02), (25) *All's Well That Ends Well*, (26) *Measure for Measure*, 1603, (27) *Othello*, 1604, (28) *King Lear*, 1605, (29) *Macbeth*, 1606, (30) *Antony and Cleopatra*, (31) *Timon of Athens*, 1607.

Fourth Period, Late Experiment : (32) *Coriolanus*, (33) *Pericles*, 1608, (34) *Cymbeline*, 1609, (35) *Winter's Tale*, 1610-11 (36) *Tempest*, 1611, (37) *Henry VIII* (unfinished).

Doubtful Plays : *Titus Andronicus* and the first part of *Henry VI* are doubtful of Shakespeare's author ship. Shakespeare probably worked with Marlowe in the two last parts of *Henry VI* and *Richard III*. The three plays, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Timon*, and *Pericles* are only partly Shakespeare's work, but the other are authors unknown. *Henry VIII* is the work of Fletcher and Shakespeare, opinion being divided as to whether Shakespeare helped Fletcher, or whether it was an unfinished work of Shakespeare, which was later on completed by Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen* is undoubtedly not his and even *Edward III*.

Shakespeare's Poems : Generally it is said that if Shakespeare had written no plays, his poems alone would have ranked him great in Elizabethan Age. His two great poems are *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are one hundred and fifty four in number which express his own feelings that we possess, for his plays are the most impersonal in all literature.

Shakespeare's Place and Influence :

Shakespeare holds by general acclamation, the foremost place in the world literature, and his overwhelming greatness renders it difficult to criticise or even to praise him. Two poets only, Homer and Dante have been named with him ; but each

of these wrote within narrow limits, while Shakespeare's genius included all the world of nature and of Men. In a word, he is the universal poet. To study nature in his works is like exploring a new and beautiful country; to study man in his work is like going into a great city, viewing the motely crowd as or views a great masquerade in which past and present mingle freely and familiarly, as if the dead were all living again. An the marvellous thing, in masquerade of all sorts and condition of men, is that Shakespeare lifts the mask from every face, let us see the man as he is in his own soul, and shows us in each one some germ of good, some 'soul of goodness' even in thing evil. For Shakespeare strikes no uncertain note, and raise no doubts to add to the burden of your own. Good alway overcomes evil in the long run, and love, faith, work, and dut are the four elements that in all ages make the world right. To criticise or praise the genius that creates these men and women is to criticise or praise humanity itself.

Of his influence in literature it is equally difficult to speak. Goethe expresses the common literary judgment when he says "I do not remember that any book or person or event in my life ever made so great an impression upon me as the plays of Shakespeare." His influence upon our own language and thought is beyond calculation. Shakespeare and the King James' Bible are the two great conservatories of the English speech; and one who habitually reads them finds himself possessed of a style and vocabulary that are beyond criticism. Even those who read no Shakespeare are still unconsciously guided by him, for his thought and expression have so pervaded our life and literature that it is impossible, so long as one speaks the English language, to escape his influence.

*His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"*

(J. Long)

"To call Shakespeare 'romantic' is as meaningless as to call of the 'romanticism of the classics.'" There are empty verbal analogies, hardly to be excused by intellectual laziness

or miss-applied learning. The French Drama of the Romantic period is no more like Shakespeare's than, for example, Sully Prudhomme's poetry is like the *Divine Comedy*. But it may be objected, Shakespeare did not respect the three Unities any more than the Romantics did; he mixed genres as they did; his style is rhetorical poetry, like Victor Hugo's; there are clowns in both; there is the same meditation on the meaning of life and death—lyricism, violent passions, irony, sarcasm. All that is true, but these parallels are no more substantial than the shadows in the Plato's cave.

We must get rid of deceptive labels: the word 'romantic' lost all concrete meaning as soon as it was applied to anything but its proper object. It has been defined and presented in a hundred different ways, like the words 'poetry', 'lyricism', 'realism' and many others: they serve the lazy-minded who cannot grapple with difficulties or make their vague notions precise and clear. Henri Fluchere further says, "In my view it means no more than a kind of emotional disorder which inclines to dreaming and often seeks to move the reader by fraudulent means. Or let us call it a word that has fallen somewhat from its high estate: Shakespeare, Hugo, Delacroix, Wanger—all Romantics. Villon can also be included, and Chartres Cathedral, Cervantes, and Loyola, the Cathars and the Jacobins, the Inquisition and Dostoevsky! But seriously, Shakespeare is as far removed from Victor Hugo as Racine is from Maurice Donnay, or James I from Louis Philippe, King of the French.

"Dramatic art, however, is a living thing precisely because it is the expression of an epoch and a society. Any valid art-form worthy of the name, I repeat can only be that. Of all instruments of expression language is the most complete, the most subtle, and also the most exacting. For it is charged not only with thought, but also with emotion in a form that aims at being both beautiful and intelligible. Tragedy exists only with the actors who perform it and the public to whom it is addressed. The love of play-going merely shows man's keen curiosity about himself—the self he knows or the self he does not know, it matters not—man as he is, as he could be, as he should be. And there has never been a Drama (except no

doubt, that of the Greeks) which so perfectly fulfilled its function as Renaissance Drama in England.

Elizabethan drama—and of course Shakespeare's also—is not literary genre as French Romantic Drama is. It is the voice of a whole epoch, taking in all possible tones and ways, expressing through the mouths of its dramatic characters the sum of knowledge, preoccupations, emotions and ideas constituting what is called the soul of that Age.

*** Shakespeare As A Dramatist :**

"There is not a particle of evidence to show that Shakespeare held any views on the theory of the drama, or that the question was live one in his mind. The species of play that he most affected in practice has been well-described by Polonius ; it is the 'tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited.' His first care was to get hold of story that might be shaped to the needs of the theatre. It is possible, no doubt, for a dramatist, as it is for novelist, to go another way to work. He may conceive living characters, and device events to exhibit them ; or he may start with a moral, a philosophy of life, an atmosphere, a sentiment, and set his puppets to express it. But Shakespeare kept to the old road, and sought first for a story, as characters are made by the events of the life. Others he permits to intrude upon the story, as old friends, or a new visitor intrudes, upon a plan and disorders it. His wisdom of life grew, a rich incrustation, upon the events and situations of his table. But the story came with him,—as it comes first with his audience, as it comes first with every child.

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- * *"As a dramatist, Shakespeare belongs essentially to his Age, yet his plays are universal and enduring."* Amplify and illustrate." [P. C. S. 1951.]

Or

"The greatest of dramatist is careful, not so much for the single character, as for the drama, indeed he observes not so much the probabilities of the action of the psychology of the characters as the psychology of the audience, for whom both action and character are formed." Discuss.

Shakespeare spent no care, one would say, on the original choice of a theme, but took it as he found it, if it looked promising. Then he dressed his characters, and put them in action, so that his opening scenes are often a kind of postulate, which the spectator or reader is asked to grant. At this point of the play improbability is of no account ; the intelligent reader will become alert and critical only when the next step is taken, and he is asked to concede the truth of the argument—given these persons in this situation, such and such events will follow. Let it be granted that an old king divides his realm among his three daughters, exacting from each of them a profession of ardent affection. Let it be granted that a merchant borrows money to a Jew on condition that if he fails to repay it punctually he shall forfeit a pound of his own flesh. Let it be granted that a young prince sees a ghost, who tells him that his uncle, the reigning king, and second husband of his mother, is a murderer. The hypothetical preambles of *King Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *Hamlet* are really much more elaborate than this, but this may serve to illustrate Shakespeare's method. Before appealing to the sympathies and judgment of his audience he has acquainted them with the situation. Until the situation is created he cannot get to work on his characters. His plays open with a postulate ; then the characters begin to live, and, as Act follows Act, come into ever closer and more vital relation to the course of events ; till at last the play is closed, sometimes triumphantly and inevitably, by exhibiting the result of all that has gone before ; as other times feebly and carelessly, by neglecting the new interest that have grown around the characters and dragging the story back into its predestined shape.

“If this be so, it makes some kinds of criticism idle. Why, it is asked, did not Cordelia humour her father a little ? She was too stubborn and rude, where tact and sympathetic understanding might, without any violation of truth, have saved the situation. It is easy to answer this question by enlarging on the character of Cordelia, and on that touch of obstinacy which is often found in very pure and unselfishness. But this is really besides the mark ; and those who spend so much thought on Cordelia are apt to forget Shakespeare. If Cordelia had been perfectly tender and tactful, there would have been no play. The

situation would have been saved, and the dramatist who was in attendance to celebrate the sequel of the situation might have packed up his pipes and gone home. This is not to say that the character of Cordelia is drawn carelessly or inconsistently. But it is a character invented for the situation, so that to argue from the character to the plot is to invert the true order of things in the artist's mind".—
(*Raleigh*)

"Recent study of Shakespeare's plays has established beyond a shadow of doubt that he had a perfect sense of the theatre. Rarely, if ever in his maturer dramas does he leave an actor purposely with nothing to say or do. Frequently, however, he lets an actor stand throughout a scene without speaking, for a definite dramatic purpose: to show a certain mood working within him. That mood is generally reflection or watchfulness. Examples may be taken from *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. When Hamlet stands silent at the ghost's speech and then bursts into a rhodomontade of furious bombast, we feel that Shakespeare wished to show his hero plunged in reflection and suddenly awakened out of that reflection as out of a trance. So, too, when Hamlet listens to Horatio's account of the ghost's appearance, and replies with inconsequent nothings, he is intended by Shakespeare to be in a state of profound or bewildered meditation. In the same way, Horatio's silence which Hamlet speaks to Osric or while the prince raves over Ophelia's grave, betrays his watchfulness, as does the silence of Banquo when Duncan is discovered lying in his gore. Indeed, it may almost be accepted as an axiom that when some chief character breaks from loquacity to a silence broken only by monosyllables; or by piercing or inconsequent questions, that character is intended to be either in a state of reflection, mediation or of extreme watchfulness..... Besides this, there is the silence of a character off the stage, not revealed on Shakespeare's part by any direct allusion or reference. Horatio disappears from the scene of Hamlet for over two Acts, but when he reappears it is in the guise of a trusted confidant, and moreover, as a slightly sceptical deterrent upon Hamlet. This is one type of silence. Another type of silence is the silence of the hero. Quite frequently, so frequently as to become a 'law' with Shakespeare—when one of his heroes is cut out of the drama for any length,

of time. It is to reveal a change in his character. Thus Hamlet after departing for England and leaving the stage free for Laertes, Ophelia, Claudius, and Gertrude, reappears in an entirely altered spirit. His continual harping on '*It is no matter*' reveals a changed mood in him which coincides with and is partly caused by Ophelia's death. Macbeth, too, vanishes for a time, and he also is altered. Lear in the same way disappears after death scenes, and his re-entry coincides with his awakening to sanity; another absence from the stage is followed by his altered spirit at the close of the fifth Act. Hamlet's soliloquies on board the ship are not spoken for us with audible voice; Macbeth's crimes are not shown to our sensual eyes; Lear's moments of soul tormenting madness are not openly revealed. Our imagination, as with all great works of art, must supply the many gaps between the known and the unknown." (Nicoll)

"The Greeks secured unity by means of the chorus, which mediates between the actors and the speculators, by speaking attention interpreting events and guiding the feelings. Shakespeare had no chorus, but he attains the same and in another way. In almost all his plays there is a clear enough point of view; there is some character, or group of character, through whose eyes the events of the play must be seen, if they are to be seen in the right perspective. Some of his characters, he keeps nearer to himself than others. The meaning of *Love's Labours Lost* cannot be read through the eyes of Arnado, nor that of *Twelfth Night* through the eyes of Malvolio. What comes of regarding the play of *Hamlet* from the point of Polonius.....Moreover this point gradually shifts as the years pass by. It would be vain to attempt to read *Romeo and Juliet* from the stand point of Lady Capulet; even no calm and experienced a guide as Friar Laurence can lead us to the heart of the play. On the other hand, *The Tempest* or *The Winter's Tale*, cannot be read aright by those whose sympathies are concentrated on Miranda and Ferdinand, or on Florizel and Perdita.....We sympathise with Miranda and Ferdinand, but it is not their passion that we feel rather it is the benevolence and wisdom of Prospero rejoicing in their passion.

"There is always a centre of interest in the plays of Shakespeare. Some of the characters are kept in the full light

of this area of perfect vision. Others, moving in the outer field of vision, have no value save in relating to this centre. His habit of overcrowding his canvas is sometimes detrimental to the main impression. Edmund's love-intrigues, for instance, in *King Lear*,—who does not find them a tedious piece machinery? They belong to the story, but they do not help the play. For the most part, and in the most carefully ordered of the plays, the subsidiary characters and events are used to enhance the main impression. They have no full and independent existence; they are seen only in a limited aspect, and have just enough vitality to enable them to play their allotted part in the action".

(*Raleigh*)

"For the study of Shakespeare's plays simple character-studies, such as are popular among the commentators, are not sufficient. The character-study, necessary as it may be, must be related to the larger whole, to the emergencies of the drama, before it can prove of any definite value. Merely to explain Hamlet's character tells us nothing; for after all we are dealing not with a man, but with a play. Before we learn anything of Shakespeare's larger purpose we must pass beyond and see, first, how that character influences the dramatic construction, and, secondly, how far it is itself determined by the preconceived plot or story of the play. Thus Hamlet's nature and the nature of Othello seen both to have been conceived in their special terms in order to make possible the dramatic presentation of the past historical narrative of Belleforest and the fictional tale of Cinthio respectively. The construction of *King Lear*, on the other hand betrays evidence of having been determined by the character of Lear himself. Misled by romantic critics with little *flair* for the theatre, a number of nineteenth and twentieth century Shakespearean commentators have failed to think the author of Hamlet other than as a great creator of character. Equally misled by the enthusiasm for the stage, a number of our most recent critics have apparently regarded Shakespeare purely as a weaver of finely constructed dramas. The truth lies in the higher harmony. For Shakespeare's character is interwoven inextricably with plot, and only by an examination of both not separately but together, can we hope to reach even to the fringe of his final aim."

(*A. Nicoll*)

*** Shakespeare's Philosophy :**

Shakespeare was poet first, and then dramatist, preacher, moralist and philosopher etc. Really, Shakespeare, had no belief in philosophy to tangle with the problems of life. Regarding to this point Raleigh observes, "When Shakespeare grappled with the ultimate problems of life he had the help of no talisman or magic script, doctrine theory, metaphysics, morals—how should these help a man at the last encounter ? Men forge themselves these weapons, and glory in them, only to find them an encumbrance at the hour of need. Shakespeare's many allusions to philosophy and reasons show how little he trusted them. It is the foolish Master Slender and the satirical Benedick who profess that their love is governed by reason.

The will of man is by his reason sway'd, says Lysander, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, even while he is the helpless plaything of the faeries. Where pain and sorrow come, reason is powerless, good counsel turns to passion, and philosophy is put to shame :

*I pray thee, peace ! I wilt be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet Philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance .*

"It is therefore, vain to seek in the plays for a philosophy of doctrine which may be extracted and set out in brief. Shakespeare's philosophy was the philosophy of the Shepherd Corin : he knew that the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is, that the property of rain is to wet, and of the fire to burn. King Lear, when he came by the same knowledge, saw through the flatteries and deceits on which he had been fed.—"*They told me I was everything ; 'tis a lie. I am not ague proof*". All doctrines and theories concerning the place of man in the universe, and the origine of evil, are a poor and partial business

* "*Shakespeare's Philosophy was the philosophy of Shepherd Corin.*" Discuss. Or "*Shakespeare's plays preach no Philosophy.*" Discuss.

compared with that dazzling vision of the pitiful estate of humanity which is revealed by tragedy."

Referring to this very quality of Shakespeare's work, Drink water has stated, "Tennyson, although he was vitally interested in life, and honest enough in his acceptance of the processes of life so far as he could interpret them, had also certain abstract moral points of view which he was apt to impose upon those processes in course of creation..... it is one of the chief glories of Shakespeare's art that it is intensely concerned with life, with its moral consequences, but hardly at all concerned with moral points of view that are not directly the consequence of life as it grows at the poet's bidding. That is why we feel that Shakespeare loved Macbeth, whose moral conduct he must have condemned, no less than Rosalind, whose conduct he has certainly sanctioned.

Shakespeare had no morality to preach, nor did he use his plays as a means to an end, but they were an end in themselves. Hazlitt in connection to this point of Shakespeare's works observes, "Shakespeare was in one sense the least moral of all writers for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies; and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature in all its shapes, degrees, depressions and elevation." This same point has been referred by Raleigh thus: "Shakespeare baffled all imitators by his speed and inexhaustible variety. His early comedies might perhaps be brought within the compass of a formula, though the volatile essence which is their soul would escape in the process. His historical plays observe no certain laws, either of history or of drama. The attempt to find a theoretic basis for the great tragedies has never been attended with the smallest success. Man is greater than the mode of his thought which is called philosophy, as a whole is greater than a part; and the Shakespearean drama is an instrument of expression incomparably fuller and richer than the tongues and bones of moralists and metaphysicians."

Making distinction between poetry and philosophy and regarding Shakespeare as the supreme poet and not a philosopher Drinkwater has remarked. "Philosophy, says the dictionary, is 'the science of being as being: the knowledge of the

causes and laws of phenomena.' I take this to mean that philosophy is concerned with the deduction of abstract principles from particular instances.....I know at least what philosophy primarily purposes to do, and I know that it is not what poetry primarily purposes to do. Since the mind of man is not a machine but a flexible organism, every mind will, I suppose, be a bit of everything, and the philosopher and the poet will each stray, by accident or design, and now and again into the other's territory. But in the main the distinction is clear.

"The purpose of poetry is to see as intensely as possible those particular instances from which philosophy formulates principles, and to give them the most striking from which it can devise. It is concerned not so much with the causes and laws of all phenomena as with the phenomena themselves. It is the poet's faith that to see a thing vividly is to understand it—that is, the image of the thing itself reveals the causes and laws that governs its nature. The representation of the thing seen, is the function of his art and an infinitely complicated business it is. So complicated that it a common device of the poet to represent the things, seen by placing some other things before us.....

"The measure of a poet's mind then is not its aptness for philosophic abstractions, but its capacity for receiving vivid expressions of a great variety of phenomena, impressions upon which his art will work in the creation of his poetry. In this capacity Shakespeare's mind was probably the most richly endowed that the world has known.. ..

"The only subject, on which Shakespeare steadily explores or rather demonstrates, the profounded issues of philosophy, is that of tragic retribution. The expiation of offence in disaster is the theme that he treats consistently with intellectual passion. It is, I think, the only of which this can be said. He constantly introduces into his plays, passages of shrewd and moving worldly wisdom, memorably expressed, but these are no more than marginal notes to philosophy. His world is one of consumately realised images, and richer in the ranging of phenomena than any that we know. Shakespeare enters no claim to be reckoned among the philosophers, but a philosopher with nothing but

Shakespeare's plays to work upon might construct a system that would discredit his mystery."

Many critics have tried to examine Shakespeare's view on various aspects of life, by reading his plays. But no conclusion derived under a system of philosophy, which we may call 'Shakespearean philosophy'. They are nothing, but his observations on various problems expressed in the course of his writing the plays. Shakespeare had no particular philosophy. He had some personal observations on human life. In connection to Shakespeare's personal religion, Bradley remarks on "Shakespeare the Man" in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*. "Shakespeare, I imagine, was not, in the sense assigned to the word, a religious man. Nor was it natural to him to regard good and evil, better and worse, from a theological point of view. But this appears certain he had a lively and serious sense of 'conscience', of the pain of self-reproach and self-condemnation, and of the torment to which this pain might rise. He was not in the least disposed to regard conscience as somehow illusory or a human invention, but on the contrary thought of it as connected with the power that rules the world and is not escapable by man. He realised fully and felt keenly after his youth was past and a certain time of stress, the sufferings and wrongs of men, the strength of evil, the hideousness of certain forms of it, and its apparent incurability in certain cases. And he must sometimes have felt this as a terrible problem. But, however, he might have been tempted and yielded, to exasperation and even despair, he never doubted that it is best to be good; felt more and more that one must be patient and must forgive, and probably maintained unbroken a conviction practical if not formulated, that to be good is to be at peace with that unescapable power. But it is unlikely that he attempted to theorise further on the nature of the power. All was for him, in the end, mystery, and, while, we have no reason whatever to attribute to him a belief in the ghosts and oracles he used in his dramas, he had not inclination to play the spy of God or to limit his power by our notions of it

"Whatever to this 'religion' he joined a more or less conventional acceptance of some or all the usual Christian ideas, it

is impossible to tell. There is no great improbability to me in the idea that he did not, but it is more probable to me that he did—that, in fact, though he was never so tormented as Hamlet his position in the matter was, at least in middle life (and he never reached old age) much like Hamlet's. If this were so it might naturally happen that, as he grew older and wearied of labour, and perhaps of the tumult of pleasure and thought and pain his more personal religion, the natural piety which seems to gain in weight and serenity in the latest plays, came to be more closely joined with Christian ideals. But I can find no clear indications that this did happen, and though some have believed that they discovered these ideas displayed in full, though not explicitly in *The Tempest*. I am not able to hear there more than the stream of Shakespeare's own religion 'moving with the fullest volume and making its deepest and most harmonious music.'

Shakespeare, very strongly believes in Destiny, which is 'overruling, above all. Minto, in connection to this point, observes, "The poet recognises an over-ruling Destiny above all tumult. It is not a cold remote power of marble majesty: it is represented as being in intimate connection with human affairs;

*Reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decess of kings,
Than sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things.*

Nothing is more remarkable in Shakespeare's plays, and nothing contributes more to the influence of chance, of under-signed accidents. The most tragic events turn on the most strifling circumstances, the fate of Richard II is traced to a momentary impulse. When Bolingbroke and Mowbray are mounted for the encounter, and waiting for the signal to charge, the king on a sudden thought throws down his warder, stops the fight, and sends the combatants into exile. This impulse cost him kingdom and life.

*O when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw.*

Shakespeare's belief was that Time and Fate are inevitable.

They rule the course of life. He recognised Fate as 'stern.' Nothing can bar the course of Time, as it is cruel :

*Like as the waves make toward the pabble shore,
So do our minutes hasten to our end.*

But, sometimes his soul rebels against the cruelty of Time and Destiny. He says that it is love which can abide to eternity. Love knows no change. It is one thing that abides in the flux of time, and he seems ready to cry with his own Henry IV.

*O God that one might read the Book of Fate
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! Oh if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.*

Referring to Shakespeare's political beliefs, Bradley expresses, "Shakespeare as we might expect, shows no sign of believing in what is sometimes called political 'principle'. The main ideas which, consciously or unconsciously seem to govern or emerge from this presentation of state of affairs, might perhaps be put thus. National welfare is the end of politics and the criterion by which political actions are to be judged. It implies of necessity 'degree', that is, difference of position and function in the members of the body politic. And the first requisites of national welfare are the observance of this degree, and the concordant performance of these functions in the general interest.....We find no hint, for example, in *Julius Caesar*, that Shakespeare regarded a monarchical form of government as intrinsically better than a republican or vice versa ; no trace in *Richard II*, that the author shares the king's belief in his inviolable right, or regards Bolingbroke's usurpation as justifica-

ble.....That Shakespeare greatly liked and admired the typical qualities of the best kind of aristocrat seems highly probable; but then this taste has always been compatible with a great variety of political opinions. It is interesting, but useless to wonder what his own opinions would have been at various periods of English history: perhaps the only thing we can be pretty sure of in regard to them is that they would never have been extreme, and that he would never have supposed his opponents to be entirely wrong."

At there is so snake to be found in Iceland, so is there no philosophy in Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's imagery.*

The greatness of a poet, a playwright, a novelist lies in the use of a fit word to a fit place. In Shakespeare, every word is a picture. Minto asserts that the art of putting things cleverly and playing upon words was never carried to a greater height than in the age of Elizabeth. The Elizabethans were conscious word-artists—'engineers of phrases', as Thomas Nash said. 'To see this age', cries the clown in *Twelfth Night*, 'a sentence is but a chevril glove to a good wit, how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward'. And this same clown was acting in delicious caricature of the age, when he fastidiously rejected the word 'element'—'who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say element', but the word is overdone.

The delight in similitude: The delight in similitude went naturally with this extravagant craze for uncommon expression, the fancy was solicited and when solicitation failed, was tortured to satisfy the reigning fashion. They ransacked for comparisons the heavens above the earth, beneath the waters, under the earth, and the historical and mythical generations of earth's inhabitants. The wit of those days viewed the whole world as so much figurative material; he knew it as a painter knows his box of colours, or an enthusiastic botanist the flora of his own parish.

That was the sort of fermentation likely to produce great masters of words to call a spade a spade is a most benumbing

* "Shakespeare's imagery has a more important function and significance than 'illuminative' or 'decorative'—Discuss.

and stifling maxim to literary genius ; and Elizabethans not have called spade a spade if he could possibly have found anything else to call it.

Number of Words : The number of words used by Shakespeare is said to be 15,000 ; and the prodigious magnitude of this number is usually brought out by comparing it to Milton's number, which is 8,000 It would appear as if, when Shakespeare set in the heat of composition, every word in the sentence just penned overwhelmed him with its associations ; so perfectly were his intellectual forces molised and so fresh and eager were their employment. And besides these officious troops of words, he had in his service troops of images no less officious, no less ready to appear upon the slightest hint. Upon the slightest hint that they were wanted, they came flashing in with the lightning excitement from all quarters. from pages of poems, histories, and even compendiums, from echoes of the stage, from all regions of earth and sky that he had seen or realised in thought."

Copiousness of Shakespeare's imagery : M. Taine says that there is series of paintings which is unfolded in his mind. He does not seek them, they come of themselves ; they crowd within him, covering his arguments : they dim with their brightness the pure light of logic. He does not labour to explain or prove, picture on picture, image on image, he is for copying the strange and splendid visions which are engendered one within another, and are heaped up within him.

Minto does not admit that Shakespeare's argumentative faculty was thus overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of imagery. He admits, no doubt, the pictorial side of Shakespeare's genius but not so exaggerated as M. Taine suggests.

George Rylands observes that passion for either spinning out an image or accumulating diverse images to illustrate a single idea is very dominant in Shakespeare's early work. It is a dangerous passion, for as often as not it dissipates instead of concentrating the emotion. In the narrative poems it is not fatal.

Mathew Arnold complains of Shakespeare's irritability of fancy and over-curiousness of expression as the prepondering qualities of which all modern poetry has felt the influence, in which composition is sacrificed to detail. Dr. Johnson closes a magnificent indictment with the sentence: 'A quibble was to him fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world and was content to lose it'. The passion was a youthful one. Conceit and simile give way to metaphor. Ornament ceases to be calligraphic, to be ornament for ornament's sake: it becomes functional and organic.

*That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold.*

Shakespeare is in the habit of using recurrent or dominating images in his plays. They play a part in raising, developing, sustaining, and repeating emotion in his plays. 'The dominant images are a characteristic of Shakespeare's work throughout, but whereas in the earlier plays they are of the rather obvious, taken over in some cases with the story itself form a hint in the original narrative, in the later plays, and especially in the great tragedies, they are born of the emotions of the theme, and, are, as in *Macbeth*, subtle, complex, varied but intensely vivid and revealing, or as in *Lear*, so constant and all prevailing as to be re-iterated, not only in the world-pictures, but also in the single words themselves."

Each of Shakespeare's plays has a group of dominating images, and in tragedies, certain groups of images stick out in each particular play and immediately attract attention because they are peculiar either in subject or quantity or both.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the dominating image is light the sun, moon, stars, fire, lightning, the flash of gun-powder, and the reflected light of beauty and of love. In this play the beauty and andour of young love is seen by Shakespeare as the irradiating glory of sunlight in a dark world.

In *Hamlet*, there is an entirely different atmosphere. In it anguish is not the dominating thought, but rottenness, disease, corruption, the result of *dirt*, the people are 'muddled'.

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, thus to Shakespeare's pictorial imagination, the problem in Hamlet is not predominantly that of will and reason, of a mind to philosophic or a nature temperamentally unfitted to act quickly he sees it pictorially, not as the problem of an individual at all, but as something greater and even more mysterious, as a condition for which the individual himself is apparently not responsible, any more than the sick man is to blame for the cancer which strikes and devours him.

In *Macbeth*, darkness pervades throughout the play. Here light stands for life, virtue, goodness, and darkness for evil and death. 'Angels are bright', the witches are secret, black and midnight hags', and as Dowden says, the movement of the whole play might be summed up in the words, 'good things of day begin to droop and drowse.'

The next symbolic idea in the play is that sin is a disease—Scotland is sick.....Malcolm speaks of his country as weeping, bleeding, and wounded, and later urges Macduff—

*make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.*

In *Macbeth*, the ideas in the imagery are in themselves more imaginative, more subtle and complex than in other plays. "The first idea that constantly recurs is that Macbeth's new honours sit ill upon him. Macbeth himself first expresses quite early in the play.

"Another image or idea which runs through *Macbeth* is the reverberation of sound echoing over vast regions, even into the limitless spaces beyond the confines of the world...Macbeth himself, like Hamlet, is fully conscious of how impossible it is to 'trample up the consequence' of his deed, and by his magnificent images of angels pleading trumpet-tongued, pity, like a naked New-born babe striding the blast."

*or heaven's Cherubin horsed
Upon the slightless couries of the air'*

Who.....

*Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.*

The main image of *Othello* is that of animals in action, preying upon one another, mischievous, lascivious, cruel, or suffering and through these, the general sense of pain and unpleasantness is much increased and kept constantly before us. "It is interesting to compare the animal imagery in *Othello* with that in *Lear*. The plays have certain likenesses; they were written near together, they are the most painful tragedies, and they are both studies of torture. But the torture in *Lear* is on so vast and so inhuman a scale, the cruelty of child to parent in the doubly repeated plot is so relentless and ferocious, that the jealous and petty malignity of Iago shrinks beside it.

No other writer, save Shelley in his *Prometheus Unbound*, comes nearer to Shakespeare's nature-imagery, but even *Prometheus Unbound* is not a drama, rather a lyrical poem.

Shakespeare's use of Prose. *

In real life people do not speak verse at all, though in all the ancient and classical literature, verse is the only specimen of literature. It is true that under stress of emotions people may speak in prosaic poetry or in poetic prose. The more mechanical and artificial the verse, the more unreal the effect. "So, it happened that as Shakespeare gained both power in dramatic skill and mastery in rhythm, he came more and more to vary the blank verse line instead of counting and emphasising the beats, he harmonised the rhythm with the natural rhythm of human speech."

Shakespeare uses prose and rhymed verse and songs to relieve the monotony of blank verse. The major characters use blank-verse, whereas the minor ones as servants and messengers speak in prose. Verse is used where the emotion is stronger. Prose is used in messages and reports. Letters are also written in prose. Macbeth writes his letter in prose. The grave diggers in *Hamlet* and the porter in *Macbeth* all speak in prose. Prose is used also for ordinary dialogues. In *The Merchant of Venice* Portia and Nerissa, Shylock and Bassanio, Launcelot and Gobbo, speak together in prose.

* Write a note on Shakespeare's use of Prose. [I. A. S. 1947]

Shakespeare's use of prose was a gradual process of the growth of his art as dramatists. In *Ridhard II*, there is no prose, but in *Tempest*, there is much prose. Prof. Ward has observed in his book '*A History of English Dramatic Literature*'. The use on the English stage of prose as a vehicle of expression entitled equal rights with verse was due to Lyly, though it had not been originally introduced by him. Shakespeare, together with most of his contemporaries among our dramatists, was evidently under the influence of Lyly's prose; but the limits within which he admitted its operation may be worth observing. In Shakespeare's prose, three varieties may conveniently be distinguished. First, we have the speech of the clowns and their fellows, which in phraseology and construction is the speech of the people, and abounds in such reminiscences as those adverted to above. Secondly, we have essentially the euphuistic style, feature of which are in Shakespeare's earlier dramas at times undoubtedly introduced in order to ridicule it, but occur in his later plays without any such purpose and in full seriousness, where information is to be given to the spectators as to the nature of the situation, or where a specially solemn and ceremonious tone is intended. Here beyond doubt, Shakespeare was consciously employing that elaborate species of phraseology and balanced cadence of speech, peculiar to the good society of his age, of which Lyly's style was the English proto-type. Lastly, there is humorous prose spoken as a rule (though not exclusively) by personages of superior rank or importance—the prose of high comedy, as one may venture to call it. Suggested in form by the dialogue of Lyly, these Shakspearian conversations—of which the wit combats in *Much Ado About Nothing* furnish the most single example—are very far from being essentially euphuistic; and in no branch of dramatic writing was the advance made by Shakespeare more remarkable, while none of his Elizabethan contemporaries approached him in the combination of elegance, lightness, and point which he here displayed. With all his power of observation and wit, Ben Jonson fell short of a similarly consummate success; Beaumont and Fletcher have been judged to have 'copied more faithfully than Shakespeare the language of the Court and the Mall', but the question is whether, so to speak, the company which they kept there was of the very best. But I would rather cry a truce in the matter.

What seems incontrovertibly is that the prose form of English high comedy has its first model in Shakespeare."

"During this period (which divides *King John* from *Hamlet*) his prose has a concentration which so far he has but seldom managed to attain in verse; and prose, hitherto accepted in English drama as the medium for low-born persons and clowns, for the moment outset verse as the means of portraying dramatic character. Of course much of the prose in these particular plays is spoken by clowns, and all of it is mannered, but some of it is passionate too; and it is in this experimental phase that Shakespeare shows that he has at length recognised the supreme needs of drama. Now he is not merely laughing at poetising, he has succeeded in banishing it. Shylock speaks prose; not always but, significantly, when he is most in need of words.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same disease, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed?.....

The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious jewels in her ear? would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!.....no ill luck stirring, but what light on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

(*Merchant of Venice*)

Prose is the medium of Falstaff as well as of the lighter comedians he gathers about him; of Henry V in his most revealing moments, when he sheds, so far he ever can, the formal robes of office and thinks and talks like a man; of the duels and love of Benedick and Beatrice; of Rosalind both in her intimate gossip with Celia and when she bandies love with Orlando. Prose at this time was made to carry a heavier weight of thought and emotion than, in drama, it had ever done before.

(*Reeves*)

Shakespeare's blank verse *

Shakespeare was an expert in the art of versification. In connection to this point Ward writes in his book, *A History of English Dramatic Literature* : "That the verse of Shakespeare's drama remains as a whole unrivalled, is due to the spontaneous flow of the well of poetry which was in him. We cannot think of him writing his verses, like Johnson in the first instance in prose ; for with Shakespeare there can have never been an interval between the conception of a thought and the production of it in its appropriate poetic form. This is especially illustrated by the exquisite appropriateness of the lyrics introduced by him into his dramas, which are so true to the tone of a scene or situation ; but the same appropriateness is characteristic of his versification as a whole. He can not be said to have discovered, but he certainly exemplified, with a fulness unequalled if not unapproached, the pliancy of the chosen metre of the English drama,—the marble float under his hands."

Addressing to the qualification of Shakespeare's versification and its development, especially of the blank verse, Prof. Saintsbury has remarked in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, "For the earlier period, we have pieces like *Love's Labours Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors* on the one hand, like *'Titus Adronicus'* on the other. In the last we see an attempt to play the game of the Marlow-heroic, the unrimed, 'drumming decasyllabon', strictly and uncompromisingly. The verses are turned out like bullets, singly from the mould ; there is little correspondence (though there is some) to rime, even at the end of scenes and tirades, there is no prose proper. But there is considerable variation of pause ; and though the inflexibility of the line sound is little affected by it, there is a certain running over of sense in which especially when enjoined with the pause, there is promise for the future.

* *Considering of the plays of Shakespeare show that he was 'making finer and more intricate texture of his blank-verse, originating fresh dramatic types'.*

The two other plays represent quite a different order of experiment. *Love's Labours Last*, especially is a perfect mixture of metres. There is a blank-verse, and plenty of it, and sometimes very good, though always inclining to the 'single-mould.' But there is also abundance of rime ; plenty of prose ; arrangement in stanza, especially quatrain ; doggerel, sometimes refining itself to tolerably regular anapaestus ; fourteeners ; octasyllable shortened catalectically and made trochaic ; finally, pure lyric of the most melodious kind. The poet has not made up his mind which is the best instrument and trying all—not, in every case, with a touch, but, in every case, with a touch which brings out the capacities of the instrument itself as it has rarely, if ever, been brought out before.

In the other early plays, with a slight variations in proportion to subject, and with regard to the fact whether they are adaptations or not, this process of experiment and, perhaps, half unconscious selection continues. The blank verse steadily improves and, by degrees, shakes off any suggestion of the chain, still more of the tale of bullets, and acquires the astonishing continuity and variety of its best Shakespearean form. Still, it continually relapses into rime—often for long passages, and still often, at the ends or breaks of scenes and at the conclusion of long speeches ; sometimes, perhaps, merely to give a cue, sometimes, to emphasise a sentiment or call attention to an incident or an appearance. The very stanza is not relinquished ; it appears in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, even in *Merchant of Venice*. The doggerel and the fourteener, except when the latter are used (as they sometimes are) to extend and diversify the blank verse itself, gradually disappear : but the octosyllabic and more directly lyrical, insets are used freely. The point, however, in that which is, probably, the latest of this batch, and in the whole of the central group of comedies and tragedies, is the final selection of blank verse itself for reliance, and its development. Not only, as has just been noticed, do the deficiencies of the form in its earlier examples—its stiffness, its want of fluency and symphony, the gaps ; as it has been put, of a paviour with the lightning and setting down of its hammer—not only do these defects disappear, but

the merits and capabilities of the form appear contravise in ways for which there is no precedent in prosodic history. The most important of these, of the special dramatic purpose, if also the most obvious, is the easy and unforced breaking up of the line itself for the purpose of dialogue. But this, of course, has been done with many metres before; even medieval octosyllable writers have had no difficulty with it, though the unsuitableness of rime for dialogue necessarily appeared. But Shakespeare enlarged greatly and bodily on their practice. In all his mature plays—*Hamlet* is a very good example to use for illustration—the decasyllabic or five-foot norm is rather a norm than a positive rule. He always; or almost, always makes his lines, whether single continuous, or broken, referable to this norm. But he will cut them down to shorter, or extend them, to greater, length without the least hesitation. Alexandrines are frequent and fourteeners not uncommon, on the one hand; octosyllables and other fractions equally usual. But all adjust themselves to the five-foot scheme; and the pure examples of that scheme preponderate so that there is no danger of its being confused.

Secondly, the lines, by manipulation of pause and of *enjambement* or overrunning, are induced to compose a continuous symphonic run—not a series of gasps; In some passages—for instance, the opening lines of *Antony and Cleopatra*—the play will hardly be found indetical in any two of a considerable batch of verse. As to its location, the poet entirely disregards the centripetal rule dear to critics at almost all times. He sometimes disregards it to the extent—horrible to the straiter sect of such critics—of putting a heavy pause at the first or at the ninth syllable. Always, in his middle period, he practises what he taught to Milton—the secret of the verse period and paragraph—though in drama he has a greater liberty still of beginning this and ending it at any of his varied pause place, without troubling himself whether these places begin and end a line or not. Sometimes; indeed, he seems to prefer that they should not coincide.

But the third peculiarity which distinguishes the accomplished blank verse of Shakespeare is the most important of all. It is the mastery—on good principles of English prosody from

the thirteenth century onwards, but in the teeth of critical dicta in his own day and for centuries to follow—of trisyllable substitution. By dint of this, the cadence of the line is varied, and its capacity is enlarged, in the former case to an almost infinite, in the latter to a very great extent. Once more, the decasyllabic norm is kept, in fact, religiously observed. But the play of the verse, the spring and reach and flexibility of it, are as that of a good fishing-rod to that of a brass curtain pole. The measure is never really lost—it never in the least approaches doggerel. But it has absolute freedom: no sense that it wishes to convey, and no sound that it wishes to give as accompanied to that sense, meet the slightest check or jar in their expression.

“In the latest division, one of the means of variation” which had been used even before Shakespeare, and freely by him earlier, assumes a position of paramount and perhaps, excessive importance, which it maintains in his successors and pupils like Fletcher, and which, perhaps, carries with it dangerous possibilities. This what is sometimes called the feminine, or in still more dubious phrase, the ‘weak’ ending; but what may be better, and much more expressively, termed the redundant syllable. That, with careful, and rather sparing, use it adds greatly to the beauty of the measure, there is no doubt at all: the famous Florizel and Perdita scene in *The Winters Tale* is but one of many instances. But it is so convenient and so easy that it is sure to be abused; and abused it was not perhaps, by Shakespeare; but certainly by Fletcher. And something worse than mere abuse destruction of the measure itself, and the substitution of an invertebrate mass of lines that are neither prose nor verse, renamed behind.

“But this has nothing to do with Shakespeare, who certainly cannot be held responsible for the mishap of those who would walk in his circle without knowing the secret of his magic. Of that magic his manipulation of all verse that he tried—sonnet, stanza, couplet, lyric, what not—is, perhaps the capital example, but it reaches its very highest point in regard to blank verse. And after all, it may be wrong to use the word capital even in regard to this. For he is the *Caput* throughout, in conception, and in execution, in character and in story—not

an unnatural, full-marvel, but an instance of genius working itself up, on precedent and by experiment, promise to performance and from the part to the whole."

Shakespeare's Use of Soliloquies *

Definition : Soliloquy is a speech made without, or regardless of the presence of hearers, especially in plays. In Elizabethan times, and indeed until the comparatively modern vogue for more realistic drama came in, it was an ordinary and convenient way either of imparting information to the audience, or of developing the action of the play.

Origin of soliloquies : Soliloquy is a special convention of the drama. It owes its origin to the chorus of the Greek Tragedy. The chorus was a group of persons who used to recite long odes, thus offering an information to the spectators of the past occurrences and announcing what was going to follow next. Such are the soliloquies in Milton's *Samson Agonistes* and T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. These Chorus were a connecting link between the past and present, and present and future. Gradually the number of persons in the Chorus began to diminish, till it disappeared from the drama. Its place was then taken by the main actors. A single actor would come on the stage and deliver a speech. Infact, he used to address the spectators and thus made them know certain things, which could not be represented on the stage due to certain limitations. In the modern times, the soliloquies are giving place to telephone speeches or the actor reads a letter loudly to give information to the spectators.

Chief Functions : The first and foremost function of a soliloquy is *self-revelation*. "The soliloquy", says Hudson, "is the dramatist's means of taking us down into the hidden recesses of a person's nature and of revealing those springs of conduct within ordinary dialogue provides him with no adequate opportunity to disclose. He cannot himself direct them, as the novelist does. He, therefore, allows them to do the work of dissection on their account. They think aloud to themselves, and we overhear what they say."

* *Shakespeare's Use of Soliloquies—Discuss.*

*If it were done, when 'tis done, 'twere well
It were done quickly,*

In these words of Macbeth, we hear his heart, but he is not unconscious of King Duncan's noble qualities and his duty towards him.

*He's have in double trust
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then as his host,
Who should against his murder shut the door,
Nor bear the knife myself—*

as—

*this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off :*

Secondly, a soliloquy, sometimes, serves the purpose of giving information to the audience, though the intention is not disclosed. In *King Lear*, Act II, Edgar soliloquies—

*my face I'll grime with filth ;
Blanket my loins ; elf my hair in knots ;
And with presented nakedness out face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.*

Thirdly, especially in case of villains, it discharges the function of *explanation*. Bradley points out that with Shakespeare soliloquy generally gives information regarding the secret springs as well as the outward course of the plot, and, more over, it is curious point of technique with him that the soliloquies of his villains sometimes read almost like explanations offered to the audience. Richard III's and Iago's soliloquies stand a test to it.

Fourthly, Shakespearean soliloquies add an air of *idealisation* to the play. Most of his soliloquies are lyrical and magni-

ficiently political. Thus Shakespeare's soliloquies serve quadrangly-self revelation, information, explanation and idealisation.

We sum up the whole with George Saintsbury's remark, Shakespeare's method of drawing character are numerous. The most obvious of them is to soliloquy. This has been found fault with as un-natural—but only by those who do not know nature. The fact is that soliloquy is so universal that it escape observers who are not acute and active. Everybody, except persons of quite abnormal habitude, 'talk to himself as he walks by himself, and thus himself says he'. According to temperament and intellect, he is more or less frank with himself; but his very attempts to deceive himself are more indicative of character than his bare actions. The ingenious idea of the 'palace of truth' owes all its ingenuity and force to this. Now, Shakespeare constructed his work, in its soliloquies, as a vast palace of truth, in which those characters (who) are important enough are compelled thus to reveal themselves. Nothing contributes quite so much to the solidity and completeness of his system of developing plot by the development of character; nor does anything display more fully the extraordinary power and range, the 'largeness and range, the 'largeness and universality', of his own soul. For the soliloquy, like all weapons or instruments which unite sharpness and weights, is an exceeding dangerous weapon to yield. It may very easily be done in the novel (where there are not the positive checks on it which the drama provides) even more than in the drama itself. It is very difficult to do well and restrain themselves from over-doing it: that the soliloquies will represent not the character but the author; that they will assist in building up for us, if we desire it, the nature of Browne or Jones, but will do very much for the construction of revelation of that of Browne's or one's heroes and heroines. Shakespeare has avoided or overcome all these poets. His soliloquies, or set speeches of a soliloquial character, are never, in the mature plays, overdone; they are never futile or unnatural, and above all, they are so variously adapted to the idiosyncracies of the speaker that, while many people have tried to distill an essence of Shakespeare out of them, nobody has succeeded. From Shakespeare's soliloquies we hardly see him even in a glass darkly; but we see the characters who are made to utter them as plain as the hand writing upon the wall".

Shakespeare's treatment of Humour*

'Humour' is a personification of some individual passion or propensity. There are several kinds of 'humour' in literature. It can be used both in a broad and in a limited sense. It means *a little Jolly good natured mirth* in the narrower sense. In its broader sense it means for *boisterous humour or fun ; intellectual humour or wit ; or mirthful humour and bitter humour* may be called *satire*. There are four types of humour—the dry, the wet, the warm and the cool. But in Shakespeare no such classification is found. The Shakespearean humour has no cynicism. His humour is lively, polished and cultured. Dowden observes as follows—

"The genial laughter of Shakespeare at human absurdity is free from even that amiable cynicism, which gives to the humour of Jane Austen a certain piquant flavour ; it is like the play of summer lightning, which hearts no living creature ; but surprises, illuminates and charms."

Shakespeare abounds in kindly mirth ; he receives as exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind ; he can handle a fool as tenderly as any nurse qualified to take a baby from birth, can deal with her charge. But Shakespeare is not pledged to deep-eyed, ultra-amiability. With Jaques he can rail at the world, while remaining curiously aloof from all deep concern about its interests this way or that. With Timon he can turn upon the world with a rage no less than that of Swift, and discover in man in man and woman a creature as abominable as the Yahoo. In other words, the humour of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is dramatic.

The Second main characteristic of Shakespeare's humour is : "The only play of Shakespeare's out of nearly forty, which is farcical "*The Comedy Errors*" was written in the poet's earliest period of authorship and was formed upon the suggestion of a preceding piece. It has been observed with truth by Gervinus that the farcical incidents of this play have been connected by

* Write a note on Shakespeare's treatment of Humour.

Shakespeare with a tragic back-ground, which is probably his invention. With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakespeare can mingle mirth, and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play or wit or humorous characterisation ; but an entirely comic subject somewhat disconcerts the poet."

The third characteristic of Shakespeare's humour is genial, kindly, sincere and having no touch of cynicism. "The genial laughter of Shakespeare at human absurdity is free from even that amiable cynicism, which gives to the humour of Jane Austen a certain piquant flavour, it is like the play of summer lightning, which hurts no living creature, but surprises, illuminates and charms."

Very carefully Priestley has addressed in connection to the tolerant aspect of Shakespeare's humour : "What a world of wit and high spirits and happy laughter is here ! face after face, scene after scene, enchantingly etched, return to the memory ; the gay Mercurtio and the pretting Nurse ; Botton and Peter Quince in the magic wood ; Rosalind and Touchstone capping jests : Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the clown at their catches ; Benedick and Beatrice playing lovers, and Dogberry addressing the Watch ; Slender and Sir Hugh Evans at Windsor ; Pistol and Fluellen at the wars ; Autolycus cozening the Shepherds, Falstaff marching his ragged regiment into immortality ; think of this world is to stand beside Prospero and watch him point his wand. The master of the revels, smiling so serenely at his enchanting shadows, lived here and breathed this air. Of the width and splendour of imagination to be found in the whole world of humour that Shakespeare created it is not necessary to speak ; we could not copy it if we tried, we can only wonder and give praise. There is, however, in this world of his, an air of large tolerance, of superb magnanimity, that is ours for the asking. We like to think good nature, tolerance, kindness are English qualities, and certainly they are necessary for humour, of which we have never had any lack. Shakespeare who 'takes up the meanest subjects with the same tenderness that we do an insect's wing, and would not 'kill a fly', does but head and crown the list of our humorists, men who have not lent their wits to an inquisition but have laughed out of the depths of

their affections : "Mortal men, mortal men !" cries Falstaff, and then, long after, in the sunset close of *Cymbeline*, comes 'Pardon's the world for all'."

Shakespeare's humour is generally all-pervasive. "The humour of Shakespeare, however, is much more than a laughter producing power. It is a presence and pervading influence throughout his most earnest creations. This is which preserves Shakespeare from all eager and shrill intensity; this it is which makes his emotions voluminous and massive. And of this humour there are two principal stages or degrees. First—given a person or an event, a passion or a thought, Shakespeare examines it on every side, compares it with all other objects with which it may naturally be connected, or may happen to be associated; puts it in its environment, sees the fine and the coarse, the poetic and the prosaic, and thus acquires a rich pregnant feeling for it. So abundant and varied in the body of fact which he is possessed of that one portion, as it were balances the other, and he is saved from all violence and extravagance that originate in the partial views of the idealist. Ophelia's death is pathetic, but the pathos of Shakespeare is not the pretty pathos of Beaumont and Fletcher, a soft, a sweet and tender sorrow, gentle investiture of melancholy. Shakespeare sees the fact from the Queen's point of view, and from Hamlet's, from the priest's and from the grave-digger's points of view. That is to say, he sees the fact in the round; and the pathos of Ophelia's death is in the drama as real as it would be, if the occurrence became actual. This is the manner in which the humour of Shakespeare works in the first stage and degree."

(*Dowden*)

But, secondly, when all the realities of this world and of time have been represented as they can be in their totality, Shakespeare measures these by absolute standards. He lays the measuring-reed of the infinity side by side of what is finite, and he perceives how little, how imperfect, the finite is. And he smiles at human greatness, while yet he pays loyal homage to what is great; he smiles at human love, and human joy, while yet they are deeply real to him (more real to him than they

could possibly be to an eager intense Shelley); it is Prospero's smile upon setting the new happiness of youthful lovers :

*So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
In nothing can be more.*

And he smiles at human sorrow, while he enters into the deep anguish of the soul ; he knows that for it too there is an end and a quietus. The greatest poetic seers are not angry, or eager, of hortatory, or objugatory, or shrill. As Ruskin points out, 'Homer and Shakespere are two great for contest;...men to whose unoffended, uncondemning sight, the whole of human nature reveals itself in a pathetic weakness, with which they will not strive, or in mournful or transitory strength, which they dare not praise'. Shakespeare sees with purged eyes ; and he loves and pities men. But while this view of things from an extra-mundane point of vision is to be taken account of in any study of Shakespeare's mind and art, it must be insisted, upon that the facts are at the same time thoroughly apprehended, studied and felt from the various points which are strictly finite and mundane. (Dowden)

To sum up the chief characteristics of Shakespearean humour are that (a) it has no cynicism; (b) it is lively, polished and cultured ; (c) sometimes Farcical ; (d) it is genial, kindly, sincere and (e) all pervasive.

Shakespeare's use of the Supernatural *

Shakespeare uses supernatural agencies in his plays to prove, as if, that the impulses and passion that shape man's life to happy or unhappy ends seem to owe their power to something greater than man, and refuse his control. Such supernatural agencies are witches, ghosts, fairies, storms, omens and the like. Moulton has very beautifully described in *Shakes-*

* Discuss the use of supernatural as a dramatic device by Shakespeare. OR Shakespeare's use of the Supernatural.

peare as a Dramatic Artist why Shakespeare uses supernal agencies in his plays. He asserts :—

Besides Destiny the Shakespearean Drama admits direct supernatural agencies—witches, ghosts apparitions, as well as portents and violations of natural law. *It appears to me ideal to contend that these in Shakespeare are not really supernatural; but must be interpreted as delusions of their victims.* There may be single cases, such as the appearance of Banquo to Macbeth, where, as no eye sees it but his own, the apparition may be resolved into a hallucination. But to determine Shakespeare's general practice it is enough to point to the Ghost in *Hamlet*, which, as seen by three persons and on separate occasions, is indisputably objective: and a single instance is sufficient to establish the assumption in the Shakespearean Drama of supernatural beings with real existence. Zeal for Shakespeare's rationality is a main source of the opposite view; but for the assumption of such supernatural existence the responsibility lies not with Shakespeare but with the opinion of the age he is portraying. A more important question is how far Shakespeare uses such supernatural agency as a motive force in his plays; how far does he allow it to enter into the working of events, for the interpretation of which he is responsible? On this point Shakespeare's usage is clear and subtle: he uses the agency of the supernatural to intensify and to illuminate human action, not to determine it.

Supernatural agency intensifying human action is illustrated in *Macbeth*. No one can seriously doubt the objective existence of the Witches in this play, or that they are endowed with super-human sources of knowledge. But the question is, do they in reality turn Macbeth to crime? Macbeth has already been meditating treason in his heart when he meets the Witches on the heath. His secret thoughts—which he betrays in his guilty start—have been an invitation to the powers of evil, and they have obeyed the summons: Macbeth has already ventured a descent, and they add an impulse downward. To bring this out more clearly, Shakespeare keeps Banquo side by side with Macbeth through the critical stages of the temptation, Banquo has made no overtures

to temptation, and to him the tempters have no mission. When directly challenged by Banquo, they do respond and give out an oracle for him. But into his upright mind the poison germs of insight into the future fall harmlessly; it is because Macbeth is already tainted that these breed in him a fever of crime. In the second incident of the Witches, so far from their being the tempters, it is Macbeth who seeks them and forces from them knowledge of the future. Yet, even here, what is the actual effect of their revelation upon Macbeth? It is, like that of his air drawn dagger, only to marshal him along the way that he is going. They bid him beware Macduff! he answers, "Thou hast harp'd my fear aright". They give him preternatural pledges of safety: are these a help to him in enjoying the rewards of sin? On the contrary, as a matter of fact we find Macbeth, in panic of suspicion, seeking security by means of daily witchery; the oracles have produced in him confidence enough to give agony to the bitterness of his betrayal, but not such confidence as to lead him to dispense with a single one of natural bulwarks to tyranny. The function of the Witches throughout the action of this play is expressed by a phrase Banquo uses in connection with them: they are only 'instruments of darkness', assisting to carry forward courses of conduct initiated independently of them. Macbeth has made the destiny which the Witches reveal.

Again, supernatural agency is used to illuminate human action: the course of events in a drama not ceasing to obey natural causes, but becoming, by the addition of supernatural agency, endowed with a new art-beauty..... Fate will allow none but Macduff to be the slayer of Macbeth. True: but Macduff (who moreover knows nothing of destiny) is the most deeply injured of Macbeth's subjects, and as fact we find it needs the news of his injury to rouse him to his task, as he approaches the battle he feels that the ghosts of his wife and children will haunt him if he allows any other to be the tyrant's executioner. Thus for the interpretation of History might go but the aracular machinery which Shakespeare has introduced points dimly to Macduff before the first breath of the King's suspicion has assailed him, and the suggestiveness becomes clear

and clearer as the convergence of events carries the action to its climax. The natural working of human events has been undisturbed, only the spectator's mind has been endowed with a special illumination for receiving them.

In another and very different way we have supernatural agency called in to throw a peculiar illumination over human events. In *Julius Cæsar* the supernatural background of storm, tempest and portents, assist the emotional agitation throughout the second stage of the action. These are clearly supernatural in that they are made to suggest a mystic sympathy with, and indeed prescience of, mutations in human life. Yet their function is simply that of illumination ; they cast a glow emotion over the spectators as he watches the train of events, though all the while the action of these events remains within the sphere of natural causes.

In these various forms Shakespeare introduces supernatural agency into his dramas. Though these supernatural characters are real, yet Shakespeare draws upon the supernatural only for a small portion of his total effect, allowing it to carry further or to illustrate, but not to mould or to determine a course of events. It will readily be granted that he brings effect enough out of a supernatural incident to justify the use of it to our rational sense of economy.

Speaking of the *Tempest* Moulton suggests that it is a play of Enchantment. But this Enchantment, like all other forms of the supernatural and to greater degree than most of them : constitutes one of the standard difficulties in dramatic art.....An artist who dramatises a supernatural story is perpetually facing the practical difficulty how to bridge over the gulf between his supernatural matter and the experience his hearers or readers. Shakespeare is supreme in handling all this.

Shakespeare's Comic Universe *

The Comic Universe of Shakespeare lies in the hilarity of his own spirit. He knows perfectly well the spectators, who flocked to see the play, wished sort of amusement also, even in

* Write a note on Shakespeare's Comic Universe.

grim atmosphere of 'Macbeth', 'Othello', 'King Lear', and 'Hamlet'. With this end in view he introduced in them clowns and fools to create a comic universe. He allowed the clown to appear in his comedies and even in tragedies, so long as he spoke 'no more that is set down', "Shakespeare makes the clown a kind of popular philosopher who says many wise and practical things in the garb of stupidity. The Clown takes various forms in Shakespeare. Sometimes he is affectionate like Launce or Touchstone or Lear's fool. Sometimes he is a craftsman like Bottom the weaver; sometimes he is a policeman like Dogberry or like Verges. It is a sign of Shakespeare's tolerance and sweet humanity that he transforms the clown and makes him indispensable for the play in which he is introduced."

Likewise the fool also plays quite an important part. Even in the serious tragedies, he makes his appearance. In *Macbeth*, there is the drunken porter. The clown should be distinguished from the 'fool'. By clown, Shakespeare meant a man, unintentionally funny because of his ignorance, like Dogberry; the fool, on the other hand, was a professional jester at court or in a wealthy-man's house, engaged on account of the sharpness of his wits. The best known fools in Shakespeare are Touchstone in *As you Like It*, and Feste.

Gordon discusses of these two types of comic characters in the following order. "The two extremes of clowning were the rustic fool and the court jester. All the varieties are mixtures of these two. Their task was, of course, the general one of meaning the company or the audience laugh, and more particularly, of keeping the dialogue going in the intervals of action. They supplied also, when necessary, both *song* and *dance*. Even Dull the constable joins the general break down at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*. In the exchange of conversation, their technique, their principal and expected contribution, was (consciously or unconsciously) to extract fun from words. It was a foible of the age, which Shakespeare throughly and unaffectedly shared, to be everlastingly excited and amused over forms, shapes, sounds, and meanings of words; and the foible easy to understand, for the language was bubbling over with new inventions. Much licence was allowed; and when the

fool is proficient, he never lacks partners among the ladies and gentlemen. It is a brisk bandy-ball of words, and we tire of it before they do.

It was the fashion of time to call these comic persons all, indifferently, Clowns ; but obviously there are great differences. Those who play with the words, those who are sufficiently masters of the English language are all the professional Fools like Touchstone and Feste ; but those who are played by these professional fools, those who are made clownish by the language of the fools are man-servants, the roguish valets, like Speed, and Launce, and Launcelot. In this class come rustics like Costard, artisans like Bottom, and officials like Dogberry, Verges, and Dull. The amusement they cause is at their own expense. They are complacent vain, and adorably stupid. 'Sometimes they achieve pure nonsense, than which nothing is more difficult to explain.....There is nothing in Shakespeare more certainly the work of genius than the *mettled* nonsense, the *complacent* nonsense the perfectly contended and ideal inanity which Shakespeare in some of these characters has presented to us. He further states as follows :—

The clown was at this time so much a stock character that he is sometimes not even given a name, and he relied so much on 'gagging' that in his entrances he is not even given a part : 'Enter Clown, say something *exit*.' He was a stage rather than a literary property, and his secret is contained in a single name the name of Tarleton. Richard Tarleton the comic actor created the part of the clown, and created it so effectively—so completely captured the age—that writers of comedy had to provide him with a part whether they wished it or not. As a rule—they were only too willing : for Tarleton was of a class of comedian who was only to walk on and look at the audience, to throw it into screams of laughter. There was nobody like him, and all London mourned when he died. He is Spenser's pleasant Willy, and probably Shakespeare's Yoric. Tarleton died in 1588, before any Shakespeare's work appeared on the stage ; but he left successors who continued his tradition. He was succeeded by Will Kempe, his understudy. Kempe had a great reputation as early as 1589, which lasted until his death.

in 1609 ; and he was no sooner dead than his place taken by another student of Tarleton—Robert Armin. Armin was at his height in 1610 and was supreme in his own line during the earlier half of Jame's reign. It is a complete succession for more than a generation. Kempe was Shakespeare's man. He was the original Dogberry in *Much Ado* and Peter in *Romeo and Juliet* ; he probably acted Launce, Touchstone, Feste and the Grave digger, and generally took the clown's part as a matter of course.

This much has been written simply to make it clear that the part of the clown in Shakespeare was not written *in vacuo* : it was written with one eye on Kempe. It followed, therefore, to some extent, Kempe's methods, and Kempe's type of joke. Shakespeare may even have learned something from Kempe, as Moliere did from Scarmouche.

At first Shakespeare did not easily come to character making. The only kind he seemed to be able to endow with full humanity was comic character especially, in low life. Marlowe had rejected the idea of clownage, but Shakespeare made them the headstone of his corner. Shakespeare saw the possibilities of the old type stage clown and gave it a new and glorious lease of life by humanising it and planting it once more in English soil. 'Under his hands the conventional buffoon becomes an English Yokel. As his hand grew more practised his human clown developed along two lines—the dry clown and the silly clown, the former a butt to be laughed at, an English clod untroubled with a spark the latter a simpleton who 'use his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that shoots his wit.' Neither sort of fool, talks rubbish, he is observed. 'The one blunders or wanders most ludicrously, the other quibbles or equivocates with exquisite finess. Thus Shakespeare made his clowns worthy the attention of the judicious, of a Southampton or a Ben Jonson.

The Fool in Shakespearean Drama *

Shakespeare did not easily come to character-making

* Write an essay on the evolution of the Fool in Shakespearean Drama.

At first the only kind he seemed to be able to endow with full humanity was comic character, especially comic character in low life. The living beings in *Midsummer Night's Dream* are the Mechanicals, and in *The Two Gentlemen in Lance*. Marlowe had rejected 'such conceits as clownage keeps in pay; Shakespeare made them the headstone of his corner. The old type stage-clown had been contemptible enough no doubt the jests of the famous Tarlton that have come down to us are mere flimflam. Yet Shakespeare saw its possibilities and gave it a new and glorious lease of life by humanising it and planting it once more in English soil. Under his hands the conventional buffoon becomes an English Yokel. In *The Two Gentlemen* he gives us a representative of both types, old and new Speed and Lance. Was he testing his audience to discover which had their sufferage? If so, the issue is not in doubt; for Lance became the father of long line; of Bottom, the Dromios, Costard, Launcelot Gobbo, to name but a handful of them, while Bottom's self-description, 'tender ass,' will serve as a label for the whole species. But Shakespeare did more than humanise; he, as ever, subtilised. As his hand grew more practised, his human clown developed along two lines, which we may call 'the dry clown' and 'the silly clown' the former a butt to be laughed at, an English clod untroubled with a sparke, the latter a Simpleton who 'uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that shoots his wit. Neither sort of fool talks rubbish be it observed, though perplexed editors have often supposed so, the one blunders or wanders most ludicrously, the other quibbles or equivocates with exquisite finesse. The Shakespeare made his clowns worthy the attention of the judicious, of a Southamton or a Ben Jonson. William and Touchstone in *As You Like It* furnish examples of both kinds: the mention of Touchstone shows to what length Shakespeare carried the type first created in Lance. It is pretty certain that the full development had to wait until he found a comic character capable of interpreting it. The departure of William from his company about 1559, and the coming of Robert Armin meant much to Shakespeare; it made Feste and the Fool in *King Lear* possible."

(Dower Wilson)

"The two extremes of clowning were the rustic fool and the court jester. All the varities are mixtures of these two. Their task was, of course, the general one of making the company or the audience laugh, and, more particularly, of keeping the dialogue going in the intervals of action. They supplied also, when necessary, both *Song* and *Dance*. Even Dull the constable joins the general breakdown at the end of *Love's Labours Lost*. In the exchange of conversation, their technical their principal and expected contribution, was (consciously or unconsciously) to extract fun from words. It was a foible of the age, which Shakespeare thoroughly and unaffectedly shared, to be everlasting excited and amused over forms, shapes, sounds and meaning of words and the foible easy to understand, for the language was bubbling over with new inventions. Much licence was allowed; and when the fool is proficient, he never lacks partners among the ladies and gentlement. It is a brisk bandy-ball of words, and we fire of it before they do.

"It was the fashion of the time to call these comic persons all, indifferently, Clowns: but obviously there are great differences. The best division of the professional comic men in Shakespeare's plays—at any rate, the best division technically,—would be this: (i) those who play with words; (ii) and those who are played with by them—those, who are sufficiently masters of the English language to make fun out of it; and those who are mastered by it as to give fun unconsciously. With one or two exceptions—Touchstone perhaps at his best—the second, the helpless class, more amusing, and a more lasting humour, than the first.

"In the first class come all the professional Fools, headed by Touchstone; with Feste, and such court-bred attendants as Moth—that 'tender juvenal.' In the same class, though touching on the second, come the men-servants the roguish valets, like Speed, and Launce, and Launcelot. They see the fun full enough, but, sometimes, through illiterate ambition, they take a fall.

"In the second class come rustics like Costard, artisans, like Bottom, and officials like Dogberry, Verges, and dull. The

amusement they cause is at their own expense. They are complacent, vain, and adorably stupid. Sometimes they achieve pure nonsense, then which nothing is more difficult to explain... There is nothing in Shakespeare's more certainly the work of genius than the *mettled* nonsense, the *complacent* nonsense, the perfectly contended and ideal inanity which Shakespeare, in some of these characters has presented to us." (Gordon)

"The clown was at this time so much a stock character that he is some times not even given a name; and he relied so much on 'gagging' that in his entrances he is not even given a part: Enter Clown, say something *exit*'. He was a stage, rather than a literary property, and his secret is contained in a single name: the name of Tarleton. Richard Tarleton the comic actor created the part of the Clown, and created it so effectively—so completely captured the age—that writers of comedy had to provide him with a part whether they wished it or not. As a rule, I should think, they were only too willing: for Tarleton was of a class of comedian who was only to walk on and look at the audience, to throw it into screams of laughter. There was nobody like him, and all London mourned when he died. He is Spenser's pleasant Willy; and probably Shakespeare's. Yorick, Tarleton died in 1588, before any of Shakespeare's of work appeared on the stage. But he left successors who continued his tradition. He was succeeded by Will Kempe, his understudy. Kempe had a great reputation as early as 1589 which lasted until his death in 1609, and he was no sooner dead than his place was taken by another student of Tarletonizing—Robert Armin. Armin was at his height in 1610, and was supreme in his own line during the earlier half of James's reign. It is a complete succession for more than a generation. Kempe was Shakespeare's man. He was the original Dogberry in *much Ado* and Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*; he probably acted Launce-lot, Launce, Touchstone, Feste and the grave digger in *Hamlet*, and generally, took the Clown's part as a matter of course.

"We are apt to think of the dramatist as all-powerful in these matters. But it is not so now; and it was not so then. Indeed the balance was quite the other way. Like the later Harlequins, these professional 'Clowns' claimed the limited

licence which enjoy's in mathematic'. The Tarletons of the stage prided themselves on being able to do without the dramatist altogether. Taleton and Kempe were celebrated for what was called 'extemporal wit'. They made things up as they went along. They gagged, and we have it on record that these were often the most striking parts of their performance. The better dramatist bitterly recented this tyranny of the comic actor—see Shakespeare's injunction in *Hamlet* to say nothing but what was set down for them, aimed at Kempe. In time the best of them revolted against it; but for the most part, if they wished to be popular, they had in some degree to submit. Shakespeare submitted with a better grace than most. In this connection we should remember: (1) That the part of the Clown in Shakespeare was not written *in vacuo*: it was written with one eye on Kempe. If followed, therefore, to some extent, Kempe's methods, and Kempe's type of joke. Shakespeare may even have learned something from Kempe, as Molier did from Scaramouche.

(2) The other comic parts, though they might differ from the stock part of the Clown, were inevitably infected by it: for this reason, if for no other, that their performers were obliged to play up the Clown, and as the phrase went 'minister occasion' to him. Even here, therefore, the art of Tarleton and of Kempe must have guided the hand of Shakespeare. If I am not exaggerating, this explains a good deal; and should not be forgotten when we remark on the sameness of some of the jests in the comedies, and the strong family likeness there is in much of the routine work of the Clowns themselves". (Gordon)

* Shakespeare's Characterisation :

The main quality of Shakespeare as a dramatist lies in his art of Characterisation. We read not only the external notions of the characters, but also inner notions. Ward has remarked

* *In what special manner does Shakespeare's portrayal of women in the comedies differ from that in the last plays?*

Illustrate.

Or

Write a note on Shakespeare's Characterisation.

that it was neither in diction and versification, nor in construction and the aids to construction, that the progress of the English drama incurred its deepest debt to Shakespeare. The charm with which the magic of his language and verse invested his plays may to this day be more generally felt than any other quality which they possess; and to his enterprise and skill in choosing and disposing of materials his dramatic productions may continue to owe their more immediate popularity on the stage. But that which has given the greatest and most enduring potency to his influence upon English national drama, and in ever widening circles upon the modern Western drama in general, is his own supreme gift as a dramatist—the power of characterisation. In the drawing of characters ranging over almost every type of humanity, in which the experience of succeeding generations has recognised a fit subject for the art of either the tragic or the comic dramatist he infinitely surpassed all his predecessors, and remains absolutely without a peer; and it was in this direction that he pointed the way which the English drama could henceforth not desert except by becoming untrue to itself.

“Each of his characters is as much as itself, and absolutely independent of the rest, as well as of the author, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind. The poet may be said, for the time, to identify himself with the character he wishes to represent, and to pass from one to another, like the same soul successively animating different bodies. By an art like that of the ventriloquist, he throws his imaginations out of himself, and makes every word appear to proceed from the mouth of the person in whose name it is given. His plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood; they speak like men, not like authors.

Chaucer's characters are sufficiently distinct from one another but they are too little varied in themselves too much like identical propositions. They are consistent, but uniform; we get no new idea of them from first to last; they are not placed in different light nor are their subordinate traits brought out in new situations they are like portraits or physiognomical studies, with the distinguishing feature marked with inconceiv-

able truth and precision, but they preserve the same unaltered air and attitude. Shakespeare's are historical figures, equally true and correct, but put into the action, where every nerve and muscle is displayed in the struggle with others, with all the effect of collision and contrast, with every variety of light and shade. Chaucer's characters are narrative, Shakespeare's dramatic, Milton's epic. That is, Chaucer told only as much of history as he pleased, as was required for a particular purpose. He answered for his character himself. In Shakespeare they are introduced upon the stage, are liable to be asked all sorts of questions, and are forced to answer for themselves. In Chaucer we perceive a fixed essence of character. In Shakespeare there is a continual composition decomposition of its elements, a fermentation of every particle in the whole mass, by its alternate affinity or antipathy to other principles which are brought in contact with it. Till the experiment is tried, we do not know the result, the turn which the character will take in its new circumstances. Milton took only a few principles, and refined them from every base alloy. His imagination, 'nigh spher'd in Heaven', claimed kindred only with what he saw from that height, and could raise to the same elevation with itself. He sat retired; and kept his state along, 'playing with wisdom'; while Shakespeare mingled with the crowd, and played the host, to make society the sweeter welcome'.

(*Hazlitt*)

Making a comparison of Shakespeare's characters with those of Marlowe and Jonson, Reese has remarked. "Shakespeare was not interested in the man in whom the balance was entirely overthrown. Jonson was the chief among the dramatists who liked to examine the character, who pursues a course of rational calculation, the man whose defects do not spring from an excess of passion but from an excess of reason. Iago was such a man. In them the will is strong, and it allows them to subdue the passions which might distract them from their chosen purpose; but the reason is warped, and the goal—usually acquisition of some kind or other—becomes so insistently important that all impulses are killed which do not lead to it. Such are the bloodless caricatures whom Jonson liked to call 'humours', and they were more

at home in satirical comedy than in tragedy...Nature always seeks a balance, and the admirable man is he in whom blood and judgment are finally co-mingled: not the calculating, passionless man, for that 'fitteth the spirit of a tapster', nor he whose obsessive desires betray him to unkindness, but the man who is 'open and free': magnanimous, that is, temperate, brave and loving. Such men are rare, and the best of them may fall to their ruin if they are perplexed in the extreme. The pathos of Shakespeare's tragedy does not come from the downfall of wicked man, whose fate is seldom interesting, but from the suffering of men betrayed to evil by that in them which is potentially noble."

The inconsistency of Shakespeare's characters needs not detract us from their psychological truth, This is the main point of Prof. Wright who recognises with perfect clearness that our sense of a man's 'reality' not merely depends upon our being able to reduce him to a formula, but is even heightened and quickened when we find our efforts to do so futile: Shakespeare's persons impress us as 'real' for the same reason. Addressing to the character of Hamlet, he observes:

"No critic has made one perfectly comprehensively man out of Hamlet. And yet there is no question of his reality—no one denies it—there is only a question whether we can grasp him as entity, whether we can put him in a definition. We know Hamlet in much the same way as we know our friend, in spite of the fact that we know him this way partly *because* we cannot explain him."

Shakespeare becomes very happy when he draws female characters and his women are far more superior to him than of men. Shakespeare's characters of women, as they are drawn even in his earliest plays, take us into a world unknown to his master Marlowe, with whom women are prizes or dreams. The many excellent essays that have been written on this topic make too much perhaps, of individual differences. Among the heroines of the comedies; Rosalind, Portia, Beatrice, Viola, are at least as remarkable for their similarities as for their differences. The hesitancy of Silvia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, when she returns his letter to Valentinian anticipates the shy

speech of Portia to Bassanio, or of Beatrice to Benedick : 'It were possible for me', says Beatrice, 'to say I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not, and yet I lie not, I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am sorry my cousin, . . . It is possible to extract from the plays some kind of general statement which, if it be not universally true of women, is at least true of Shakespeare's women. They are almost all practical, impatient of mere words, clear-sighted as to ends and means. they do not accept the promises to deny the conclusion, or decorate the inevitable with imaginative lendings. Resalind, Portia, Viola, though they are rich in witty and eloquent discourse, are frank and simple in thought ; never deceived by their own eloquence. I'll do my best' says Viola to the Duke.

*To woo your Lady : yet a bareful strife,
Whoe'er I woo, my self, would be his wife.*

To multiply instances would be tedious. Shakespeare's men cannot, as a class, compare with his women for practical genius. They can think and imagine, as only Shakespeare's man can, but their imagination often masters and disables them. Self-deception, it would seem, is a male weakness. The whole controversy is summarised in the difference between Macbeth and his wife. She knows him well, and has no patience with his scruples and dallyings :

*What thou wouldst highly.
That wouldst thou holily : wouldst no play false,
And thou wouldst wrongly win.*

For her, all the details and consequences of the crime are accepted with the crime itself. Her mind refuses to go behind the first crucial decision, or to waste precious time by speculating on the strangeness of things.

The subtlety and breadth of Shakespeare's knowledge of feminine instinct, cannot be over-praised.....He has no general theory ; his women are often witty and daring, but they are never made all of wit and courage. Even Lady Macbeth's courage fails her when the affections of her childhood strike across her memory :

*Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had doe'nt.*

Though she is magnificently rational and self-controlled at the crisis of the action, the recoil of the scenes, which she had mastered in her waking moments, comes over her again in a deep : 'here is the smell of the blood still ; all the perfumes of arabia will not sweeten this little handRosalind's easy grace and valuable wit do not hide from sight those more delicate touches of nature, as when she half turns back to the Victorious Orlando—'Did you call, sir ?—or breaks down, in the forest, at the sight of the blood-stained handkerchief, and utters the cry of a child : I would 'I were at home'. It is by small indications of this kind that Shakespeare convinces us of his knowledge.

The most beautiful characters of his creation depend for their beauty on their impulsive response to the need of the moment 'Through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona', says Mrs. Jameson. 'there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sentiment, and never reflection'. It may well be doubted whether Shakespeare was fully conscious of this. 'He worked from the heart downwards; and his instinct fastened on the right words'.

The comparative simplicity of character which distinguishes Shakespeare's women from his men is maintained throughout the plays. Cleopatra, unlike Antony, is at one with herself, and entertains no divided counsels. Regan and Goneril do not go motive-hunting, like Iago ; they are hard and cruel and utterly self-assured. They have the certainty and ease in action that Hamlet coveted :

*With wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
They sweep to their revenge,*

A similar confidence inspires the beautiful company of Shakespeare's self-devoted heroines. There is no Hamlet among them, no Jaques, no Biron. Their wit is quick and searching ; but it is wholly at the command of their will, and is never employed to disturb or destroy. Love and service are as natural

to them as breathing. They are the sunlight of the plays, obscured at times by clouds and storms of melancholy and mis-doing, but never subdued or defeated. In the comedies they are the spirit of happiness ; in the Tragedies they are the only warrant and token of ultimate salvation, the last refuge and sanctuary of faith."

Shakespeare's Universality *

Ben Jonson, even Shakespeare's bitter critic speaks of him that he was not of an age, but for all time. Legouis observes. "So astonishingly widespread is his glory, that it might also be said that 'he was not of a land, but of all lands'. We ought to notice certain other characteristics which distinguishing him from his English rivals less than they place him in opposition to the classical drama. The most important of all is frequent complexity of his characters, which, as a rule, is not represented only within the short span of a crisis. Shakespeare took advantage of the wide allowance of space under his dramatic system, twenty or so scenes into which each of his plays is, on an average, divided, and showed his heroes at various moments of their lives, in changing situations and in colloquy with different persons. They are not obliged to sustain one attitude, but have time to mere and alter. No simple principle accounts for them. They have life and life's indefiniteness, and therefore they are not always fully intelligible, but are mysteries. It is even possible to ask whether Shakespeare himself understood them all. Had he an analytic comprehension of Hamlet ? The watchmaker understands the watch he has made, but it is a wise father that knows his own child. Thus it is that many Shakespearean beings, whose reality cannot for an instance be questioned, do not admit of too precise investigation or are differently interpreted by different critics. But even as they evolve and their complexity increases, an art of which the secret escapes us, preserves the illusion of their identity through all their changes.

Another great characteristic of Shakespeare's genius is an undefinable altermess and mobility which keep attention on the

* Write a brief note on Shakespeare's universality.

stretch. His prodigious vitality remains unimpaired after three centuries. It seems to grow every time he is read. Something of the mystery belongs to him which Enobarbus noticed in Cleopatra's charm :

*Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.*

There is no other work, however beautiful, that does not seem monotonous after Shakespeare. Free of every theory, accepting all of life, rejecting nothing, uniting the real and the poetic, appealing to the most various men, to a rude workman as to a wit, Shakespeare's drama is a great river of life and beauty. All who thirst for art or truth, the comic or the tender, ecstasy or satire, light, or shade, can stoop to drink from its waters, and at almost every instant of their changing moods find the drop to slake their thirst."

"Not Marlowe, nor Jonson, nor Beaumont and Fletcher, to mention only the most illustrious of Shakespeare's rivals, was capable of the truthful character—drawing which could alone prolong the life of his puppets beyond the time of a performance. The character of these other play-wrights are almost always excessive inhuman, arbitrary or theatrical ; their aim is to produce surprise ; in their feelings we do not recognise our own ; their extravagance or their inexplicably sudden changes of front are disconcerting. Shakespeare's characters, whether good or bad, whether moving among the realities of history or among the most romantic happenings, have an unfailing humanity which makes them plausible and keeps them within the orbit of our sympathy.

"A profound difference between Shakespeare's work and that of his contemporaries consists in the greater truth, the more serious and substantial character, which fundamentally belongs to his plays in the mass. Their matter, and theirs alone is, epical as much as romantic. He alone gave so much space to the epical, and wrought it consciously, continuously and on a great scale." And here lies Shakespeare's superiority and universality..

Realism in Shakespeare's Plays *

Realism is the doctrine that attributes objective or absolute existence to universals, of which Thomas Aquinas was the chief exponent, who was an Italian philosopher (c. 1225-75) and Christian apologist. In the arts, it is a term meaning truth to observed fact of life. There is a marked difference between the literary realism and mundane realism. In literature a man may sigh, a nightingale may weep and a sweet gale may moan at the actions of the wrong-doer whereas in this world-of-fact he sometimes escapes punishment but in literature he is sentenced by the poetic justice, which is nothing but 'realism.'

Shakespeare's enormous rich creative faculty has given us a long procession of fictitious persons who are as real to us as our neighbours; a large assembly, including the most diverse characters—Hamlet and Falstaff, Othello and Thersites, Imogen and Mrs. Quickly, Dogberry and Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra and Audrey—and in this crowd the dramatist conceals himself, and escapes. We cannot make him answerable for anything that he says, "He is the fellow in the cellarge, who urges on the action on the play, but is himself invisible."

No man—says Raleigh—can walk abroad save on his own shadow. No dramatist can create live characters save by bequeathing the best of himself to the children of his art, scattering among them a largest of his own qualities, giving to one his wit, to another his philosophic doubt, to another his love of action, to another the simplicity and constancy that he finds deep in his own nature. There is no thrill of feeling communicated from the printed page but has first been alive in his mind of the author; there was nothing alive in his mind that was not intensely and sincerely felt. Plays like those of Shakespeare's cannot be written in cold-blood; they call forth the man's whole energies, and take toll of the last farthing of his wealth of sympathy and experience. In the plays we may learn what are the questions that interest Shakespeare most profoundly and recur to his mind with most insistence; we may note how he handles the story, what he rejects, and what he

* Write a brief note on "Realism in Shakespeare's plays."

alters, changing his purport and fashion ; how many points he is content to leave dark : what matters he chooses to decorate with the highest resources of his romantic art, and what he gives over to the sport of triumphant ridicule ; how in every type of character he emphasises what most appeals to his instinct and imagination, so that we see the meaning of character more plainly than it is to be seen in life. We share in the emotions that are aroused in him by certain situations and events ; we are made to respond to the strange imaginative appeal of certain others ; we know more clearly than if we had heard it uttered, the verdict that he passes on certain characters and certain kinds of conduct. He has made us acquainted with all that he sees and all that he feels, he has spread out before us the scroll that contains his interpretation of the world—how dare we complain that he has hidden himself from our knowledge.

The measure of a poet's mind is not its aptness for philosophic abstraction but its capacity for calling forth the impressions of the vivid phenomena lying within and without. In this capacity Shakespeare is supreme.

“Nothing escaped that burning gaze, that intent contemplation. The features of every phenomenon that he encountered were registered in his mind with matchless fidelity. Habits, character, countenance, costume, landscape, emotions, seasonal changes, state affairs, events witnessed, reports heard and Chronicle read, traffic in the streets and stars in the heavens, misery and pomp and vice and honour, wealth and sickness vigour, frailty, stench and sweet smells, cunning and pity, birds and animals and games—every shape and condition and element of his eager daily experience became a fixed and glowing image in his mind for use as his art should require. There they underwent infinite scrutiny and permutation one illuminating another, the material of life shaping slowly, yet with untold fertility, towards the strictly organised purposes of art. Shakespeare in this did as other poets do, but he excelled them all at once in the lavishness and the precision with which the images were recorded.

—Drinkwater

Shakespeare was lover of nature—human nature as well as the outward nature. He must have spent his whole days and nights about the countryside, in Spring and Summer, amidst dawn and the sunset, wind and gales, suns and clouds. The following extracts from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will make it clear—

*The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke invain,
The ploughman lost his sweet, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the downed field;
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The Nine men's morr is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.*

"Shakespeare was a child of the English renaissance, and it was the book of his own age that first caught him in their toils. Even Chaucer, who never lost popularity, lost esteem with the younger generation of Elizabethans, and suffered from imputation of rusticity. But the translations, and imitations of the classics, which poured from the press during the second half of the century, the poems and love pamphlets and plays of the University with the tracts and dialogues in the prevailing Italian taste—all these were the making of the new age and the favourite reading of Shakespeare who can hardly have become intimate with them until he first set foot in England." Of Marlowe he says—

*Dead shepherd'd, now I find thy saw of might :
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ?'*

Shakespeare had a broad humanity. 'One of the most curious traits in Shakespeare's character is his worldly wisdom', says Minto.

In all the plays of Shakespeare, virtue triumphs and the vice meets its tragic end. In both his tragedies and comedies chance or fate plays an important role. Shakespeare believes in 'heart within' and 'God over head'. He is really a realist and not a fantastic. If his plays bear fantastic, they are also real as Shakespearean.

* Greatness of Shakespeare :

.....Soul of the age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give

Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe
He was not of an age, but for all time.

The above lines, from prefix to the First Folio by Ben Jonson, has been resounding in men's ears for three hundred years and more. To this day Shakespeare remains the Prince of Poets and the King of Dramatists not only of England, but of the whole world. Over three centuries and more Shakespeare's fame has glowed so steadily that he has come to be regarded on all hands as the glory of the English stage, the Proteus of the drama who changes himself into every character and enters every condition of human nature. "The stream of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

Richest Prize :

Shakespeare is the 'richest prize' of England, her most precious possession, 'a treasure much more manifold' than all the mines of Peru and Mexico, than 'all the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind.' Carlyle considers him to be a more precious imperial heritage than even India, and his resonant proclamation of the master-dramatist's inestimable worth to the British race might stand at the head of any treatise upon him. "Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire, or Shakespeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakespeare? Really it

* "Shakespeare lived a life of allegory; his works are the comment on it." Discuss. Or

Write a brief note on the "Greatness of Shakespeare."

were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language. But we, for our own part, should not we be forced to answer : Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakespeare ! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day ; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us ; we cannot give up our Shakespeare. England before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English : in America, in New Holland, East and West to the very antipodes, there will be a Saxondom, (more appropriately, English speaking Humandom) covering great places of the globe. And now, what is it than can keep all these together into virtually one nation, (one society), so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brother like intercourse, helping one another ? What is it that will accomplish this ? Acts of Parliament administrative Prime Minister cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it... But this King Shakespeare whom no time or chance, Parliament or Combinations of Parliaments can dethrone dose not he shine in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, yet strongest af rallying-signs ?”

*We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold,
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earths first blood, have titles manifold,*

—Wordsworth

Shakespeare is eternal :

But Prof. Pandit says, ‘Shakespeare is not only the greatest poet and dramatist of England, he is the greatest poet and dramatist of the whole world. He is not of an age or country, he is of all ages and of all countries. Shakespeare is eternal. Shakespeare is universal. The whole world has adopted Shakespeare.’ In Germany he is almost as widely read and acted as in England. In France, the genius of Victor Hugo has made him a French possession for all time. Russia and Polland, Italy and Spain, even India have excellent versions of Shakespeare’s best plays.”

His greatness :

For the one age or for any one country to possess, Shakespeare is too great. He stands secure through all eternity transcending the boundaries of time and space, class and race, religion and sex. "His men and women are not merely superficial studies of contemporary society, they are true to the eternal facts of human nature. He was the spokesman of his own age but he had the divine faculty to speak to all ages. His stage is the world, his characters are types of universal mankind, his subject is the human soul and he himself is the very genius of humanity, the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come". In his almost infinite variety there is 'God's plenty.' Shakespeare is 'myriad minded', he is the very 'epitome of mankind'. His language fits all times and his thoughts all places."

'A poet is no rattle brain', said Emerson, 'he does not merely say what comes first but speaks from a heart in unison with his time and country'. But to Shakespeare, his heart beats in unison with all times and all countries.

His supremacy :

In all the fields of poetic and dramatic literature, he reigns supreme, because 'he created by principle, while others manufactured by rule.' "He was the man, who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily, when he describe anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greatest commendation. He was naturally learned, he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature, he looked inwards, and found her there." "If ever," says Pope, "any Author deserved the name of Originality, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the formation of Nature. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed. He is not so much an Imitator, as an Instrument of Nature : and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him."

*Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines.*

—Ben Jonson.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all shores of thought. "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension how like a god". These words of his aptly fit him. It will not be his overpraise if we say, tragedy which rose into supreme poetic form in the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, may be said to have culminated in the tragedies of Shakespeare; the four great tragedies in the world are *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*. In comedy, he also is unique.

Coleridge points out very aptly, 'Plato in his Symposium had, two thousand years before framed a justification of our Shakespeare, when he argued that 'it was the business of one and the same genius to excel in tragic and comic poetry, or that the tragic poet ought, at the same time, to contain within himself the powers of comedy.' This in Plato was prophetic. "Both were ideal; that is, the comedy of Aristophanes rose to as great a distance above the ludicrous of real life as the tragedy of Sophocles above its tragic events and passions; and it is in this one point of absolute ideality that the comedy of Shakespeare and the old comedy of Athens coincide. In this also did the Greek tragedy and comedy unite; in everything else they were exactly opposed to each other. Tragedy is poetry in its deepest earnest; comedy is poetry in unlimited jest.

What Shakespeare says of Cleopatra may very well be said of him only with the change of gender from feminine to masculine.

*Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetite they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.*

His faults :

There are faults in him as his plots are very seriously faulty carelessly handed, and full of incongruities. Shakespeare shows a disregard for plausibility. He displays readiness to

make use of preposterous devices in order to hinge a plot or to bring about a catastrophe. His plays also abound in word—ugglery and jesting that is often trivial and sometimes out of place. At times his imagery is far fetched and confusing, but all this does not diminish his glory as has been observed by a critic. "O mighty poet ! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomenon of Nature, like the sun, and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder."

1287

"I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his Drama, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat Modern building. The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there, are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Not does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence though many of the parts are childish, all placed and unequal to its grandeurs."

*This players was a prophet from on high
Thine own selected. Statesman, poet sage,
For him the sovereign pleasure passed them by;
Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened age,
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind
Who taught and shamed mankind.*

Shakespeare as a representative of his age : *

Shakespeare is the child of the Renaissance, or the great revival of learning. He was born in an England of the Renaissance and of the Reformation of the Church. It was truly a romantic age—an age of adventure with the spirit of independence or that of the rejection of the strict rules.

* As a dramatist, Shakespeare belongs essentially to his age, yet his plays are universal and enduring. Amplify and illustrate.

Referring to this E. Legouis observes, "For all the extensive borrowing from abroad and avowed respect for ancient precedents and traditional rules of conduct, and in spite of the passing fashions which temporarily made a law of the strange or the eccentric, the general impression conveyed is one of the frank and free boldness. A wide initiative was left to individuals..... There was no established grammar fixed and stereotyped syntax."

The second characteristic is the translations. Although the Renaissance period is in-exactly called the Elizabethan age and its literature original, yet its rise is marked by a number of ancient and foreign influences. Some of these translations formed current reading and some became as popular as the best writings of English prose. Sometimes, French was an intermediary even between Italian and English. These indirect translations were often not the least remarkable for their literary merit and their influence. The translations in verse are more unequal. Some are deplorable.

Among the foreign influences, one was that of Italy. *Elizabethan literature, which came to be the expression of national genius, had its birth in Italianism.* This verdict may seem too narrow when we consider the large number of French works, then circulating in England, and also the influence of Spain exercised especially through the chivalrous romances and through the picaresque romance *Lazarillo de Tormes*.

The third characteristic of the Elizabethan England is the *Patriotic Exaltation*. By two successive advances one in 1578, while Drake sailed round the world and the other is 1589 when England defeated Armada. England gains supremacy, rather, on her rivals. About the year 1578, John Lyly, Spenser and, Sidney's work in verse and prose came as an outcome of their patriotism for England. It sprang from England's growing consciousness of strength, her pride of prosperity, the spirit of adventure which animated her sons and caused them always to aspire to the first place, and her faith in her own destiny. Everything, even religion; gave them impetus for patriotism. The Papacy was rejected. "If the English still conceived of union

with Europe, they dreamt of a confederation of all the Protestant states with England at their head, an association of the powers of good which should be ready to affront the powers of evil personified in Philip II, the Catholic monarch of Spain. The Hebraic spirit was beginning to be substituted for the properly Christian spirit. Lyly exclaimed at this time that 'the living God is only the English God.'

This tepid religious feeling allowed literature to spring to vigorous life and the Renaissance to flower. 'To the tardiness of the Reformation in closing its grip on the country England owes the glory of her drama, her most magnificent literary achievement, and also a large part of the glory of her other poetry under Elizabeth and James I. This love of letters had its beginning in the patriotic-pride which was impelling England to claim a pre-eminent place in every field of activity.

Literature was swept onwards by the spirit of conquest and self-glorification. England balanced her literary accounts and was ashamed to realize her poverty as compared to France, her indigence by the side of Italy, and her virtual destitution in comparison with antiquity. The latest in the field, she decidedly, arrogantly, to become the first. She had faith in her own genius and language, and also in her prosody if she could but reduce it to order.

Great poets like Spenser, Sidney and Marlowe came. Spenser insisted that 'poetry is a divine gift and heavenly instinct not begotten by labour and learning, but adorned with birth; and poured into the wit by a certain enthusiasm and celestial inspiration.

"The generation lived in this fever. Poetry was then either the privilege of a caste or the apenage of a few. It was widely disseminated, heated men's brains, and sometimes turned their heads, gave a lyrical turn to the whole of literature, beflowered and falsified the prose which was all poetic. Everyone, felt the breath that was passing—the passion for artifices of language, the perception that words hold something beyond their meaning, the pleasure in the beautiful or at least in the fantastic. The courtier was surprised to find the man of the people as inge-

anxious as himself." Hamlet says of this age. "The age in grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heels of the courtier, he calls his kibe."

Referring to this age Rickett puts, "The aggrandisement of wealth, the discovery of other worlds, the acquisition of knowledge, these matters which our more prosaic age seeks after with cooler calculation and more scientific precision, were sought after by the Elizabethans, in the eager, idealising, adventurous spirit of youth. Life was a glorious adventure; and knowledge itself a fantastic game. Men are fools that wish to die—that was the burden of Elizabethan song. To suck the marrow out of life; to find out all that was worth knowing, to realise all that was worth the feeling, such was the ideal of Shakespeare's age."

The Inspiration of Shakespeare's Historical Plays *

Shakespeare has written ten historical plays in all; (1) the three Chronicle plays of *Henry VI*, (2) three studies in king and kingship—*Richard II*, *Richard III*, and *King John*, and (3) the trilogy of Shakespeare's ideal monarchs—*Henry IV* (two parts), *Henry V* and *Henry VIII*. The last one is said to have been completed by Fletcher. It is, therefore; we should study the remaining nine plays. In these plays, Shakespeare gives us the story of about 350 years (from about 1200 to 1550).

The historical plays, says Raleigh, occupy a middle place in the Folio, and in the process of Shakespeare's development, are a link between Comedy and Tragedy. Plays founded on English history were already popular when Shakespeare began to write; and while he was still an apprentice, their tragic possibilities had been splendidly demonstrated in Marlowe's *Edward II*. He very early turned his hand to them, and the exercise that they gave him steadied his imagination and taught him how to achieve a new solidity and breadth of representation. By degrees he ventured to intermix the treatment of high political affairs with familiar pictures of daily life, so that what might otherwise have seemed stilted and artificial was reduced to

Discuss the Inspiration of Shakespeare's historical plays.

ordinary standards and set against a back-ground of versimilitude and reality. His comedy, timidly at first, and at last triumphantly, introduced upon his history, his vision of reality was widened to include, in a single perspective, courts and taverns, kings and high-way-men, diplomatic conferences, battles, street brawls and the humours of lowlife. He gave us the measure of his own magnanimity in the two parts of *Henry IV*, a play of incomparable ease, and variety and mastery. There having perfected himself in his craft, he passed on to graver themes, and with Plutarch for his text-book resuscitate the world-drama of the Romans; and breathed life into those fables of early British history which he found in Holinshed. His studies in English history determined his later dramatic career and taught him the necromancer's art..... He revived dead princes and heroes and set them in action on a stage wded with life and manners.

That love of incogruity and diversity which is the soul of a humourist had already manifested itself in his early comedies. The gossamer civilization of the fairies is judged by Bottom, the weaver, who in his turn, with his rustic companions, must under go the courtly criticism of Duke Theseus queen of the Amazons. In *Love's Labour Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *as you Like It*, to name no others, affairs of politic import colour, by their neighbourhood, the afflictions and fortunes of the lovers. But it is in the historical play that comedy is first perfectly blended with serious political interest. Shakespear's instinct for realy, his suspicion of all that will not bear to be brought into contact with the gross element made him willingly to use comedy and tragedy as a Touchstone the one for the other. Nothing that is real in either of them can be damaged by the contract. It is the shame solemnity of grief that is impaired or broken by laughter, and the empty heartless jest that is made to seem human by contrast with the sadness of mortal destiny, The tragic and the comic jostle each other in life; their separation is the work of ceremony, not of nature. A political people like the Greeks, with their passionate belief in the state, will impose their sense of public decorum upon the drama, but the more irresponsible modern temper is not content to forego the keen intellectual pleasure of paradox and contrast. The description

of a funeral in Scott's Journal is a picture after the modern manner, there is a such mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observation on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce full of most tragic mirth”.

If we criticise the above statement of Raleigh, we must say that Shakespeare keeps the mirth and the tragedy close together. He narrates serious event and portrays and crisis in history, to the accompaniment of a comic chorus. He discloses us everything of the king's heart and his chamber, we witness the Earl of Northumberland's passions over the death of his son, and war is shown in its double aspect, the fortunes of the kingdom call the revellers away from the tavern, the prince's royalty is not obscured under his serving man's costume, not is Sir John Falstaff's wit it abated in the midst of death and battle; but it is all Shakspearean.

Brandes, speaking about the historical plays of Shakespeare points out, ‘About the age of thirty, even men of an introspective disposition are apt to turn their gaze outwards. When Shakespeare approaches his thirtieth year, he begins so occupy himself in earnest with history, to read the Chronicles, to project and work out a whole series of historical plays. Several years had now passed since he has revised and furnished up the old dramas on the subject of Henry VI. This task had whetted his apprentice and had cultivated his sense for historic character and historic nemesis. Having given expression to the high spirits, the lyricism and the passion of youth, in lyrical and dramatic production of scintillating diversity, he once more turned his attention to the history of England. In so doing he obeyed a dual vocation both as a poet and as a patriot.

The above verdict is of Brandes. Now, it should be remembered that the historical dramas or novels are written with two aims. First, the writer whether the play-wright or the novelist thinks that his national character is degrading and he wants to infuse his country men with the patriotic sentiment. Secondly he wants to give a short sketch of the past and amuse his spectators. Shakespeare has nothing of these in view. He wrote

simply for the stage and as the stage demanded he wrote. Keeping in view the general emotion and feeling, rather the sentiment of the public, he moulded his plays. There is no trace in history that Richard II offered the crown to Bolingbroke out of his own accord, but Shakespeare, to depict the intensity of the time, did so. Many other instances are to be found. A dramatist is not historian. He had not been living in the age of Richard II, or Henry the IV, but he thinks and thinks and thinking what might have happened in the past, depicts it.

This is why there are many instances in his historical plays which are not historical facts. No doubt Shakespeare found the matter of his plays in the Holinshed Chronicle but he added something from his own. He, daringly, directed the scheme from the every day life of the streets and taverns round him and blended them with the dramatic chronicle. If he depicted any hero of virtue, it should be understood that Shakespeare felt himself attracted to the hero by some of the deeprooted sympathies of his nature. "His whole life was just a paradox his soul was replete with the greatest treasures-with rich humanity and inexhaustible genius, while externally he was little better than a tight-minded mountebank with quips and quiddities, for the half-pence of the mob. Now and then, as his Sonnets show the pressure of this outward prejudice so weighed upon him that he came near to being ashamed of his position in life and of the tinsel world in which his days were passed, and then he felt with double force the inward need to assure himself how great may be the gulf between the apparent and the real worth of human character."

Throughout his historical plays, he has shown that great ambitious and heroic energy could pass unscathed through the dangers even of exceedingly questionable diversions.

The historical plays of Shakespeare show that despite his knowledge of the chronicles, he added, subtracted, and even altered the historical facts and made them genuine.

Shakespeare as a poet : *

Everybody knows that Shakespeare is the greatest English

* "Shakespeare was a poet before he was a dramatist." *Discuss and illustrate.*

poet. Most people could not say very clearly how they knew it, but they could with little difficulty of reference advance the opinion of every critic of importance since his time, Jonson and Milton and Dryden through Keats and Wordsworth and Arnold down to Robert Bridges and Lascelles Abercrombie in support of their faith. We may take it, in this case that everybody is right. And yet it is necessary in every new consideration of Shakespeare to lay stress again on the fact that he was a poet. Quite recently someone has been seriously advocating that his language should be modernised so that it may be readily intelligible to a new age. This is silly, but it is significant. For this cardinal point has to be realised about Shakespeare before we can approach the truth about him. His essential greatness lies not in his plots or his humanity or his amount to nothing beyond the reach of other men; with it they become his and his alone. Let us consider one of the simplest passages of poetry in the plays, Brutus's (Drinkwater)

*O, that a men might know
The end of this day's business ere it come.
But it sufficeth that the day will end.
And then the end is known.*

The tremendous moments in Shakespeare are not moments of sudden surprise in action, of unexpected discovery of character, of philosophic revelation, but of dramatic poetry.

*"Soft you a word or two"
"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow"
"O that a man might know"
"I know when one is dead, and when one lives"*

Shakespeare was the greatest English poet. It was in his command of poetry as dramatist that Shakespeare's originality lay. Here he went beyond any thing achieved before or since, and it is the sign of supremacy. There is little that can be said about it. The magic cannot be explained, nor the significance paraphrased.

The best instance of the alliance of poetry with the drama is to be found in *As You Like It*. The scene is laid, for the most part, in the Forest of Arden. "No single bird, or insect,

or flower is mentioned by name. The words 'flower,' 'leaf' do not occur. The trees of the forest are the oak, the hawthorn, the palm tree and the olive. For the animals, there are the deer, one lioness, and one green gilded snake.

Referring to Shakespeare's style as a poet, George Ryland's writes, 'In a general survey of Shakespeare's style we might say that he passed through three stages. In the first he is primarily a poet and an Elizabethan poet at that, indebted to Spenser, Marlowe and Lyly. To this period belong the poems, almost all the sonnets, and three very successful plays, a comedy, a history and a tragedy, all of which are as much poems as they are plays.'

Shakespeare's poetic style is characterized by ease and fluency. The parting of Troilus and Cressida is first made beautiful by the poetic lament of Troilus :

*We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did but each other, must poorly sell ourselves.
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious Time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
As many farewells as be stars in heaven.
With distinct breath and consign'd kiss to them,
He fumbles up into with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.*

Another important characteristic of Shakespeare's poetic style is its energy and swiftness. "Shakespeare's poetry embraces all the qualities to be found in all other poets—that every effect producible by poetry on the human spirit finds it a most conspicuous exemplification in his plays. He fills us with wonder, with submissive awe, with heroic energy and sadness, no mortal man has struck so many different notes; yet with all his marvellous versatility, he had his own variety of notes to be sounded,"

In *Richard II*, even the Gardener speaks in poetry and King Richard is a King poet. In *King John*—the following lines are remarkably grand—

*My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;*

*But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by the tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.*

[Students are advised to read the 'The Imagery' in Shakespeare along with this.]

*** Beginning of the Drama in England and its evolution to the stage of Shakespeare :**

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, the drama for the most consisted of the Morality or Allegorical plays. The Morality plays dealt with some lesson of duty personified as Mercy, Justice, Temperances or Riches. Various characters were brought together in a rude kind of plot, virtue was always victorious which established some moral principle. Satan was always introduced and the humorous element was supplied by his torments at the hand of vice—vice was always represented with a low jocular buffoon, who kept the audience in a fit of mirth. Two examples of popular Moralities are *The Cradle of Security* and, *Hit the Nail on the Head*. These Morality plays died about the end of Elizabethan reign, although even some critics go so far as to call *The Murder in the Cathedral* of T. S. Eliot of the 20th century as an example of the Morality play.

The revival of learning really gave a great blow to the Morality plays. The old Greek and Roman plays became model in the hand of the English play-wrights.

"At first the virtues and vices of the Morality gave way to characters from classical mythology. The plot too, instead of treating of Christian morals, was taken from the same source. This kind of drama was very fashionable at court throughout the reign of Elizabeth. The play generally abounded with compliments to the Queen or the nobles who were patrons of the players."

The Interludes of John Heywood formed, then, a connect-

*** Trace the beginning of the drama in England and its evolution to the stage of Shakespeare.**

ing link between the Morality and the regular drama. Such plays were generally played at court during the reign of Henry. These were short and humorous and represented in many respects our modern Farce. The characters were drawn mostly from real life, although the *vice* of the Morality plays still remained.

With the Reformation, the play-wrights hastened towards what is known as modern drama. The Interludes and Moralities gave way as they were used either to support the Catholic cause or that of the Protestants, and the plays were full of sneer, jest satire which, the opposite party felt a great deal.

The first stage of the regular drama begins with the first English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall, master of Eton. Though it was performed before 1551, it could not be published before 1556. The plot is woven round the adventure of a foolish town fop, and the manners represented therein belong to those of the Middle-class-people of that period.

The earliest known English tragedy is *Gorboduc or Ferrex and Porrex*, written by Sackville and Norton, played in 1562. The plot was taken from an ancient British legend like *King Lear* 'the piece was too heavy and solemn for the taste of the audience.

In 1564, Richard Edwards combined tragedy and comedy in *Damon and Pythias*. The plot was taken from the classical mythology. It is very probable that this play was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall during the Christmas festivities (1564-65). The play was received warmly by the public.

The success of these plays allured others to write for the stage, and produced many playwrights who were well-acquainted with the classical drama, and who chose not only the romances of Italy and Spain for their plots, but also the narratives from the chronicle Histories of England. Holinshed's chronicles had great place from which Shakespeare drew much.

Among the dramatists who immediately proceeded Shakespeare and who wrote during what has been termed the Second

Stage of the drama, the most noted were Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Nash and Lodge. These people are called University Wits as they had received University education, who wrote for the London stage between 1585 and 1593.

Christopher Marlowe was born at Canterbury in 1564. He received his education at the King's School and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Till 1587 all the plays written for the stage, were all in prose or in rime. It was Marlowe who produced his *Tamburlaine*, the Great in blank verse, Gradually Marlowe developed his blank verse in his *Life and death of Dr. Faustus*; *The Jew of Malta* and in *Edward II*. Other playwrights followed suit and it can be said without doubt that in some degree he prepared the way for the mighty creation of Shakespeare.

Of the rest, Robert Greene ranks next to him. He was born at Norwich in 1560, and received education at Cambridge. More than forty plays are ascribed to him, among which *Alphonso*, *Orlando Furioso*, *Frier Bacon*, and *The Scottish Historie of James IV* are important.

In one of his pamphlets written on his deathbed, we find the name of Shakespeare, wherein he warns other three fellows—Marlow, Peele and Nash (or Lodge) against players." Yes, trust them not; for there is not an upstart crow, beautiful with our feathers, than with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well as able to bombast out a blank verse, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene a country." Three months after the death of Greene, one Henry Chettle, Greene's friend, published it; later on he himself published a pamphlet asking apology from Shakespeare writing therein, "I am as sorry as the original fault had been my fault, because myself have been his (Shakespeare's) demeanour no less civil, than excellent in quality he professes; besides, diverse of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious graces in writing, that approves his art."

Next comes William Shakespeare who has given us 36 plays. Second only to Shakespeare in the drama of this period

stands ben Jonson, whose *Every Man in His Humour*, *Every Man out of His Humour*, *The Alchemist*, and *Volpone*, or *The Fox* are chief plays.

Many dramatists wrote towards the end of this period. Among them the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, John Ford and John Webster stand out prominently.

*** Elizabethan Stage :**

Allardyce gives a very beautiful description of the Elizabethan stage as follows :

At the commencement of Elizabeth's reign the general public had opportunities of witnessing plays performed on the stage erected either in the open air or in some innyard. In the year 1576 three theatres were set up in London. The servants of the Earl of Leicester built their theatre at Black-friars, while *The Theatre* and *The Curtain* were erected in Shoreditch fields.

The greater part of the interior of the above mentioned theatres was open to the weather, only the stage and a portion of the gallery being covered. The stage consisted of a bare room, the walls of which were covered with tapestry. When a tragedy was to be enacted, the tapestry was often removed and a covering of black substituted. Running along the back of the stage, at a height of from eight to ten feet above the floor, was a kind of gallery. This served for a variety of purpose. On it; those actors who supposed to speak from upper windows, towers, mountain sides, or any elevated place, took their stand. There was no movable scenery. Sometimes a change of scene was represented by the introduction of some suggestive article of stage furniture. Thus ; for example, a bough of a tree was brought on to represent a forest ; a cardboard imitation of a rock served for a mountaneous place, or for the pebbly beach

* Write a brief essay on the nature of the Elizabethan stage and the conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were produced.
[Agra 1931, Punjab 1954-1959]

Or

How was Shakespeare's work modified or influenced by the stage for what he wrote ?
[Aligarh 1955]

of the sea-shore. Wooden imitation of horses and towers were also introduced. But the most common way of indicating a change of scene was by hanging out a board bearing in large letters the name of the place of action.

A flag was unfurled on the roof of a Theatre when a performance was about to given. Usually the play commenced at three in the day, and lasted two or three hours. The Pit or "Yard" of Theatre was occupied by the lower classes, who had to stand during the whole of the performance. The nobility took their seats either in the boxes or on the rushstrewn stage. A flourish of trumpets was the signal that the play was about to commence. When the trupets had sounded a third time, a figure clothed in a black robe came forward and recited the prologue. The curtain in front of the stage then divided and the play began.

The actors appeared in costumes which, though sometimes costly, were not always in accordance with the action and time and place. They acted their parts in masks and wigs, and the female characters were always filled by boys or smoothfaced young ones.

Between the acts there was dancing, and sometimes at the close the clown would perform a jig to send the audience home in good humour. Finally, the actors assembled on the stage, knelt down, and offered up a prayer for the reigning monarch.

"There were no tickets, and the prices differed at various Theatres". The usual price of admission to the pit between 1600 and 1640 ranged from a penny to six pence. If one hired a stool for use on the stage, as gallants did, he paid for six pence to a shilling. The money was collected by 'gatherers' or 'box-holders.' At the Fortune, a theatre goer would pay an additional sum for set which he might after observation, choose for himself. But at most other theatres, gallants who wanted to sit on the stage entered through the retiring room and not by the main entrance."

Apart from this information, we have much of the information from the diary of Philip Menslowe. He was a success-

full manager, who had built three theatre's—(1) The Rose in 1586 (2) The Fortune in 1599 and (3) The Hope in 1613. From the account given by him, we find that much money was spent on costumes, and stage furniture. There was no attempt at realism, even peasants wore very rich costumes. It is in 1576 that one James Barbarage built the stage-craft. After his death new type of stage-craft came into being. The newly constructed stages were octagonal and not round. Provision of entrance and exit doors was a new innovation and the back of the stage was made elaborate. Mark the following points :—

(a) The Elizabethan theatre had no lighting arrangement, it seems, so the plays were performed in the day.

(b) Changes of scenes were indicated by the walking out of all the players from the stage.

(c) The opening of the performance was indicated by the unfurling of the flag accompanied by the flourish of the trumpet.

(d) The actors mostly put on wigs and masks.

(e) The female parts were played by male actors.

(f) Comedy was indicated by covering the stage with blue hangings, while in tragedy they were black.

(g) The prologue was almost recited in the beginning which an actor in a black robe often spoke.

Shakespeare's England :*

The England of the time of Shakespeare is known as the *Renaissance*, or the great revival of learning and of the *Reformation* of the church. It was in true sense a romantic age an age of adventure, the spirit of independence or the rejection of strict rules.

Referring to this E. Legouis observes, "For all the extensive borrowing from abroad and avowed respect for ancient precedents and traditional rules of conduct, and in spite of the passing fashions which temporarily made a law of the strange or the eccentric, the general impression conveyed is one of the frank and free boldness. A wide initiative was left to indi-

*Give in brief the characteristics of Shakespeare's England.

viduals.....There was no established grammar to fix and stereotyped syntax," E. A. Abbot speaks in *A Shakespearean Grammar*, "Any irregularities whatever, whether in the formation of words or in the combination of words into sentences, are allowable.....almost any part of speech can be used as a verb as a noun.....or as an adjective.....Any noun, adjective, or neuter verb can be used as an active verb."—"Versification was not reduced to a single principle, but sometimes acknowledged the syllabic and sometimes the accentual law. Some verses are governed by no rule except that of the recurring *ictus* or beats. They disregard both number of syllables and number of regular beats'.

The second characteristic is the translations. Although the Renaissance period is in-exactly called the Elizabethan age and its literature original, yet its rise is marked by a number of ancient and foreign influences. Some of these translations formed current reading and some became as popular as the best writings of English prose. Sometimes, French was an intermediary even between Italian and English. These indirect translations were often not the least remarkable for their literary merit and their influence. The translations in verse are more unequal. Some are deplorable.

Among the foreign influences one was that of Italy. *Elizabethan literature, which come to be the expression of the national genius, had its birth in Italianism.* This verdict may seem too narrow when we consider the large number of French works, then circulating in England, and also the influence of Spain exercised especially through the chivalrous romances and through the picaresque romance *Lazarillo de Tormes*, translated in 1576. Moreover even the French and Spanish literature borrowed much from Italy.

"The meeting between the English and the Italian spirit which had already enriched Chaucer's poetry brought a wealth of splendour to sixteenth century England. The English character was, however, already at this time too definite and insular merely to reflect a foreign country." At first the Italian culture and the Italian literature were looked with awe but as time passed on, Italy, which excited the licentious imagination of

the English, came little by little to be for them a land of unspeakable debauchery, the country of Machiavellism, crime, and poison. It was their Utopia of irregularity. 'The literature of England', says Legouis, 'was enriched by an immense looting of Italian treasures, and the spoils carried back to the island were there exhibited, not only as marvellous work of art, but also as objects of reprobation.'

The other characteristic of the Elizabethan England is the *Patriotic Exaltation*. By two successive advances one in 1578, while Drake sailed round the world and the other is 1589 when England defeated Armada, England gains supremacy, rather, on her rivals. About the year 1578, John Lyly, Spenser and, Sidney's works in verse and prose came as an outcome of their patriotism for England. It sprang from England's growing consciousness of strength, her pride of prosperity, the spirit of adventure which animated her sons and caused them always to aspire to the first place, and her faith in her own destiny. Everything, even religion, gave them impetus for patriotism. The Papacy was rejected. "If the English still conceived of union with Europe, they dreamt of a confederation of all the Protestant states with England at their head, an association of the powers of good which should be ready to affront the powers of evil personified in Philip II, the catholic monarch of Spain. The Herbraic spirit was beginning to be substituted for the properly Christian spirit. Lyly exclaimed at this time that 'the living God is only the English God.'

This tepid religious feeling allowed literature to spring to vigorous life and the Renaissance to flower. 'To the tardiness of the Reformation in closing its grip on the country, England owes the glory of her drama, her most magnificent literary achievement, and also a large part of the glory of her other poetry under Elizabeth and James I. This love of letters had its beginning in the patriotic-pride which was impelling England to claim a pre-eminent place in every field of activity.

Literature was swept onwards by the spirit of conquest and self-glorification. England balanced her literary accounts and was ashamed to realize her poverty as compared to France, her indigence by the side of Italy, and her virtual destitution in

comparison with antiquity. The latest in the field, she decidedly, arrogantly, to become the first. She had faith in her own genius and language, and also in her prosody if she could but reduce it to order.

Great poets like Spenser, Sidney and Marlowe came. Spenser insisted that 'poetry is a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with birth; and poured into the wit by a certain enthusiasm and celestial inspiration.

"The generation lived in this fever. Poetry was then either the privilege of a caste or the apurage of a few. It was widely disseminated, heated men's brains, and sometimes turned their heads, gave a lyrical turn to the whole of literature, beflowered and falsified the prose which was all poetic. Everyone felt the breath that was passing—the passion for artifices of language, the perception that words hold something beyond their meaning, the pleasure in savouring words, the pleasure in the beautiful or at least in the fantastic. The courtier was surprised to find the man of the people as ingenious as himself." Hamlet says of this age, "The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heels of the courtier, he calls his kibe."

Referring to this age Rickett puts, "The aggrandisement of wealth, the discovery of other worlds, the acquisition of knowledge, these matters which our more prosaic age seeks after with cooler calculation and more scientific precision were sought after by the Elizabethans, in the eager, idealising, adventurous spirit of youth. Life was a glorious adventure; and knowledge itself a fantastic game. 'Men are fools that wish to die'—that was the burden of Elizabethan song. To suck the marrow out of life; to find out all that was worth knowing, to realise all that was worth the feeling, such was the ideal of Shakespeare's age."

Shakespeare's superiority over his contemporaries *

There is indeed hard a glory of Shakespearean Drama

* *In what does Shakespeare's superiority over his contemporaries consist?*

which might not be matched by fragment or an aspect of some other play of the period. Take for instance.

(a) he could and did surpass the pathos and poetic sublimity found in the Past scenes of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*.

(b) He created no sphere of horror, pathos and revenge which we find in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*.

(c) None of his plays is more solidly constructed than Ben Jonson's *Volpone* or *Alchemist*.

(d) None of his comedies are skilfully staged than Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

(e) None of his tragedies has been so much appreciated as *Maid's Tragedy*.

(f) 'He has created no character more singularly original than Dekker's old Friscobaldo, and he gives no illusion of reality more powerfully than Middleton and Rowley in their *De Flores*.

(g) There is in Dekker's *Shoe Maker's Holiday* a merry swing not bettered in Shakespeare's most exhilarating comedy.

Every Element in Shakespeare's drama might thus in isolation, be matched by the best of the contemporary writers for the stage at their best. The question, then arises wherein lies Shakespeare's superiority ?

First, a piece of work is to be judged in whole and not in part. He tried to combine all the gifts in his plays which we find scattered or diffused in other play-wrights. Shakespeare made his own path like Kyd, Marlowe or Lyly which both marked and bounded his personality. "His flexibility was marvellous. He adapted himself to the most diverse material, and seemed to use it all with equal ardour and joy. Besides the narrative poems like *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lock*, into which he poured all his love for lyrical beauty and command of rhymes, his first essays in drama are so astonishingly various that no one theory fits them and each of them ought to be studied separately. They correspond to and

overflow dramatic classification hitherto known—national history, tragedy, comedy, romantic and fairy plays. But these categories do not suffice to show their variety. The word comedy includes works of Shakespeare's as distinct as *Love's Lab. Lost*, that fantasy made up of sparkling dialogue and valleys of word-play, and *The Comedy of Errors*, a farce with a much involved plot modelled on Plautus.

"Shakespeare is never found twice at the same point. It is as though he had sworn in his youth to experiment in constructions of the most varied kinds and in the most highly contrasted moods. He shows equal aptitude for the tragic and the comic, the sentimental and the burlesque, lyrical fantasy and character-study, portraits of women and of men."

If you examine his three great tragedies—*Othello*, *Lear* and *Macbeth*, you will find in them astonishing variety of kind, presentment, and dramatic movement, that it becomes impossible to find one formula to fit them all. This diversity exists everywhere in Shakespeare's dramas.

Secondly, he had the rare gift to endow historical and imaginary beings with life, not intermittently and by flashes, like most of his contemporaries, but constantly, so that however they are modified during a play, they do not lose their identity. "This power was abnormally developed in him but he wielded it easily, naturally, spontaneously, without over-giving an impression of effort. From the beginning there is life everywhere, but as he advanced towards maturity his characters came to be more boldly out-lined and more complex.....very few characters of any importance failed to receive from their creator the vital spark and the distinctive mark of their individuality, each one of them deserves to be named. They differ in their sex, age, state of life, virtues and vices, but all of them are alike in being alive." Think of the characters in *Romeo and Juliet* of Capulet, of Tybalt or of Mercutio and of Friar Laurence, their parts may be short, they may have to speak only twenty lines of verse, but this is enough to make them unforgettable. 'Multiply them by thirty-six the numbers of his plays, and you have a throng than which none more alive ever issued

from a human imagination. A whole world persuades audiences, or even mere readers, of its presence, with a force of realism to which very few of the real beings whom play goes their lives attain. *It is principally in this respect that Shakespeare surpasses his rivals and is Shakespeare*".

E. Legouis points out, "Not Marlowe, nor Jonson, nor Beaumont and Fletcher, to mention only the most illustrious of Shakespeare's rivals, was capable of the truthful character—drawing which could alone prolong the life of his puppets beyond the time of a performance. The characters of these other play-wrights are almost always excessive, inhuman, arbitrary or theatrical; their aim is to produce surprise; in their feelings we do not recognise our own; their extravagance or their inexplicably sudden changes of front are disconcerting. Shakespeare's characters, whether good or bad, whether moving among the realities of history or among the most romantic happenings, have an unfailing humanity which makes them plausible and keeps them within the orbit of our sympathy."

The Epical Basis of Shakespeare's Drama—"A profound difference between Shakespeare's work and that of his contemporaries consists in the greater truth, the more serious and substantial character, which fundamentally belongs to his plays in the mass. Their matter, and theirs alone is, epical as much as romantic. He alone gave so much space to the epical, and wrought it consciously, continuously and on a great scale."

He took themes for his plays from chronicles, *novellieri* and handed them at his will. Other playwrights often made history unreal, but Shakespeare could warrant the truth even of romance. "Only Jonson followed Shakespeare along this path, but he, having more exact knowledge, was too much preoccupied with the painting of curious customs and with his own learned details to retain Shakespeare's broad epic manner. He was too ready to sacrifice the intuitive insight into human character and play of human feelings to a literal reproduction of the attitudes of Latin historians."

Development of Shakespeare's art.

Whether Shakespeare was an artist or the contrary, has

* Trace the development of Shakespeare's art.

been a point of great discussion. Ben Jonson says. "Shakespeare wanted art", and that 'he had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. He had to be repressed', as Augustus said of Haterius. wit was in his own power: would the rule of it have so, too !

Shakespeare is so abundant a writer, that Jonson said of him that he lacked self-control, that his genius ran away with him. Milton praised him "Sweet Shakespeare, Fancy's child". who warbled forth his 'native wood-notes wild'.

"To admit that Shakespeare gives the regulating power to wisdom is the best way of explaining the harmony which he has been able to bring into almost everyone of his plays. Different though their elements be, each has its own atmosphere, and this could not regularly happen as the effect of a fortunate accident. The very freedom habitual to popular plays, the custom of mixing two or even three plots in one play, the alternation of the tragic and the comic, the con-current use of the rhymed and blank verse and prose: all contributed to enhance the difficulty of fusing harmoniously pictures and scenes so desperate in their moods. The resultant success is the more meritorious because, like something done for a wager, it was all but unattainable. No one recipe was ever twice applicable, but each work demanded its special solution. A detailed study would be necessary to show the concealed and sure art which interweaves the threads of the double plot of *The Merchant of Venice*, finally confronting Shylock with Portia."

The reason why Shakespeare's art is masked is its 'consistency with cheerful or at least resigned acceptance of the conditions which the contemporary stage imposed on a dramatist, and which were a result of the demands habits of the public, the poor staging and the methods of Shakespeare's brother actors. His art is essentially empirical: it takes realities into account and is not based on the abstract.'

Although he lacked scenery, he did not lack the insight into the human heart. His words, spoken through his actors,

are in no way unreal. They are true to all ages. Shakespeare's fools and clowns are more wise, so to say, than most of the wisest. He makes of the clown, whether he remains a boor or becomes a court fool or nobleman's jester, a sort of popular philosopher who is independent and sagacious beneath his apparent stupidity, and who passes through most of the plays without belonging to them. "Shakespeare's use of the clown is often so happy and unexpected that this character could hardly be spared from Shakesperian drama. If the clown were gone, something would be missing from the whole. The purity and nobility of the plays would doubtless be enhanced, but their meaning would be restricted and their philosophy would suffer."

Shakespeare's Philosophy : To find philosophy in Shakespeare is to find for the impossible. Ricket has very beautifully discussed this point saying "Snakes in Iceland." When there can be no snake in Iceland, why do you wish to search one; in the same way if you wish to seek the philosophy in Shakespeare, it is to find an impossibility. The philosophy which is apparent in one place is refuted at the other place.

Speaking of Shakespeare's philosophy Legouis says, "There is nothing in Shakespeare's philosophy which is distinctive or carries conviction. The miracle is not in the abstract thought his works contain, but in that extraordinary pliability which let him put the most divergent, most striking, and most ingenious arguments in the mouths of his characters in support of their passions or interests. Each of them, from the kings to the clowns, has indeed a philosophy, which he makes singularly clear. Each judges life in his own way, from his own angle, whence he may utter a remark strikingly true, and profound also, in many instances."

But it must be understood that the play-wright never went beyond earthly life and as thus there are instances of similarities—

(a) *Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more :*

—Macbeth

- (b) *All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.*
—Jaques in *As You Like It*

- (c) *We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*
—Prospero in *Tempest*

- (d) *It is ten o'clock :
Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale'*
Touchstone in *As You Like It*

Shakespear's Style :*

Shakespear's personality, which he deliberately effaced behind his work and made subservient to the conditions of the stage, asserted itself irrepressibly in the form of his plays, his style, and his versification. There all the welth of his gifts found vent. Marked though the characteristics of the period be, the form of his work is unique and incomparable, impaired by faults as brilliant as the colours in the golden pheasant's plumage. He was afflicted by all the diseases of style proper to his age, one after another, as well as by its happy bravery, and he blended them in a style entirely his own, which transforms its constituent elements and harmonizes disparities as numerous as though they had been assembled in each play in fulfilment of a wager.

His dramatic gift alone would have secured his immediate popularity, but would hardly have ensured his glory. The first dramatist was also the first poet of his day and one of the first of all time. The poet is not only revealed by the hundred exquisite songs with which the plays are strewn. The ardent passion for beauty which is the distinction of the sonnets, and causes the best of them to reach the high-water mark of beauty in English-

* Discuss the power and the excesses of Shakespear's style.

poetry, attains in the plays to results as fine, and there has a diversity of mood and accent impossible to the sonnets with their monotonous theme and form.

Most often the fusion of dramatic and lyric elements is perfect, absolute, and beyond analysis. A whole scene is lifted to a higher mood while the proportions of its constituent elements are unmodified, and thus the pleasure of truth, which is retained and the added pleasure of beauty are blended in strict unity.

Beauty comes of the perfection of the style and the versification, rarity of the images, and the accompanying music. No purely lyrical poetry in English weds words or metaphors more triumphantly or contains more varied, richer, or more delicate sonorities than those which Shakespeare spontaneously and inexhaustibly produces in the blank verse of his plays. Yet the pleasure of an emotion properly dramatic is nearly always added to the pleasure of lyricism, which therefore is saved from the egoistical dilettantism fatal to enchantment. A special glory belongs to the poet who, without sacrifice of probability, inspires other hearts than his own with the highest lyrical emotions and causes other lips to utter them, while at the same time he follows or urges on the progress of the action which decides the fate of his puppets.

The defects of this rich genius for words are almost as glaring as its qualities are dazzling. There is on every occasion such a multitudinous flow of words and images to Shakespeare's mind as nothing seems able to dam..... Images gush forth, beautiful or strange, but without order, redundant, and sometimes injurious to dramatic probability. Old John of Gaunt at his last grasp breathes out his love for England in multiplied, piled-up similes, interrupted, resumed, inexhaustible. His tirade would weary the lungs of a strong young man.

Even more often the poet yields to the temptation to be subtle. He plunges into subtlety confidently, sure that he can find a way out of the labyrinth. In the sonnets, when he is speaking in his own person, he uses and mis-uses subtlety immoderately. His narrative poems are full of it and it is the very web of the un-ending lamentation of Lucrece, Tarquin's victim. Almost all his characters, whether tragic or comic, show unex-

pectedly a taste for the like quintessence of wit, a joy in splitting the finest hairs. The young queen, wife to Richard II, when she is uneasy about her husband's absence, involves herself, with a courtier who seeks to dispel her anxiety, in the maziest of arguments about her presentiment of evil. The most subtle sonneteer would find it difficult to follow the slender threads of such a skein while we are listening to a play. Shakespeare has become a wit rather than a poet, and like a tight-rope walker, is carried away by pleasure in his own agility. Not all his experience of the theatre can defeat his joy in over-coming difficulties.

The lack of moderation is the limitation of his dramatic genius and his realism. It brings on to the stage a superfluity of lyricism both ill-timed and out of place. It endows the most divergent characters, even the dull and the foolish, with an improbable command of language and power of analysis.

In part the defect is to be ascribed to the age, but it is true that, except the fuliginous Chapman, lost in metaphors and drowned in subtleties, Shakespeare has a more difficult style than any other Elizabethan dramatist. Marlowe's eloquence, Jonson's vigorous realism, Dekker's easy grace, Middleton's dry precision, Fletcher's rather superficial distinction, and Massinger's oratorical swing make their plays more lucid than his leave fewer difficulties to be solved and knots to be untied. Although in many passages, and nearly always in most beautiful, Shakespeare shows himself capable of complete clarity and frank simplicity, he yet had a personal taste for variants on the current uses of speech, and the hearer and even the reader must consequently exert ingenuity to understand him. This habit of mind, usually dropped when a play reaches its intensest moment, is especially manifest in secondary scenes in which the dramatic instinct does not restrain him. It expresses a natural tendency which needed to be controlled and repressed by a superior necessity of the action of the play.

Another great characteristic of Shakespeare's genius is an undefinable alertness and mobility which keep attention on the stretch. His prodigious vitality remains unimpaired after three centuries. It seems to grow everytime he is read. Something

of the mystery belongs to him which Enobarbus noticed in Cleopatra's charm :

*Age can't wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women stale
The appetites they feed : but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.*

There is no other work, however beautiful, that does not seem monotonous after Shakespeare. Free of every theory, accepting all of life, rejecting nothing, uniting the real and the poetic appealing to the most various men, to a rude workman as to wit, Shakespeare's drama is a great river of life and beauty. All who thirst for art or truth, the comic or the tender, ecstasy or satire, light or shade, can stoop to drink from its waters, and at almost every instant of their changing moods find the one drop to slake their thirst.

(*Abridged from Legouis 'Shakespeare's art'*)

*-Shakespeare wrote incorrect English'

It is wrong to speak of "Shakespeare's mistakes". The mistake which the modern reader notices in his English may be explained by one of the two principles—

(1) The difference between the modern English with that of the Elizabethan.

(2) The difference between the spoken and written English.

If we discuss the first one, we may easily say 'what is considered bad English in the present century might have been considered good English in the age of Shakespeare

Elizabethan English contains an element of old English. The instances are given below from the famous *Shakespearean Grammar* by Abbott.

(a) Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb "They askance

* *It is wrong to say, 'Shakespeare wrote incorrect English'. Justify this statement.*

KING HENRY THE FOURTH. I.

their eyes"; as a noun, "the back ward and abysm of *time*"; as an adjective "a *seldom* pleasure". Any noun, adjective, or neuter verb can be used as an active verb, you can *happy* your friend, *malice* or *fool* your enemy or *fall* an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb, and 'you can feel and *act easy, free, excellent*' or as a noun and, 'you can take of *fai* instead of beauty and *pale* instead of *pale-nees*. Even the pronouns are not except from these metamorphoses. As *he* is used for man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest she *he has yet beheld*'.

(b) In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy which meets us can be analysed in his own manner. Some times Shakespeare uses *He* for *him*; and *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs, relative omitted when the antecedents inserted; shall for *will*, *should* for *would*; *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after *I ought*; inserted after *I durst*. Double negatives and double superlatives are also not rare eg *more* better. *Such* is followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*, *that* for *as that*; and lastly *some* verbs with apparently two nouns, and others without any nominative at all.

The student reading Shakespearian English should observe five general principles in his English.

(1) Its Brevity (2) its emphasis (3) its tendency to interchange parts of Speech, (4) the introduction of new words and (5) its transitional character.

Brevity and Emphasis :

(1) Omission of the relative—*That is worse*. Here *which* is omitted or understood after *that*.

(2) Omission of the verb of motion—*I must to Conventry*. Here *go* is understood after *must*.

(3) Omission of preposition with the verb of motion—*Let's all go visit him*. Here *to* is omitted before *visit*.

(4) Emphasis is denoted in the double negatives—*Nor, no's lord*; or in double comparatives and superlatives—*Thy*

death-bed is no *lesser* than thy land ; in the repetition of the subject—‘March on, and mark king Richard, how he looks.

Transitional character :

Early English is marked by inflections ; modern English by the comparative absence of inflection but Elizabethan English comes between the two:

The introduction of new words :

‘By increased intercourse with foreign nations and by the great revival of classical learning and studies, new words derived from the Latin and Greek languages came into English use.’

As such, it is wrong to say that Shakespeare wrote ungrammatical English. Infact he represented his own age and the language or dialect spoken during Queen Elizabeth’s or King James I’s reigns.

MOST SANGUINE QUESTIONS ON SHAKESPEARE

[For Answers please consult the page nos.
given by the side of questions]

- Q. 1. *Trace the beginning of the drama in England and its evolution to the stage of Shakespeare.* (Page no. 5)
- Q. 2. *What are the chief characteristics of the Elizabethan, Jacobean and Caroline drama ?* (Page no. 8)
- Q. 3. *"As a dramatist, Shakespeare belongs essentially to his Age, yet His plays are universal and enduring" Amplify and illustrate.*

OR

"The greatest of dramatists is careful, not so much for the single character, as for the drama : indeed, he observes not so much the probabilities of the action of the psychology of the characters as the psychology of the audience, for whom both action and character are formed". Discuss. (Page no. 18)

- Q. 4. *Write a note on Shakespeare's philosophy.*

OR

"Shakespeare's plays preach no philosophy."

OR

"Shakespeare's philosophy was the philosophy of shepherd Corin." Discuss. (Page no. 23)

- Q. 5. *Shakespeare's imagery was a more important function and significance than "illuminative" or 'decorative' — Discuss.* (Page no. 29)
- Q. 6. *Write a note on Shakespeare's use of Prose.* (Page no. 33)

INTRODUCTION

- Q. 7. *Considering of the plays of Shakespeare, show that he was, 'making finer and more intricate texture of his blank verse, originating fresh dramatic types'.* (Page no. 36)
- Q. 8. *Discuss Shakespeare's use of soliloquies.* (Page no. 40)
- Q. 9. *Write a note on Shakespeare's treatment of Humour.* (Page no. 43)
- Q. 10. *Discuss the use of supernatural as a dramatic device by Shakespeare.* (Page no. 46)
- Q. 11. *Write a note on Shakespeare's Comic Universe.* (Page no. 49)
- Q. 12. *Write an essay on the evolution of the fool in Shakespearean drama.* (Page no. 52)
- Q. 13. *Write a note on Shakespeare's characterisation.*

OR

In what special manner does Shakespeare's portrayal of women in the comedies differ from that in the last plays ? Illustrate (Page no. 56)

- Q. 14. *Write a brief note on Shakespeare's Universality.* (Page no. 62)
- Q. 15. *Write a note on "Realism in Shakespeare's plays."* (Page no. 64)
- Q. 16. *Write a note on "Greatness of Shakespeare"*

OR

"Shakespeare lived a life of allegory ; his works are the comment on it." Discuss. (Page no. 67)

- Q. 17. *As a dramatist, Shakespeare belongs essentially to his age, yet his plays are universal and enduring. Amplify and illustrate.* (Page no 71)
- Q. 18. *Discuss the inspiration of Shakespeare's historical plays.* (Page no. 74)
- Q. 19. *"Shakespeare was a poet before he was a dramatist"*
Discuss and illustrate. (Page no. 77)

- Q. 20. How was Shakespeare's work modified or influence by the stage for what he wrote ?*

OR

Write a brief essay on the nature of the Elizabethan stage, and the conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were produced. (Page no. 83)

- Q. 21. Give in brief the characteristics of Shakespeare's England.* (Page no. 85)

- Q. 22. In what does Shakespeare's superiority over his contemporaries consist ?* (Page no. 88)

- Q. 23. Trace the development of Shakespeare's art.* (Page no. 91)

- Q. 24. Discuss the power and the excesses of Shakespeare's style.* (Page no. 94)

SOURCES OF HENRY IV. PARTS I & II.

There is a good deal of controversy among the critics of Shakespeare regarding the sources of his chronicle plays, in particular. For example, about the sources of King John there is a complete confusion and the most out-standing of Shakespearean critics have admitted that the play is 'source-less'.

It must be noted that Henry IV belongs to the Middle Chronicle Plays of the Second period of Shakespeare's dramatic career, and it must further be remembered that during this period Shakespeare maintained Holinshed, the historian and chronicler as his guide, rather as the generating dynamo of the sources of his plays.

[Note :— This period includes the following chronicle plays of Shakespeare :—

- (1) Richard II ; (2) 'King John' ; (3) Henry IV (Part I and II) ; (4) Henry V ; (5) Henry VI.]

As a matter of fact, for the serious matter of both parts of 'Henry IV' Shakespeare remained faithful to Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587 edition) and, possibly, for some materials to Hall's "*The union of the two noble and illustrious families of Lancaster and York*" (1550).

Besides, Shakespeare, while writing this play, must have consulted some other records as sources. These records are :—

(1) Elyot's '*Governor*'; (2) Stow's '*Chronicles to Annles and Civil Wars*'; (3) Maghon's '*The Illustrious Kingship of Britany*'; (4) *The German Play 'Eine Scher Kligache'*; (5) *Andrauc's 'Percy's Reliques'*.

For the comic plot of the play, Shakespeare probably found suggestions in the slight chronicle play, '*The Famous Victories of Henry V*' and '*The Honourable Battle of Agincourt*', and possibly, according to Prof. Pollard and Dr. Dover Wilson, Shakespeare drew upon a still older play upon which that crude chronicle play might have been based.

'CHEVY CHASE':

Prof. Bartley Higgins opens that Shakespeare may have been indebted for some suggestions to the famous Ballad of '*Chevy Chase*'. There are three points of connection between the play (Henry IV) and the ballad of '*Chevy Chase*'. In the first place Shakespeare prefixes to the names Percy and Douglas as "Customary in the Mort". In the Ballad, Douglas and Percy are so designated. Secondly, the Prince's challenge to Percy to meet him in a single combat in paralleled in the ballad of '*Chevy Chase*', and thirdly, the Prince's lament over the dead body of the slain Hotspur, has its similarity in Percy's address to the dead Douglas in the ballad of '*Chevy Chase*'.

'Date of the Composition of Henry IV':

Regarding the date of the play there is also a lot of controversy. We give below the most critical views about the topic, as advanced by two eminent authorities of Shakespeare, R. P. Cowl and A. E. Morgan :—

"The concensus of critical opinion assigns the composition of the play to the year 1596-97.

(i) The entry in the Stationer's Register to Andrew Wyse on 25th February, 1598, of "a booke instituted The historye of HENRY the III Jth, with his battaile of Shrewsburye against HENRY HOTTSPURRE of the Northe with the conceived mirthe of Sir JOHN FFA'LSTOFF", fixes the latest possible date of composition. The first publication of the play was, as we have seen, in the same year.

(ii) The earliest contemporary reference to the play by name is in the famous list of Shakespeare's play given in Francis Meres's *Pulladis Tamia*, 1598. In the same work, Meres refers to "these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but roguery in villanous man"—an echo of Falstaff's misanthropic view, induced directly by the discovery of time in his sake, that "there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man." (II-IV—124, 125).

The final words of Johnson's 'Every Man Out of His Humour' (first performed in 1599) contain an obvious reference: "You may in time make lean Macbeth as fat as Sir John Falstaff." And in the pilgrimage to Parnassus acted in St. John's College, Cambridge, at Christmas, 1598, occur the words, "I shall no sooner open this pint-pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry 'Anon. Anon, Sir',"—a reminiscence, it has been suggested, of II. iv of this play, where Francis ever, in answer to poems, 'Anon, anon, sir.'

(iii) Two passages in the play suggest reminiscence of speeches in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, which was produced in 1598. The obligation, however, may have been Jonson's.

(iv) (a) The composition of the play has been assigned to 1596-7 on the evidence of supposed references in the play to contemporaneous events. The opening lines, in Chalmers's view, "plainly allude" to the Spanish expedition of 1596. (b) The Carrier's speech in II. 12. 13, "Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose, "has been connected with the Proclamation

for the Death of corn, etc., which was published in 1596, (c) And again, it has been suggested that the word "valiant" in—the sprits.

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, amin my arms, may have been interpolated, at the expenses of the metre, as a compliment to the Shirleys; one of whom is said to have been brighted in 1597. (See note on V. IV. 41). If so, it would appear that the play had been written before Shirley was brighted, that is not later than 1597. But evidence of this kind has little value.

(v) Perhaps the most decisive evidence that the play was not newly composed at the date of its entry in the Stationers' Register, February 25, 1598, is the fact that the name Sir John Falstaff ("Sir John ffallstoff," p. IX ante) appears in the entry. It seems certain that our Falstaff was originally designated oldcastle. The real Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Colham, the famous Lollard who suffered martyrdom in 1418; continued to be maligned after his death by the anti Lollard party. A travesty of his character was placed upon the stage about 1588 in the famous *Victories of Henry the Fifth*, Shakespeare adopted the name in *Henry IV*. This gave offence to the Colham family, and Shakespeare had to find another name for his knight. Nevertheless, traces of the original name are to be found in the text of *Henry IV*. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry IV*. Occurs a disavowal of any intention to malign the real Sir John Oldcastle. Speaking of "hard opinions" of Falstaff, Shakespeare says: "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." In the First Part of *Henry IV*. I ii. 43 the Prince's words, "As the henery of Hybla, my old lad of the castle," would have more point if the name of the bright were Oldcastle. In II ii 105, the line—

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, though not necessarily unmetrical, becomes regular if "Old castle" be substituted for "Falstaff." Unfortunately there is no other instance in the First Part of *Henry IV*. Of the name "Falstaff" in verse context. In the Second Part it occurs four times in verse but the substitution had probably taken place before the date, of the composition of this play."

Duration Of The Action Of 'Henry IV'

The play, according to Prof. P. A. Daniel, covers ten "*historic days*" with three extra "*Falstaffian days*" and intervals. The total dramatic time, however, is three months at most :—

- Day 1** :—London—Name of the Battle of Holmedon etc. Interval of a week. Hotspurs return to court. [Act I, Sc. I]
- Day 1 (A)** :—London—Falstaff, Prince Hal etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned. [Act I, Sc. II]
- Day 2** :—Rebellion of Percy planned ; Interval of some three or four weeks. [Act I, Sc. III]
- Day 3** :—Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor ; Interval of about a fortnight, Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor. [Act II, Sc. III]
- Day 4** :—Bangor ; Interval of about a fortnight. [Act III, Sc. I]
- Day 5** :—Prince Hal and his father. [Day 5 is also a continuation of Day 3 A. Interval of a day.] (Act III, Sc. II)
- Day 6** :—Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a change of foot for the wars ; Interval of a day. [Act III, Sc. IV]
- Day 7** :—Rebel camp near Shrewsbury ; Interval of a few days. [Act IV, Sc. I]
- Day 8** :—Near Coventry. [Act IV, Sc. II]
- Day 9** :—The rebel camp. Place York. [Act IV, Sc. IV]
- Day 10** :—The Battle of Shrewsbury.

Note :—The historic period covered begins with the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 22, 1402, and ends with the Battle of Shrewsbury, July 24.

HENRY IV. A TRAGEDY OR A COMEDY ?

[*V. V. Imp.*]

It must be noted that Shakespeare's Play 'Henry IV' contain two parts—I & II. Unless the reader has a thorough knowledge of both the parts of the drama it is difficult for him

to form an exact and accurate opinion of the play—whether it is a tragedy or a comedy.

Part I of '*Henry IV*' however ends in a non-tragic atmosphere. The king, as the first part of the play begins, talks of his country men's joining the Holy Wars against enemies of Christ and Christianity beyond the shores of England, leaving civil wars and petty internal conflicts. He has hardly made this noble plan when he is being informed by Westmoreland that the noble Mortimer has been captured by the rebellious hands of wild Glendower. This incident is followed by the conspiracy of Hotspur, Mortimer, Glendower and Douglas. Thus, there is a strong united rebellious organization against the king.

But in the end we see that the rebellion is crushed by the king and his royal prestige is again raised high.

[How can we call this part of the play a tragedy ? Moreover, the introduction of the arch-clun Falstaff and his merry prattles and tattles inject with the play a note of comedy.]

Now let us have a glance at part II of the play.

In the second part we have the Earl of Northumberland concerting measures of insurrection ; the Arch-bishop of York, Mowbray, and Hastings, in open defiance of the king, are out to capture him (the king). He is finally captured and, shortly afterwards, is killed.

"The king, through out the second part of the play, is hampered by the dread of retribution (punishment awarded by Fate or any other super-natural agency), hanging over him on account of his forcible seizure of the crown." [*Dover Wilson*]

Final Remarks :

Thus, taking the entire play (both the parts). We may say that it is a tragedy, though not that kind of dark and sombre tragedy as '*King Lear*', '*Othello*' or '*Hamlet*'. But as far as the first part of the drama is concerned, we cannot call it a tragedy. However, it would be unwise and inartistic in our part to call it a comedy of the type of '*As you like It*' or '*Twelfth Night*' or '*Mid-Summer Night's Dream*'.

Let us finally conclude that the First Part of '*Henry IV*' is a mid-way between a tragedy and comedy. Being 'a chronicle play', it should, as a rule, not be a pure tragedy as a pure comedy.

CONNECTION OF HENRY IV. WITH HENRY V.

Students are advised to know something of Henry IV. Part II to form an opinion of the entire play, but they are also advised to be fully acquainted with the theme and content of '*Henry V*', as there is a direct inter-depending link between the plots of the two plays.

Henry IV Part I ends with the victory of the king over his rebellions ; the Second Part ends with his death. In *Henry V* we are shown the newly-crowned king, Henry V ready to follow his late father's advice by declaring war upon France. Just before starting on his expedition, he discovers the intrigue (plot) of Cambridge, Scroop and Gray and persuades himself that this discovery is an indication of Heaven's satisfaction with the war, he is undertaking.

The new king's rule is strong and beneficent. So long as he lives the questionable character of his title is forgotten, or forgiven. Any way, he is an exceptional king, and it is by exceptional virtues alone that such position as he has inherited can be maintained. But the moment his strong arm is withdrawn, and the people have no one to look to but a prince like Henry VI feeble alike in mind and in body—the rebellious passions of the nobles burst forth again all their violence,

A BRIEF CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF THE PLAY

Most Remarkable Of Chronicle Plays :

Henry IV is certainly the most remarkable of all the earliest chronicle-plays of Shakespeare, particularly for the complete transformation of the merest brute material into a magnificent and comprehensive piece of art. The two parts of the play are continuous and together form one of Shakespeare's great dramatic achievements. In particular, the blending of history with invention is a triumph of accomplishment. The curious and universal humanity of Shakespeare's portrait, so utterly

different from the shrill striving of so-called realism, is scarcely anywhere shown more finally than the Mell and Doll, a pair of 'truffs' who become almost enduring figures. It is a detail worth mentioning how prodigal Shakespeare has been of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire reminiscences in this play.

New Artistic Design :

Henry IV is the only chronicle play of Shakespeare, which introduces a new division of Shakespeare's work. It must be noted that the first two chronicle plays '*king John*' and '*Richard II*' however between history and morality and did not attain full artistic success till he wrote '*Henry IV*'. In no kind of drama did the genius of Shakespeare find a full and more comprehensive for expatiation than in chronicle play and that, too, in *Henry IV*. This play has an exceptional quality and a novel peculiarity which is unknown elsewhere; the weaving of humour, fun and pun with historical seriousness.

Characterization :

With his "indirect crook'd ways" King Henry IV is consistent with the subtle Bolingbroke of *Richard II*. Even more than as a contrast to the "passive, pivotal figure" of the King, the hot-headed, Blunt, unselfish, manly Hotspur is presented as a foil to Prince Hal, whose madcap nature develops into a practical efficiency never part of Hotspur's worth. Out from the minor characters stand Glendower, an imaginative dreamer, Mistress Quickly, of "infinite loquacity and accommodating morality", and Justice Shallow. Out topping all is Falstaff, he of the unmalicious lie, irrepressible wit, and amoral sense : the Gluttony of the Interlude metamorphosed into a distinct personality. E. de Selincourt has declared that only Chaucer's Pandarus may be compared to Shakespeare's greatest comic creation "for brilliance of conception and execution." Few deny the accusation that Falstaff "was a filthy old ruffian, physically repulsive, disorderly in garb, in habits, in morals ; in fact, ... a liar, a sot, a coward, and a whoremonger," but nevertheless almost all conclude that Falstaff is "essentially a poetic creation ; ... a thing of beauty."

Style :

Through the complementary actions and characters of Falstaff and Prince Henry, Shakespeare gains a dramatic unity of the serious and the comic in *Part I*, a unity lessened considerably in *Part II* by the Prince's reputation of his erstwhile companion. About half of the scenes in each part are devoted to Falstaff, and through this comic element Prince Hal's not too admirable nature is expressed. The Prince's rejection of Falstaff has been labelled by some as unnecessarily cruel by others as inevitable for dramatic purposes, and by a third group as a political necessity, for each part is specifically political.

As in *King John*, Shakespeare in *Henry IV* for dramatic purposes makes effective departures from his source. Marlowe's influence is no longer in evidence. Shakespeare's commingling of the serious and the comic is, of course, in the tradition of an older type of chronicle play, but his contribution is the effective blend as in *Part I*. It is true that the plots of both parts are slight, and that no central action dominates; this structural weakness is pronounced in *Part II* where the fusion of the grave and thy gay is poorer, and the historical action is slow-moving and less unified. In both parts, however, his free use of verse and prose, and the changes from one to the other, are done with a sinewy ease. Finally, it is the tableaux-representation and epic looseness of events marching toward no determined end that induce most critics to agree upon the lack of unity of plot-structure of each part.

(*Lamond and Grendelworth*)

Characterizations

'King Henry IV' is a chronicle play, based upon historical facts ; yet it is more a dramatic study of characters and environments. In this play Shakespeare has introduced maximum number of characters, male and female—22 active characters leaving aside the back—ground figures. Every kind of character—from a drunkard, a pick—pocket, a thief, a robber to a serious type of a dashing warrior—has been depicted in the play in the real and analytical light.

NOTE :

As a matter of fact there are only four dominant characters in the play, which are to be studied critically by Post-graduate students.

- (1) The Prince ;*
- (2) The king ;*
- (3) Falstaff and*
- (4) Hotspur*

I. KING HENRY THE FOURTH

EXPECTED QUESTIONS

- Q. 1. "If the king's character, from the point of view of a shrewd politician does not attract our admiration and if certainly the subtlety of his intellect dwarfs him, his indomitable fixity of purpose does win our applause." Discuss and illustrate.
- Q. 2. "If policy was the leading trait of the character of the king, there was in it much of the breadth and largeness which distinguish the statesman from a politician." Discuss
(Hudson)

I. Admixture of Seriousness and Merry Lightness :

'King Henry IV' is unique, in the sense that it is a fine blending of historical seriousness and artistic lightness of humour and fun. In the initial stage of the character of the play take it as a humorous comedy with a rippling and dipping of jolly fun and humour, but at its concluding stage (of Part I) we find grave and serious elements. The Prince is no more an object of ridicule rather a grave and dignified figure generating currents of tragic seriousness.

II. A marvel of Dramatic Force :

The play "as a whole is a marvel of force in the rich variety of characters so dissimilar yet each so attractive in its way. Had Falstaff been omitted, there is enough in Mrs. Quickly, Shallow and Silence to have furnished out to reputation of any other comic dramatist. Had these also been taken away, together with Falstaff's parasites and companions, the serious portions would have remained as a historical picture far superior to any of the poet's earlier efforts in that direction."

While Shakespeare wrote this play, he had made a vast stride in his knowledge of the world, and at the same time of dramatic art and dramatic form. "He had cast away the fetters

of rhyme, the quibbles and fantastic reasoning that abound in '*King John*' and '*Richard the Second*', and the turgid vein that runs through *Richard III*.

Depicts Shakespeare's Insight Into Human Nature :

'*King Henry IV*' depicts Shakespeare's deep insight into human nature and his close intimacy with the social life of the people, living in England during his time. He has drawn candid picture of the life of the drunkards and 'wine-boobies' of London of his age. [Shakespeare, himself had indulged in such kind of life ; it is said that for about five years he lived in drinking dens, slept and spent his whole time in such places.]

The picture of pick-pocketing, stealing and robbery, as painted in the play, was an actuality of that age. All these things have been aptly and most judiciously depicted in the play.

Shakespeare's Comic Power Exhibited :

At the time of writing this play Shakespeare "penetrated deeply into the heart of men and things, acquired an intimacy with social life, and developed a natural humour that cast into the shade all the straining of the professed humourists. He was no longer adolescent, but adult ; and though there still remained for him the grander flight of his supreme tragedies, and the tender romances of his latest days, he had attained the summit of comic power blended with, and giving breadth to, the serious business of practical action.

King Henry IV is some what of a perverted genius. He is a statesman and a politician of a high calibre yet his genius as a politician falls into pieces and had his eldest son not aided him, he would have been an alter failure. The subtlety of his intellect dwarfed the more amiable traits of affection and sympathy, yet such hardness of disposition was at all events something better than the emotional feebleness.

[A Shrewd Politician :

K. Deighton, throwing light on the character of *King Henry*, writes :

"He can wait, he can flatter, can use dissimulation ; but

his waiting is not dilatoriness, in his flattery he does not descend to unworthy familiarity, under his dissimulation he masks his designs, at cloaks no treachery. With instinctive insight into the situation he contrives that his deposition of Richard should appear as much forced upon him as sought by him and every step he takes is taken with deliberate, well planned advance. Towards the confederate lords he is gracious without enthusiasm; a courageous opponent, like the Bishop of Carlisle, he punishes with rigour and yet with politic generosity; for a weak and fallen foe, like Richard, he has a feeling of pity, contemptuous as that pity may be. Self-contained and self-assured, he has no need to be vindictive or petty. Of his country's wrong and sufferings he has as clear a perception as of his own wrongs and sufferings; and if his first dictates are those of selfishness, it is an enlightened selfishness which sees that self alone cannot be safely gratified. To be really powerful himself, he knows that he must make his country powerful and prosperous, so far as good government can effect that end. To ensure permanence to his rule, it is essential that tranquillity and justice should prevail throughout the land. At the opening of the present play Henry had been seated on the throne for three years. Resting his claims on a parliamentary title, he was constrained to rule in accordance with constitutional law, and dared not, even if he wished it, attempt that independence of the crown which had been Richard's ruin. He had courted and won the support of the chief nobles; he had further purchased the support of the Church by basely countenancing the persecution of the Reformers, and to their resentment he owed a considerable aggravation of the incessant revolts that threatened his reign. But at the time at which Shakespeare continues his career, he deludes himself with the belief that he has quelled all disorder, and may now prepare himself for a crusade against the Moslems who still held "the sepulchre of Christ," an undertaking we may imagine dictated by the idea of busying "giddy minds,"—a policy he afterwards preaches to his son,—and intended by way of propitiation of God's displeasure, quite as much as resulting from any fervour of religious enthusiasm.

Not wholly a man of wisdom :

"Henry does not wholly win our esteem. He is essentially

the politician. Crooked were the ways by which he climbed the throne, and in his dealings with his unruly but powerful nobles there is revealed guile as well as strength. Henry though a man of great force of character is a type of the ambitious man who achieves his ends by policy. He represents the politician as conceived by Bacon—strong, virtuous, even scrupulous, so far as convention demands, but not without a taint of machiavellianism; he is essentially a man of the world. He is no sentimentalist, but a practical man of affairs, who recognises that if he would wage the battle of life successfully he must needs adapt himself to the ways of the world.

As we have said, he does not wholly win our esteem, but he does, perhaps, won our sympathy. Henry IV. is a sad figure. He has plucked the fruit of his ambition to find it turn to dust in his mouth. Our pity is deeply stirred by his pathetic disappointment in his heir. Prince Henry, on whom all his hopes were centred, is, the himself, a profligate, trifling away his youth in haunts of riot and dishonour with idle, base companions. Not the least pathetic lines in Shakespeare are those in which the king envies the rebel Northumberland his son. There is unconscious and dramatic irony in his bitter cry:

*O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In Cradle-clothes our children where the lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.*

He thinks or affects to think his son guilty of disloyalty; he is his "near'st and dearest enemy".

Failing to recognise the essential truth and loyalty of the Prince, he considers him capable of cowardice and treachery, even of fighting against him under Percy's pay, "to show how much he is degenerate". The King, indeed, may not mean all he says, for, when the Prince protests his loyalty, he tells him that he shall "have charge and sovereign trust"; but his grief and disappointment are unmistakable.

Concluding verdict :

It must be noted in the end that Shakespeare shows us the deeper workings of King Henry's soul where rankles a certain remorse for his wrongs to the dead king whom he has supplanted. He sees in the wildness of his son a rod to punish his own mistreadings. His political conduct is not affected by any qualms of conscience, yet his mind is not at peace nor his heart free from self-reproach.

II. THE PRINCE (Henry)

EXPECTED QUESTIONS

[Note :— We have given first place in the list of characters of the play to Prince Henry and not to King Henry, as we have taken him as '*hero defacto*' of the play.]

No. 1. "The Prince, despite his early lapses into wanton frivolities, is a character of most dynamically stirring virtues and dashing courage". Discuss and illustrate.

No. 2 :— "The virtues, which the Prince exhibited afterwards, were inherent in his character, and that they were hidden" for the time being by the wild exuberant spirits of his youth. Discuss.

ONE OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PRODUCTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S MIND.

Prince Henry is one of those characters of Shakespearean dramatic art which were products of his psychological approach to human life. He has painted the character of the Prince purely from a psychological angle of vision. In the early part of the play, rather during the middle part as well, as a wanton, unbridled man with a passion for luxury, wine and frivolity. In the beginning of the play when we meet him, we find him one of the 'boobies' or rotten—eggs of London. Falstaff says of him :—

"Indeed, you come near me Hal ; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars and not by Phebus..... God save thy grace—majesty I should say, for grace, thou wilt have none."

Complete Ideal of manhood :

It has been said that in the character of Henry V (i. e. the Prince) Shakespeare has embodied the fullest expression of his ideal of manhood. Certainly he has lavished upon the character the most loving care, tracing its development with sympathetic insight and subtle art from irresponsible youth to triumphant kings life".

The first time he is actually presented to us in scene II of the First act which gives evidence to the fact that his light-hearted disposition, fond of excitement and adventure, finding no out-let in more serious enterprise, had led him into an unwise intimacy with the witty but debauched old knight, Sir John Falstaff. But still he has the heart of a loving son.

"The thought of his father's sickness and possible death has softened him ; he is sad even to weeping. His heart bleeds inwardly, but intercourse with his frivolous companions has unaccustomed him to the demeanour of sorrow and sadness. Poins construes this change into hypocrisy, and looks upon his former hilarity at the prospect of the crown as his natural mood. The princely blood in Henry is roused. 'Thou think'st me,' he says to Poins, 'as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and periscency : let the end try the man.' He receives letters from Falstaff in the old familiar tone, but in the manner in which he receives them, in the manner in which he converses with Poins, a separation of feeling is perceptible. The seriousness of circumstances, the sickness of his father, the approach of the period of his high vocation, have roused him, and the resolutions of that first soliloquy which we heard from him begin to ripen into action. He can no longer with that irresistible humour resign himself as before to the frivolities of his old friends ; he remembers his dignity at every moment between the promptings of his old vein. 'We play the fools with the time,' he says, 'and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us'."

Commenting on his character says R. P. Cowl and A. E. Morgan :—

‘‘It may seem at first sight difficult to reconcile the Prince Henry of tavern fame with the noble and warrior of Agincourt, so difficult that one may be tempted to think that Shakespeare had not yet designed Henry V when he was writing the earlier plays. One careful examination, however, it is evident that, although Shakespeare tells us much that might make us consider the Prince light and wayward, the general impression of his character, considered as a whole, is pleasing and calculated to win our esteem.

In Henry V. Shakespeare displays consummate skill in showing the growth of the nobler elements in a character which first appears shallow, not to say worthless. The first mention of the Prince (Richard II V. iii 1—22) tells us of his ill repute, and the first reference to him in this play (I. i 78-91) presents him in an unfavourable light. Yet as soon as we meet him in I. ii, we cannot fail to be won over to sympathy. Were this not so we should reject as mere hypocrisy the apologia that comes at the end of that scene. It may be urged that this apologia is scarcely necessary, that it is even obtrusive; hypocritical it certainly is not. Even in the rollicking scene on Gadshill and in the scene of Olympian laughter in the tavern (II, iv), we have Henry for his honest humour and light hearted fooling. His conduct may be very undignified, very unseemly in a prince and an heir to the crown of England, but is to be young and merry a sin? It may be said that the Prince was guilty of worse offences than we are actually shown on the stage, even though we see him committing highway robbery, albeit in sport. Yet the stern accusations of the king are at once explained away as the tattle of smiling pick-thanks and ‘base newsmongers;’ and, as we have already said, it is certain that the king in the heat of his connection went beyond even his own unfavourable opinion of his son’s character. It is noticeable that in the next tavern scene (II. iii) the Prince plays a less prominent part. Whilst Falstaff is repenting his ways or quarrelling with the Hostess, Prince Henry comes into the Boar’s Head with instructions for the campaign. The Prince has not lost his relish for fun and palic. He enters into

the humours of the tavern as heartily as ever, but soon he turns to more serious matters. The time for action is at hand : Bardolph is despatched with a letters to Last John of Lancaster; Peto is ordered to horse, "for thou and I have thirty miles to yet ere dinner time"; and Falstaff for whom a charge of foot has been procured, is left in the tavern to make his peace with the hostess.

When next the Prince meets his old friend it is on the road to Shrewsbury (IV. ii). He still has a jest for old "blown Jack"; but he has few words to waste...In V. i. the Prince is presented at a conference in his father's camp. Matters of state occupy his mind; and when Falstaff interposes an ill-timed pleasantry, he puts him down with a "Peace, chewet, peace!"

Concluding verdict on his character :

From the beginning to the end, the Prince is a man of rling qualities and dynamic virtues, bold, honest, simple-rted, loving towards his friends, just towards his enemies, and though inclined in his earlier days to let his talents run to waste, yet ready, when the right hour has struck, to lay aside frivolity, and show himself equal to the demands made upon him.

III. FALSTAFF EXPECTED QUESTIONS

Q. 1 :—"Falstaff wins our affection, if not our regard; he charms us by the enormity of his humour, his nimble wit and imperturbable good nature." Discuss and illustrate.

Q. 2 :—"Falstaff is an enigma as well as a wonder of humour and wit." Discuss.

Shakespeare's Greatest Comic Character :

Editors of '*King Henry IV*' often put Falstaff in the list of minor characters of the play. Although in the tragic and serious sense of the play, Falstaff is indeed a minor character, and artistic interest, he is the most dominant and important character, perhaps only next to Prince Henry.

Falstaff, acknowledgedly stands out as the greatest comic characters, ever sketched by Shakespeare ; even Touchstone of '*As you like it*' dwindles into utter insignificance when compared to Falstaff. He is an ever freshening and ever rebounding embodiment of humour and wit. At no place, throughout the play do we find his humour stale or disgusting. At every new stride he takes in the feat of humour, we find something new and freshly charming. Mogdan Wilkinson has described him as "an unfathomed ocean of wit."

It has been remarked by Hudson in a fine piece of criticism on Falstaff that Henry's youthful days being represented by historians as spent in the wildest indulgence of riotous mirth, "the poet had no way to set forth the part of the man's life but by creating one or more representative characters concentrating in them such a find of mental attraction as might overcome the actual repugnance of an upright and noble mind to their vices."

His view of life :

"The key to Falstaff's outlook on life", says Stephen Spender, "is his keen sense of humour." Throughout he is bubbling forth fine and sometimes judiciously wise quibblings of wit and humour (of course in an inverted form). He seems to love putting himself into a difficult pass for the very joy of extricating himself by the dexterity of his wit. Even in the famous tavern scene (in Scene IV of Act II) we do not think of Falstaff as a coward ; we laugh at and love him for his portly presence and unblushing effrontery. When he burst into the tavern, tingling with the expectancy of a trial of wit, which he would need to ply so skilfully after his flight at Godshill he breaks out with : "A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sac. rogue. Is there no virtue extant ?"

Thus, through out we notice a kind of robust and fearless display of wit and humour, which certainly raises him high in the eyes of the reader. We are, not even for a moment, tired or bored with his chain of humorous quibblings.

Commenting upon the wit of Falstaff Prof. Deighton has remarked :—

“By his wit I mean not only those flashes of verbal agility which light up the whole play, but that ingenuity of resource whereby he eludes seemingly inevitable disgrace, and “out of this nettle, danger”, plucks “this flower, safety.” At our first introduction to him, he is scheming to persuade the Prince to join in a midnigh robbery, and his sallies of repartee are somewhat laboured in their effort. But the circumstances are not such as to give free scope for a display of his characteristic talents. When we come to the meeting with the Prince after the robbery, we see him in the full swing of his mendacity set off by a dexterity not to be baffled. His lies are, indeed, “gross as a mountain, open, open, palpable”, but a man of his keen wit would not expand Gadshill’s statement of “some dozen” antagonists into “two or three and fifty”, or his own first statement of two whom he had killed into seven, or involve himself in such a contradiction as to describe the colour of his assailants’ dress while at the same time declaring the night to be so dark that “thou couldst not see thy hand”, without having some ruse in the background ; and here his device clearly is to invite certain detection and create mirth by the agility with which he wind out of toils he has provided for the Prince to make use of. At the same time I cannot, with Hudson, believe that he all the while suspected who his assailants were ; for this, it seems to me, would rob his claim to “instinct” of much of its comicality, and moreover when the Prince taunt him with his flight, there is in his answer a certain sense of shame not without reality. The remainder of the scene has the same object of entangling the Prince in delight at the buffoonery with which, while pretending a defence of his life, he in reality girds at himself and so ministers opportunities for the exercise of that wit in others of which he later no boasts himself to be the cause. Scarcely less humours is his fantastic contrition when alone with Bardolph, a contrition in which he so often indulges that Poins gives him the soubriquet of “Monsieur Remorse”. Well aware that he is a hopelessly dissolute old scoundrel, and that he has done his best to make others as bad as himself, he yet sets up, even to one who knows him so well, the excuse of

having been led astray by evil company, and while boasting that naturally he "was as virtuously given as a gentleman need be", defines his virtuous propensities by every vice that a gentleman need be ashamed of."

His Villainy :

Though we may be repelled by Falstaff's villainy, it is impossible not to enjoy the sallies of his inventive wit. It is perhaps, as Morgan, points out, "because the character made up wholly of incongruities; a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle but resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, a knight, a gentleman and a soldier without either decency dignity or humour—appeals to our hearts and minds in this way that we cannot receive any impression but a sympathetic one."

"Vice is there but vice diverted of disgust and terror, is in its own nature ridiculous." (Hudson.)

Concluding Verdict :

So instead of condemning the old rogue for his villainy, we relish greatly his exuberant humour and resourceful wit. Truly he says of himself : "The brain of their foolishly compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself but the cause that wit is in other man."

IV. HOTSPUR.

EXPECTED QUESTION

- Q. 1. "He is the soul of honour, full of generous impulses, full of unconscious poetry which bursts forth on every occasion." Discuss.

Full of Ambition and Renown :

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, is the son of the Earl of Northumberland. He is the dramatic complement and 'set-off'

to the Prince. Whilst the Prince lets the world pass and devotes his life to barren and unworthy pleasures—apparently without ambition—Hotspur is intent on winning honour, renown and name. “Brave almost to fool-hardiness, his soul is single in its aim. He will not waste his time on such sentimental trifles as poetry or love-affair. He will have bloody noses and cracked crowns.” As ambitious as King Henry IV, Hotspur lacks the king’s patience and balance of mind. “He will not see the difficulties and dangers that are set between him and his goal ; or if he does see them he ‘recks not’ of them. If there is the danger, so much the better :—

*“Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from north to south,
And let them grapple”.*

No Pretension :

Hotspur is frank, though his frankness has something of a bully-dogmatism. He makes no pretensions to statesmanship. He is deeply and passionately concerned in the act of maintaining honour. Life, to him, is a secondary and subordinate entity ; the primary and cardinal thing for him is his honour. In the battle he meets the Prince by whose hand he is killed ; his last regret was not for the loss of his life, but for the loss of reputation. He indeed, scorns everything like statecraft. But “he is the soul of honour, full of generous impulse and lofty thought full, too of unconscious poetry which bursts forth on every occasion, though he ridicules “mincing poetry in others and compares it to “the forced gait of a shuffling nag.”

We can see also in his interview with his wife that, despite his seeming roughness, he has an affectionate nature and that his widows tribute to her “hearts’ dear Harry” is not all paid to his heroism.

‘No greater contrast to his father could easily be found than in Hotspur. For coldness and calculating prudence in the one we have a boiling heat, a rackless courage in the other. For smooth-tongued courtesy, a daring disregard of persons ; for

"half-faced fellowship," a thorough-going scorn for all but the most earnest, most strenuous, co-operation in act as in policy. Compare the oily moderation of the father seeking to soothe Henry's wrath with the son's explosion into almost insolent reproach as he chivalrously defends Mortimer against the imputation of revolt. To Northumberland such an explosion seems madness, and his rebukes are coldly contemptuous. Hotspur's fury is indeed out of all bounds, and he throws himself into the plot against Henry with a ferocity of eagerness that augurs ill for his conduct of affairs should he get the upper hand in the counsels of his party. Yet his cautious father and uncle know well how needful to their purpose is such unshrinking audacity know the value of his intemperate animation in kindling inter-fervour the spirits of those who must share in their hazardous enterprise, and be goaded with a like contempt for the odds they have to face. For the more subtle-witted elders it may be to scheme and organize, his it must be to execute."

—(*K. Deighton*)

Concluding Verdict :

Hotspur is a brave and dignified character. The Prince, after killing him, pays him a high tribute : "Brave Percy, fare thee well, great heart !" Although Hotspur is nearly twenty years older than Henry, he is represented as the Prince's co-equal, partly that in this way the rivalry between the two may appear closer, partly that we may, more thoroughly enjoy his untamed animal spirits. In short, Hotspur is a dignified character and we certainly appreciate his gallant and dignified spirit, though we cannot appreciate him. He really possessed a big heart within which he had a still bigger spirit :—

*"When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound".*

(Prince addressing his dead body)

It must be admitted at all levels that Hotspur is certainly far better than his father, the Earl of Northumberland, about whom there is nothing that can be admired or appreciated. Hotspur fights like a true soldier and dies like a soldier. He is

not all sorry for his death but for the loss of his martial reputation :—

*“O Harry, thou hast robb’d me of my youth !
I better brook the lak of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won
of me.”*

THE PROBLEM OF

HERO OF THE PLAY

(V. V. Imp.)

There is a good deal of confusion in some of the plays of Shakespeare, regarding the problem of finding the hero. For example in ‘*Julius Caesar*’ the actual and real hero—‘hero-de-facto’—is Brutus who plays his part most stirringly from beginning to the end of the play. But ‘*Caesar*’ being cited on the title of the play, is taken as ‘hero-de-jure’.

In ‘*Henry IV*’ also the same confusion crops up—who is to be the hero of the play—the King Henry IV or the Prince, Hal (after words to be Henry V) ?

Before giving our final verdict on the topic let us know Shakespeare’s conception of a hero :— “*A hero is a person who should play his part predominantly from beginning to the end and that the activities of all other characters must rotate round him*” —This is the view of Dr. G. R. Harrison. According to Prof. Herrieh Tomkins, one of the most modern of critics and authorities on Shakespeare, “The hero of a Shakespearean play not only

plays his part from beginning to the end predominantly, rather he is to be the dynamo of the tragic impression". "He should thrill and fascinate all hearts even if he were a sanguinary and blood—thirsty character (like Macbeth)", says Dover Wilson, the famous critic and editor of Shakespearian plays.

[NOTE—Prof. Bradley's definition of a tragic hero whose real character is to be determined by the nature and complexion of his death, however, does not arise here since 'Henry IV' is not a pure tragedy.]

WHO IS TO BE HERO—KING OR THE PRINCE ?

Let us first of all take the King—Henry IV and examine his claims to be entitled as hero of the play. His first claim is that his name appears on the title. This is indeed a pretty substantial claim, since almost all the tragic plays and historical plays of Shakespeare contain the name of their heroes in the title.

But we have to see whether it is he or the prince, who captivates and thrills our hearts. Decidedly, it is the prince who is the most captivating and thrilling character in the play. *From the first to the last, he is a man of sterling virtues, bold, honest, simple hearted, loving towards his friends, just towards his enemies, and though inclined in his earlier days to let his talents run in waste, yet ready, when the last hour is struck, to lay aside his frivility, and show himself equal to the demands made upon him.*" It is he and he alone, who goes on inspiring the hearts of the reader from beginning to the end and it is he, who at the end of the play stands with as the decider of the issue.

The king does not inspire enthusiasm though as a statesman and a politician we do admire him. The harshness of his disposition, his emotional feebleness and his mis-judgment of his eldest son—all these take away a lot of admiration, which otherwise he could have retained. He may be great character, but never a moving and a thrilling figure as the Prince is. Again, as a shrewd politician he certainly deserves our applause, but politics or statesmanship is not one of the guiding qualities of a Shakespearian hero.

It is admitted fact that had he not been helped and aided by the prince, he would not have succeeded in winning over his rebel chiefs. It is not the King, but the Prince who is to be called hero of the battle of Shrewsbury.

The question now naturally crops up—as to why Shakespeare has put the name of ‘Henry IV’ on the title of the play. So there are critics who arrive at the conclusion that the king is the hero. However, we are not prepared to accept this view point. We have certain precedents to support our case. For example, in ‘*Merchant of Venice*’ Shylock plays the most dominant role, while the merchant i.e. Antonio is just a pigmy before Shylock, the title is being justified. So is the case with ‘*Julius Cæsar*’. Brutus is the real hero, the predominant character round whom all the characters rotate, and yet the title is to be justified on other grounds.

IS ‘KING HENRY IV’ A PLAY WITHOUT HERO ?

There are some who opine that the play ‘King Henry IV’ is a play having no hero. This view is absurd. There cannot be a play (especially a Shakespearean play) without a hero. Just as without functioning of heart, a man cannot live, in the same way, without a hero there cannot be a play.

In the present play we have to consider one thing that it is composed of two parts : so the question of hero is to be answered considering the entire play (both the parts I and II). No doubt, in the First part of the play King Henry IV does not move our hearts, but in the Second part the King—especially just before his death produces a tragic atmosphere which thrills the hearts of the readers :—

*“I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me, .
But thou dost in thy passage of life*

*Make me believe that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeans and the rod of heaven
To punish my misreadings."*

Taken as a whole, the play *King Henry IV* is to be considered a dramatic piece having its hero, the King but in the First part of it, the King cannot be called hero. We may take the Prince as a hero in the first part, but in Part II he loses our admiration, as we know that due to his misjudgment and wrong policy his father's death is caused, though he might have taken several courses of revenge upon his father's death.

So, in conclusion, we have to admit that the play does not have its hero in the sense in which other prominent plays of Shakespeare have, as '*King Lear*', '*Hamlet*', '*Macbeth*', '*King John*' etc. However, Henry IV is the hero of the complete play (Parts I and II taken together). In part I of the play however the king is only '*hero-dejure*' (like the position of the King of England) and the Prince is '*hero-defacto*' (as the position of the Prime Minister of England is).


[*Note* :—Selection of the First Part of the play for post graduate students, however, does not seem apt ; it would have been ideal had both the parts been prescribed for their study.]

A PLAY WITHOUT HEROINE


There is one more problem in the study of '*Henry IV*' (Part I)—the absence of heroine. John Ruskin once remarked : "Shakespeare has no hero but heroine", and his remark does contain some gravity and seriousness of reasoning.

Shakespeare is supposed to be the greatest emancipator of womanhood in the realm of art and literature. In his comedies his heroes are just like pygmies when compared to his heroines. For example, Portia (heroine of '*Mechant of Venice*') Viola (of '*Twelfth Night*') Beatrice (of '*Much Ado About Nothing*') Rosalind (of '*As You Like It*') are those perfect woman-characters who rise far above their male counter-parts. In his great tragedies, of course, we have a galaxy of dignified and sanctified woman-characters like Cordelia (in '*King Lear*'), Ophelia

(in *'Hamlet'*), Desdemona (in *'Othello'*), Juliet and even Lady Macbeth (with all her savage-nature and bloody inventions) thrill and captivate the hearts of the readers.

 So, the question, naturally, crops up as to why in *'Henry IV'* Shakespeare has not produce a dignified woman-character, worthy to be hailed as heroine of the plot. There are only three feminine characters, introduced in the play—Lady Percy, Lady Mortimer and Mistress Quickly, the hostess of the tavern, frequented by the Prince and his associates. All these characters play a minor role, rather insignificant role.

The reason for non-introduction of a heroine in the play has been interpreted in many ways. Firstly, the play being a 'chronicle drama', Shakespeare had been more interested in the translation of historical facts into literary mould and thus he did not deem it necessary to fabricate any feminine character of dominant personality apart from the records of history.

 Secondly, there is an external evidence which makes it clear that during the period when Shakespeare wrote his historical plays, he had been somewhat indifferent to women, personally, as he had received kicks and pricks from some of the women, he loved or attempted to love.

The result of non-introduction of perfect type of female characters in the play is that it robs it of the romantic elements, which enhance his other plays, in which the women are portrayed as inspiring and captivating figures like Juliet and Cleopatra. The theme of the play has become dry and barren, and while going through it we feel as if going through pages of history.

BRIEF STORY OF THE PLAY

'King Henry IV' is seen in the beginning of the play appears as a champion for righteousness war away from the dross and dust of civil strifes and feuds. He wants that the English barons, instead of fighting among themselves and having narrow feudal relations with each other, should consider his idea of going to Palestine, where they should fight against the infidels, the common enemies of Christianity.

Then comes the news of the battle of Holmendon. The King laments and expresses his sorrow and pity for his eldest son, the Prince of Wales (Hal) who leads a dirty sensuous life, drinking, gambling, pick-pocketing, stealing and robbing the travellers.

The Prince, who spends most of his time in drinking shops and 'inns of wine and women' in the company of loose-charactered persons, one of whom is Falstaff, an elderly man with clownish nature. [The original name of Falstaff was Sir John Old-castle]. Day and night the Prince of Wales and Falstaff along with other men of chequered character drank and enjoyed in the drinking dens (bars) and committed thefts, pick-pocketing and robberies. There was thus a wide separation between the King and the Prince of Wales.

In the meantime Thomas Percy, the Earl of Worcester (a powerful baron), planted rebellion against the King. He was joined by Hotspur, the earl of Northumberland (son of Thomas Percy). The rebellion was planted at Bangor. The King was duly informed of the rebellion and preparation were made to check and crush the same.

Prince Hal (the Prince of Wales) is summoned by the King. In the beginning Prince Hal was reluctant to go to his father, but later he met his father frankly and boldly. He admitted all his faults and drawbacks and confessed that he had been leading a shameful and chequered life. But at the same time he promised to turn a new leaf in his life. He begged his father's pardon by falling at the latter's feet. Thus the son and father were reconciled.

The Prince led the King's army against the rebellion of the powerful nobles. The battle was to be fought on the field of Shrewsbury. Unexpected of all precedents the King fought so bravely that everybody is stunned at his valour.

At the battle of Shrewsbury it is decided that instead of fight between troops of both the parties there should be single combats between pairs. The King fights with Douglas, but he seems to be over-powered. So the Prince of Wales challenges

Douglas and gives him such a tough fight that the latter flies from the battle-field.

The last fight is between the Prince and the second rebel-chief Hotspur. He is supposed to be the most formidable of the rebels against the king. After exchange of some challenges and counter-challenges, the fight begins. The fight is grim but decisive. Hotspur is killed. The Prince, true to his dignity as a soldier, pays glorious tribute to dead Hotspur, describing him as a great heart.' [The arch-rebel leader is Douglas]

After the victory, we find the two brothers, Hal (Prince of Wals) and the Duke of Lancaster, the younger brother. Here we find some humour. Falstaff, the clownish fellow feigned to be dead so that he might not be killed by the enemies. So both the princes were struck with surprise when they saw the man still living [This is the reason why we cannot call this play a tragedy]

In the end the king is being informed that the chief leader of the rebellion, Douglas is arrested. [When Douglas saw that his right-arm chieftain Hotspur was slain and all his associates in panic and suspense, he became so much un-nerved that the royal soldiers caught and arrested him.]

The Prince (again rising to the height of chivalry and princely dignity) proposes to the king that imprisoned Douglas should be liberated unconditionally. The king gladly accepts the prince's proposal and appreciates the courtesy of his son. The Prince then asks his younger brother, the Duke of Lancaster, to go to the camp where Lord Douglas, the rebel-chief is kept as a prisoner, and set him at liberty, which the younger prince does.

After this the king, his two sons and the Duke of Westermouth, propose to march against Glendower and the Earl of March and are fully determined either to win in their adventure or not to return.

[At this stage the first part of the drama ends.]

Note :—

In part II of the play the king and his party would be fighting against Glendower the Earl of Northumberland (who is to be joined up by the Arch-bishop of York, Mowbray and Hastings. They will be captured, but the king would die. The king, just before his death, would anticipate the evil days that would follow when his son (Henry V) was to succeed him.

V. THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

EXPECTED QUESTIONS

- Q. 1. "Chrafty and cunning in the base and mean sense—if at all there is any character in the play—is the Earl of Northumberland." —*Amplify.*
- Q. 2. "Neither pity nor forgiveness, but open condemnation"—Is it apt on the part of the character of Northumberland ?

Among the minor characters there are two figures in play who certainly deserve our open and rigorous condemnation—Warcester and Northumberland. Worcester and Northumberland play their roles so meanly that one has nothing but condemnation for him. Northumberland malingers at home while his son is rushing to almost certain defeat, if not destruction. And Worcester can, for merely selfish ends, prevent the message which has been entrusted to him, and so plunge his country into a destructive civil strife and blood-shed.

The Earl of Northumberland, it must be noted, had been treacherous to Richard before he took up the banner of revolt against king Henry IV. How son, to be frank and upright in our judgement, appears in the play for move and mirable and dignified than himself. There is not a single or even an isolated trait in his character, which makes the reader like this fellow, not to speak of admiring or appreciating him.

Writes Prof. Deighton on the character of the Earl of Northumberland :—

"In Northumberland there is nothing admirable. A traitor to Richard, he is soon to show himself equally faithless to Henry. His first defection might appear to have reasonable

grounds in special indignation at Richard's treatment of Bolingbroke, and in general abhorrence of that king's cruelty towards his subjects, were it not that his later conduct betrays nothing nobler than selfish motives accompanied by vacillation and a readiness to devolve upon others that hazard which he should have been the first to encounter. From sharing in the fight at Shrewsbury he is kept by a convenient sickness, though he is willing that his son and brother should tempt their fate and "see how fortune is disposed to" them. Their defeat and his son's death fall upon him with a heavy blow, and in the first bitterness of his grief he talks loudly of what he will do but ends by hiding himself in Scotland."

VI. GLENDOWER

EXPECTED QUESTION

Question :—"Glendower is a curious compound of the mystic and the man of action" Expand and illustrate.

According to Halinshed Owen Glendower, "true to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the Shire of Herford to assemble together against them under the conduct and command of Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March. The Welsh rebel despite some of his glaring draw-backs, as we find in the play, does not fail to attract us especially an account of the uniqueness of his character—rarely found in the domain of Shakespearean dramatic art.

"The Welsh chieftain is a curious compound of the mystic and the man of action, the lover of poetry, art, refinement, and the turbulent, headstrong, assertor of his rights. He is as much in the one direction as in the other, thoroughly believes in himself, his supernatural powers, and his distance of superiority from all other men, and is driven almost wild with fury at Hotspur's daring to question his commerce with devilish agency. Indeed, to his scarcely sane imagination these pretensions are more than mere material possessions or success, and the very intensity of his belief in himself acts strongly upon others; insomuch that even Henry,

It is said, when failing in his earliest attempts to bring him into subjection, found consolation in the thought that he had been baffled not so much by superiority of arms and tactics as by assistance derived from the unseen world—a hint of which we see in the anger of the king at “that great magician, damned Glendower,” and in his assertion that Mortimer “durst as well have met the devil alone As Owen Glendower for an enemy.” In all this Shakespeare does but follow the old chronicles, while, as in the scene at Bangor, he contrives to emphasize the arrogant complacency and sombre-textured concentration, no less than the refinement of speech and imaginative sensibility belonging to one brought up in courtly ways and studious habits, but driven in upon himself by loneliness of life amid wild, mountainous, and barren scenery, or again ascribes his absence from the field of Shrewsbury to the paralysing hold which superstition had upon him, though in reality that absence was due to impossibility of bringing up his forces in time. Shakespeare also evidently intends that he should be a foil to Hotspur’s unimagined energy, that scorns culture of the mind, has no room for dreams, and believes in nothing but hard-hitting blows.”

—(*Deighton*)

MOST EXPECTED TEXTUAL QUESTIONS

(WITH ANSWERS)

Q. 1. “Shakespeare in ‘Henry IV’ has subordinated history to dramatic art.” Discuss and illustrate.

OR

Q. 2. Discuss ‘King Henry IV’ as a typical chronicle play of Shakespeare.” How far does Shakespeare make the play as much original as a historically based play ?

ANSWER :—

The second period of Shakespeare’s dramatic genius was devoted to his writing of the Chronicle plays which preceded his earlier tragedies and proceeded his full-bloomed grave tragic plays. These Chronicle plays include ‘Richard II’, ‘Richard III’ ‘King John’. ‘King Henry IV’ and ‘King Henry V’.

It must be noted that in writing his Chronicle plays Shakespeare had before him Marlowe as his inspiring guide. For example, he wrote his first Chronicle play *Richard II* on the model and back-ground of Marlowe's *'Edward II'*. However, in *'King Henry IV'* and *'King John'*, he has excelled his 'guide.' In these two plays (particularly in *'Henry IV'*) Shakespeare has shown something of an original genius at the same time remaining faithful and sincere to the historical facts.

[Shakespeare based the historical part of *'Henry IV'* chiefly on Halinshed's Chronicles (1578-1587), and on the whole he adheres to the facts of history, but he does not scruple, where necessary, to diverge from his authorities and to subordinate history to dramatic effect.]

For Example, the king, in the earlier play (*Richard II*) is full of youthful vigour, buoyant and energetic, where as in the play, under consideration, he is represented as a man of great gravity and seriousness, bowed beneath a weight of cares. This fact often makes the reader a bit confused—why this tremendous transformation ? The reason is clear and the answer to this query is suggestive. Had the king not been represented as an elderly wise and shrewd statesman there would have been no novelty in the study of the character of the Prince. While the Prince leads a 'merry-go round' life, the king expresses the idea that he, being old, wishes to see his son take up the entire responsibility of the troublesome reign. The entire play conveys this impression :—

*"You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our eary robes of peace
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel."*

Again Shakespeare has made one more considerable departure from history. Hotspur, who has been shown a young man in the play, was, in reality, more than two years elder to King Henry IV. thus 22 years older than the Prince. In the present play he has been shown almost equal to the prince in youthful vigour and freshness of spirit. This has been done in order to inject into the play touches of youthful charm and

young spirit, without which a good deal of charm would have withdrawn from the play.

Finally, there is no warrant in Halinshed for the introduction of several character whom Shakespeare has introduced into the historical action of the play Prince John of Lancaster, who was born 1390, is given a role in the drama. Shakespeare did so obviously. His purpose was obvious; he needed the younger, more sober brother to be a foil to the wild, and wanton Prince Hal. In the same way, it must be noted that Lady Percy and Lady Mortimer have been introduced without any historical back-ground. They have been introduced in the action for purely dramatic purposes. Their roles—particularly that of Lady Mortimer—are slight and insignificant so far as the plot is concerned, but they served to grace the play with touches of tenderness.

So, let us conclude that while writing this play, Shakespeare did remain faithful to historical facts, but he remained first and foremost, a dramatist and then a chronicler. He subordinated history to dramatic art; his main aim has been to fulfil the fundamentals of dramatic art.

Q. 3. Discuss 'King Henry V' as a perfect specimen of Shakespeare's handling of comic and tragic flashes.

ANSWER—Prior to hitting at the crux of the question, concerned, it must be noted that at the time when Shakespeare wrote '*King Henry IV*' and its sister Chronicle plays, he was neither too much given to the tragic interpretation of human life nor was he too much inclined to misanthropic attitude towards life. He was mid way between a tragedian and a comedian. It was in the third period (which followed the second period in which he wrote these Chronicle plays) that he wrote the grimmest tragedies and the gayest comedies. Naturally, this period was of moderation.

The most marvellous and distinguishing feature of the play lies in a beautiful and well-balanced blend of tragic and comic flashes. While on one hand our vision of seriousness gets stirred up to see bloody wars and sanguinary single bouts and hear

shreiks and yells of wounded warriors, on the other hand our mind gets refreshed and gladdened by the lively and healthy turnours, funs and puns of Falstaff—the unique character, perhaps, in the entire range of Shakespearean dramatic art.

In Scene IV of Act V—which is the climax of the plot, we have a fine compromise between horror and humour. A retreat is sounded in the battle field. Hotspur has been killed fighting boldly; the Prince and other warriors of the royal side are hectictly serious and there is an atmosphere of deep suspense: but this atmosphere of seriousness and gravity is made purple and pleasant by the wit of Falstaff:—

*"I'll follow, as they say, for reward;
He that rewards me, God reward him."*

From the beginning to the end, Falstaff's fine humour and enchanting wit keep the tragic suspense of the plot in check and balance. At no place do the readers find themselves agonized and torpored by the weight of tragic irony only because of Falstaff's compensating the weight of tragic impressions by a galaxy of wit, humour and fun.

Q. 4. "For the first time Shakespeare's great inventive genius, as an artist, is reflected through his chronicle play 'King Henry IV.'" (*Hudson*) Discuss and illustrate.

ANSWER—Before writing '*King Henry IV*', Shakespeare wrote '*Richard II*', which has absolutely no traceable originality, rather based upon Marlowe's '*Edward I*'. After it follow '*King John*' and '*Richard III*', both being examples of a sheer adoption. In both the plays Shakespeare followed history almost blindly, having no sign of originality or inventiveness.

Last in the list comes '*Henry IV*', worked up from an older piece '*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*', "more remarkable than any of the earlier chronicles for complete transformation of the merest brute material into a magnificent art." The two parts of this play are continuous, and together, form one of Shakespeare's really greatest achievement as a creative and original dramatic artist.

In particular, the blending of history with invention is a triumph of highest literary accomplishment. The courteous and universal humanity of Shakespeare's portrait, so utterly different from the shrill striving of so-called realism, is scarcely any where shown more finely and clearly than in this play. "It is certainly worth mentioning how prodigal Shakespeare has been of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire reminiscences in this play". —(Hudson)

There is a great dramatic force in the play. While going through it, one forgets that he (one) is reading a chronicle play. The plot as well as the setting, along with characterization, must be taken as a marvel of dramatic force. Shakespeare (when he wrote the play) had achieved the full bloom of his dramatic and artistic genius. He was not an apprentice (as we find him while writing his other chronicle-plays); he could now penetrate deeply into depth of human soul, could read and interpret, analytically, the mind and nature of human being. "He was no longer adolescent, but adult, as a critic of human life".

[The inventiveness of Shakespeare's dramatic genius is most typically shown in the moulding of two character in the play—Falstaff and the Prince—especially the former, whose entire mirthful and jolly picture is purely a creation and an inventive originality of the dramatist.]

Q. 5. "Humour, rather than gravity of the situation, is the general impression one gets from a casual reading of 'King Henry IV.'" Discuss.

Answer :—There has been a good deal of critical adversity on 'Henry IV.' in the sense that Shakespeare, by introducing Falstaff in this play, has robbed it of its dramatic grace and artistic seriousness. These critics seem to forget one important point—i. e. the very concept of Shakespeare's dramatic art. Shakespeare has introduced humour as an important principle of dramatic art even in some of his gravest and darkest of tragedies, like 'King Lear' (for example the part played by 'fool' in it) and 'Macbeth' (Grave digging scene). He takes

humour not as a mere stroke of sensuous amusement, but as a healthy attribute of art.

"The key to Falstaff's out-look on life is his keen sense of humour," From the beginning to the end, he generates currents of healthy and refreshing humour into the texture of the plot. The greatest and most marvellous feat of his humour is shown in the scene where he counterfeits death, says an editor of Shakespeare, "We can understand Falstaff's counterfeiting death at the battle of Shrewsbury if we realise that to him his performance was eminently sensible and immensely humorous in the acting." "Falstaff falls", says Morgan, "Douglas is cheated and the world laughs." He does not fall like a coward but like a baffoon—a gifted baffoon."

Falstaff, and Falstaff alone, is the very soul of the humour of the play. Prof. Deighton, in this respect says :—

"His dishonestly, except in the case of Shallow, wears the aspect of a joke, and when he wheedles "mine Hostess" out of her money and cheats her of promised marriage, she is made to appear almost an accomplice in her own loss and disappointment. He tries to borrow money which he knows he can never repay, but this also is an enormous jest, for how but in jest could he offer such security as Bardolph? Even when he defrauds Shallow of his thousand pounds he no doubt quiets his conscience in the belief that his intimacy with the Prince will enable him to gild the pill of that vain braggart's mortification by some favour of which he may boast on returning to the congenial society of Silence and his hinds. His profanity and insolence are masked by his wit; his profligacy seems only in keeping with his surroundings; while as for his lies, they are rather exhalations of rodomontade wanting in the worst essential of lies in that they are employed with no malicious intent and cannot be expected to deceive. Still we should have little but contempt and disgust for such a character if it were not balanced by some positive make-weights."

Q. 6. How far is it right to call 'King Henry IV' a play without hero? of the two—the King and the Prince—whom would you take to be the hero of the play?

[For answer please refer to the introductory Chapter-Page no. 125]

- Q. 7.** "King Henry IV" bears and stamps beautiful reminiscences of Shakespeare's own days of jollity and revellery"
Discuss and illustrate.

Answer :— Shakespeare's earlier life, it must be born in mind, was spent in revellery and merry-making. It is said that he spent most of his time in taverns and drinking dens in the company of some of the notorious pick-pockets and 'drunkards' (boobies).

The Boar's Head Tavern, mentioned in the play, frequented by the Prince and his associates, especially Falstaff, situated in Eastcheap, was during Shakespeare's own life-time and that it really did exist in East-cheap and was destroyed by the Great fire of 1606 and rebuilt two years afterwards. The hostess of the tavern represents the 'Dark Lady' who had played a significant role on the life of Shakespeare.

Falstaff is no one else but Robert Durand, who was an old chum of Shakespeare and who led a clownish type of life. Of course, Falstaff is a historical figure, yet the way in which Shakespeare has painted him, testifies to the fact that the dramatist has portrayed his old jolly and humorous chum in the play. The wanton, carefree and wild life of the Prince, as depicted in the play, has something of an echo of Shakespeare's own youthful days which were passed in such kind of wantonness and glee. So, the play, to a great extent, reflects our early days.

- Q. 8.** Who is the heroine of the play? Does this play not maintain a heroine? If not, why? Give substantial reasons to argue your answer.

(For answer please refer to the Introductory Chapter, Page No. 128)

- Q. 9.** "The most stirring and moving scene in the play is the reconcillation between the King and the Prince, and it is the key part of the plot." Discuss.

Ans. Upto the middle of the play we find a gulf of non-agreement and difference of opinion flowing between the King and his elder son, Prince Henry. The Prince led a wild, wanton and easy-go-merry life in the company of Falstaff and others. Some of the lords, taking advantage of this situation, tried to bring about a discord between the two, and they did success in their aim. The King began to develop some sort of a dislike towards his son, which was something of a hatred.

However, when the king was challenged by the rebellious barons the Prince at once decided to go to him and prove his worth and faithfulness. The court was, in those days, at Westminster. The Prince rode at full speed and arrived at the court. The King and the Prince had a stirring and moving interview, which is supposed to be the key part of the plot.

The Prince, kneeling down before his father, said that he had been really unworthy of calling himself his father's elder son, and he confessed all that was deplorable and condemnable in him. But he declared that the only proof of his fidelity and faithfulness to him (the King) was that he would sacrifice his life in the defence of his country against the rebellious lords. Then he gave his dagger to the King saying that he could put an end to his vile life, if he thought it fit. Whereupon the King cast the dagger away and embracing the Prince, kissed him, and further, with shedding tears, confessed that his suspicion of him (the Prince) was not genuinely founded. Thus there was reconciliation between the King and the Prince.

*"This, in the name of God, I promise here,
The which if He be pleased I shall perform
I do beseech your majesty may salve,
The long-grown wounds of my interference
If not, the end of life cancels all bounds."*

[The Prince]

And the King's reply was :—

*"A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shall have charge, and sovereign
Trust here in."*

Q. 11. "King Henry IV' is the most intricate of Shakespeare's plays since it is inseparably interconnected with other chronicle plays of Shakespeare." Discuss.

Ans. One of the difficulties, experienced by students of Shakespeare, especially studying his chronicle plays is that these plays are interconnected (if not inter-dependent) and to understand and appreciate one, the students have to maintain a little knowledge of the other historical plays. (This difficulty, however, does not arise in the study of "King John.")

In the study of Henry IV, we are faced with the same difficulty. The connection between 'Richard II,' 'Henry IV,' and 'Henry V,' is so close that in order to understand the poet's treatment of Henry's usurpation, and the consequences to which it gave birth, it is important to look backward and forward to those three plays. The usurpation takes place in 'Richard II' and while it is yet imminent, not completed, the Bishop of Carlisle fore-shadows the troubles which are destined to convulse the realm. For instance in Scene IV of Act I of 'Richard II' he says :

*"I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy :
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
Diorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe' !"*

In the two parts of Henry IV, we see the immediate

fulfilment of the prophecy, though the King's introductory words in the beginning of the first part of Henry IV, speak of intestine wars, as having come to an end, and of his armies as about to be employed in the recovery of the Holy Land from the Moslems, he has hardly finished when Westmoreland come in to announce the capture of "the noble Mortimer" in his endeavour to subdue the "irregular and wild Glendower. He further goes on to recount the fight between young Henry Percy and brave Archibald—"that ever valiant and approved Scot." This is again followed by the conspiracy of the Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, Glendower, Douglas, which is crushed at the Battle of Shrewsbury.

In Part II of the play, we hear the King once again be moan the "time's condition" and tries to make excuses of his usurpation.

*"I know not whether God will have it so
For some displeasing service I have done."*

In 'Henry V' we find the Prince as the newly crowned King, who is anxious to attack France. But as soon as he ready to march for the expedition he discovers the plot of Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, and persuades himself that this discovery is an indication of Heaven's satisfaction with the war is undertaking :—

*"We doubt not of a fair and lucky war
Since God so graciously hath brought to light."*

Again on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt the remembrance of his father's usurpation find expression in an appeal to God not on that day to think :

*"Upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown."*

Then again we find him recollecting the days of Richard :—

*"I Richard's body have interned new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood" ;*

- Q. 12.** In 'Henry IV' Shakespeare has maintained all the names of the characters strictly after history, then how is it that the name 'Falstaff' is an invention ?

Answer :—With the exception of Falstaff, all the characters in the play are historical figures, though Shakespeare has shown some changes as regards their ages. So the question naturally crops up as to why Falstaff—the name of the clownish clown—has been a fabrication ?

[The historical figure is Sir John Oldcastle, who has often been identified by many as Shakespeare's Falstaff, who appears in the present play. But, as Shakespeare assures us in the Epilogue of 'Henry IV', Falstaff is not Sir John Oldcastle, the martyr, rather he hints us to identify him as Sir John Coldsiers.]

Commenting upon the topic two eminent editors, R. P. Cowl and A. E. Morgan writes :—

“We have already referred to the substitution of the name Falstaff for that of Oldcastle in dealing with the evidence for the date of the play, but there are a few more points to be considered in this connection.

That the original name was Sir John Oldcastle seems clear. The question then arises whether Shakespeare intended in his Sir John to satirize the Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, whose life and martyrdom are historical. As already stated, the Lollard Knight, virtuous and brave though he was, suffered traducian at the hands of successive generations of his religious opponents. Sixteenth century tradition represented him as a man whose youth has been dissolute. The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth he appears as a cynical associate of the Prince of Wales. From this play, which is one of the sources of Henry IV, Shakespeare borrowed Sir John Oldcastle's name and gave it to the night who was to be the central figure in his tavern scenes. Shakespeare owes the older dramatist little more, so far as Falstaff is concerned. The Sir John Oldcastle of The Famous Victories is but slightly drawn, and the Sir John of Henry IV is virtually a new creation.

But even if the Sir John of Shakespeare owes little more than the name to The Famous Victories, it is possible that the character may embody traditions respecting the real Sir John Oldcastle. Members of the Cobham family of Shakespeare's day resented, we are told, the Oldcastle of Henry IV as an affront to the memory of their ancestor. And Shakespeare is clearly one of those dramatists whose imputations upon the character of the noble martyr are so warmly refuted by Fuller in the oft-quoted passage in the Church History of Britain. 'Stage Poets have themselves been very bold with, and others they have fancied a boon Companion, a jovial Royster, and yet a Coward to boot, contrary to the credit of all Chronicles, owing him a Martial man of merit. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the Memory of Sir John Oldcastle and of late is substituted Buffoone in his place, but it matters as little what petulant Poets, as what malicious Papists have written against him.'

An attempt has been made to identify Shakespeare's Falstaff with the historical Sir John Oldcastle on the evidence of a speech in the Second Part of Henry IV, III. ii 28, 29 (v. p. xii ante) where it is said that Falstaff, as a boy, was page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. But as we have seen, it has been shown by Dr. Aldis Wright that the ultimate authority for the statement that Sir John Oldcastle had been Sir Thomas Mowbray's page is the play itself.

Whether Shakespeare did or did not intend to disparage the good Lord Cobham, it would seem that contemporary dramatists read a satirical intention into the character of Falstaff. In 1600 appeared The First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle and The Second Part of Sir John Oldcastle. The latter play is not extant, but the former seems to have been written with the definite object of profiting by the popularity of Shakespeare's play and at the same time, of pleasing those, whom Shakespeare had offended, by presenting an image of the true Sir John Oldcastle. The authors, Mundao, Drayton, Wilson; and Hathaway (according to Henslowe's Diary), stated their purpose plainly in their prologue:—

"The doubtful Title (Gentlemen) prefix"

*Upon the Argument we have in hand,
 May breede suspence, and wrongfully disturbe
 The peafeul quite of your setled thoughts.
 To stop which scruple, let this brieft suffice :
 It is no pampered glutton we present
 Nor aged Councillor to youthful sinne,
 But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,
 A valiant Martyr and a virtuous peere ;
 In whose true faith and loyaltie exprest
 Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale,
 We strive to pay that tribute of our Love,
 Your favours merite. Let fair truth be grac'te,
 Since forg'de invention former time defas'te."*

- Q. 13.** In what sense has 'Henry IV' been called the most accomplished of Shakespeare's 'original genius incorporating the truth of history'?

Answer :—From 1598 to 1601 Shakespeare was pre-eminently known as a writer of chronicle or historical plays. With the exception of a romantic tragedy, '*Romeo and Juliet*', and a purple comedy '*Midsummer Night's Dream*', Shakespeare wrote his historical plays during this period. It must be noted that during this period of his dramatic career, Shakespeare was no longer an apprentice in his artistic craft. He had already arrived at the stage of literary maturity. "He was no longer adolescent, but adult and had developed a penetrative vision into human life."

But even among these historical plays or chronical plays (as they are popularly called) there should be a minute examination in order to find out the 'inferior' and the 'superior'. His '*Richard III*' was not at all original in design nor in Marlowe's influence was still apparent in this play of Shakespeare. He had painted a portrait, which was akin to that of Marlowe's tragic hero, whom he (Shakespeare) sought to imitate. His next historical play '*Richard II*' was no doubt well sustained in the stage, but he had portrayed an arbitrary, weak and imaginative king, who is the victim of his own vagaries; this play, as a matter of fact, is a pendant to Marlowe's '*Edward II*', though there is a contrast also. In '*King John*',

however, Shakespeare departs from the influence of Marlowe and no reminiscence of Marlowe remains in it save the eloquence of the tirades and the sonorous roll of the verse.

In the trilogy, formed by the two parts of *'Henry IV'* and *'Henry V'*, Shakespearean most powerful creation in the sphere of English history, his broad strokes of the brush—his mingling of the comic and the tragic, his association of Falstaff with the Prince of Wales who became the hero of Agincourt...show that his genius had reached complete and absolute independence "Here he owed nothing to any one save himself."

It is *'Henry IV'*, in particular, which can be truly taken as Shakespeare's most triumphant achievement in the domain of dramatic art, in which we find historical truth "blended into the finest essence of dramatic art." "Shakespeare was no imitator—rather a cheap imitator. He did borrow the material from the records of history and exhibited historical

in an excellence of presentation, but the very spirit of the play, from beginning to the end, has been absolutely original. A penetrative reader of the play is apt to be convinced, (after going through the play) that he has not waste his time in re-reading a chapter of history rather he would be elated to have gone through an original piece of literature.

Q. 14. "Characters in *'Henry IV'* are psychologically moulded and framed." Discuss.

Or

Q. 15. "*'Henry IV'* Part I is more a play of character—study than of action." Discuss.

Answer :—There are certainly who are of the opinion that Shakespeare committed a blunder in splitting the same one plot into two parts, thereby creating two volumes under slightly different titles of parts I and II. In this way, according to these critics, Shakespeare has maked the theme. For example, what is regarded as the climax of Part I is the exposition of the Part II.

Though an account of its length *'Henry IV'* is divided into two parts, it is in reality one play, and it must be convenient in the part of the readers to treat it such. For both the parts of the play the authority is Holinshed's Chronicles.

yet there also existed (when these two parts of the same play were written) a worthless anonymous play called. *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth containing the honourable battle of Agin-Court*, in which occur the leading incidents of this play of Shakespeare.

So, there are critics who accuse Shakespeare of having imitated another dramatist. This accusation is false and has no reality. Shakespeare and the anonymous author of the play "*The Famous Victories of.....*", both, had based their plays on Holinshed's chronicle little knowing each other's rival invisible rivalry. But it must be noted that it is Shakespeare's which is the more original of the two—particularly, the first part of '*Henry IV*', which was written probably a year after he wrote the second part.

Shakespeare, while writing this particular chronicle play has been more emphatic on depicting and exhibiting the character of the historical heroes rather than on the depiction or re-recording (i. e. re-interpretation of historical feats of these figures. In other words, '*Henry IV*' (part I) is more a drama of characterization than action.

Characters have been depicted in their psychological light rather than in the physical one. For instance, let us take up and examine the character of the Prince, who is the arch-figure—'hero-defacto'—of the play. In the beginning of his career he has been (in the words of his father) a "worthless son", but the feeling in him produced yet another direction; he proved himself more than 'worthy' to his father at the close of the play. Similarly we have Worcester, who was the most passionately devoted ally of the king but when he got embittered with the former, he became his most formidable and worst enemy. [This is a psychological fact with human nature: when loves some intensely he is to hate him with the same pitch of intensity] Again, the same is seen in the development of the character of Hotspur.

- O. 16. "Shakespeare, in describing the Battle of Shrewsbury, had gone off the records of history, to some extent; and yet he had not transgressed the spirit of the chronicle tradition." (Dowden) Discuss and illustrate.

Answer :—According to a modern critic, Prof. Moorman, Shakespeare, while giving a vivid description of the Battle of Shrewsbury, might have consulted the *'History of the Civil Wars'* by Daniel, a narrative poem, published in 1595. The critic points out; as a support of this opinion, that several of Shakespeare's divergences from Hollinshed are also to be found in Daniel's work, itself probably based on Hollinshed's *'chronicles'*.

Daniel agrees with Shakespeare in describing Hotspur as a youngman on the date of the Battle of Shrewsbury :—

*"There shall young Hotspur, With fury led,
Meets with thy forward son, or fierce as he."*

Again, Daniel, like Shakespeare, adds to Hollinshed's account of the battle, the dramatic incident of the Prince's cue of his father :—

*"Hadst thou not there lent present speedy a'yd,
To thy indangered father, nearly tyrde
Whom fierce incountring Dauglas overlaid".*

Then again, according to Shakespeare, Glendower was not present at the Battle of Shrewsbury, where as Hollinshed (although he did not mention Glendower) says that the Welsh came to the aid of the Percy and took part in the battle; Daniel here agrees with Shakespeare.

*"The joining with the Welsh they had decreed
Stopt herely part, which made their course the worse."*

In the actual chronicle record the battle was fought between Prince Henry and the fierce and grim Glendower. But in the present play Shakespeare has focussed the dramatic intensity on two characters predominantly—The Prince and Hotspur.

Again historical records show that the Scottish Chieftain Lord Douglas had fled or "managed to flee, taking his honour and liberty safe with him", Shakespeare has added a new dramatic touch of tragic splendour by showing him caught and then freed by the Prince :—

*"Then brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas and deliver him
Upto his pleasure, ransomeless and free.*

Thus, Shakespeare, having maintained the chronicle spirit, throughout, has retained his dramatic and artistic independence while describing the famous battle of Shrewsbury.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH
FIRST PART

WORD-MEANINGS & EXPLANATIONS ETC.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the Fourth.

Henry, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King
John of Lancaster, }

Earl of Westmoreland.

Sir Walter Blunt.

Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

Archibald, Earl of Douglas.

Owen Glendower.

Sir Richard Vernon.

Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

Poins.

Gadshill.

Peto.

Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords. Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene : *England.*

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.

Scene I. *London. The palace.*

*Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl
Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. LONDON. The Palace.

[Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster etc.]

King. Being so exhausted and perturbed by the cares of those civil wars we have learnt to appreciate peace. Let us, therefore afford peace to relieve herself by breathing heavily and to express her thoughts on the struggle that has to be waged in future—not as previously between sons of the same soil but by those united against a common enemy in distant lands. No more her fields be furrowed by trenches, cut for the purpose of defence but for agriculture and that no more shall these trenches be filled with blood but with water for saturating the fields. All the fierce and terribly hostile passions which were used in civil wars for killing the same citizens of England, must be stopped. Instead, united and consolidated let us march (to meet our common enemy) Let us no more kill our own well-wishers. So let us move as far as the East (where Jesus was crucified.)

Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight : when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered ;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold are spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord ;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import :
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,

We are still up-holders of the cause of christianty and that under the blessings of His holy cross let us resolve to fight for upholding the glory of England against those who are enemies of christ. Let our soldiers, who were trained to fight even before they were born, march to the distarb lands where christ was crucified fourteen hundred years ago.

This purpose of ours is one year old (and so we must give effect to it) My gentle cousin Westmoreland, tell me what the decision of our council has arrived at, which met last night.

West. My lord my humble self was hot in discusion and and we had set down a number of principles of control and check. But all in a sudden there came a message from Wales containing some serious news. The worst item of the news is that our noble Mortimer, while leading the soldiers of Herfordshire against the rebellious bands of the North, was taken captive by the rude hands of the welshmen, and one thousand of his soldiers have been massacred. On the dead bodiers of those soldiers of England the welsh women have done so dirty, unhonourable, beastly and inhuman acts which could neither be written or expressed in words, with out being exposed to shame and self-degradation.

King. It seems that the news of this new trouble (or disorder) in Wales must break our plan for going to Jerusalem for fighting a holy war (i. e. the crusades).

West. Not only this news my lord; along with it there came other items of alarming and anxiety creating news came from Scotland that on the 'holy rood day' the brave Hatspur, young Hery Perey and brave Achilbald who had always fought straight with Scottish barons

(Continued)

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

60

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend.
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

70

West. In faith,
 It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father to so blest a son,
 A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,

80

90

Were challenged by a Scottish noble at Haledon where there ensued a bloody scuffle for an hour. But as the sound of artillery fire could not be heard, it is taken for granted that they have been captured. Any how the messenger, who had come riding from the spot of the incident could not say exactly what the result of the fight had been.

King. Our trusted and true friend, Sir Walter Blunt has just now alighted from his horse, whose horse is covered with mud and who had been there. [He should give us the correct news] He tells that the Earl of Douglas is discomfited and that ten thousand brave Scots, twenty two knights were killed by Sir Walter before his own eyes on the plains of Haledon. Hatspur took Mordake, the Earl of Fife and his eldest son as prisoners, besides the Earl of Athol, Earls of Murray, Angus and Menteith had been taken prisoners. Is it not an honourable spoil? Is it not a gallant prize? Tell me cousin, whether it is not so

West. In reality, it is a victory which a king can only boast of.

King. Yes, here you make me commit something of a sin, moving me to envy that my Lord Northumberland should be the father of such a blessed and worthy son. This son is the very spirit of the Code of honour; he is the only straight and firm plant in the grove (garden). He is the darling of Fortune, rather pride of fortune. By comparing myself with him I feel self-degraded and self-ashamed. [I am nothing before him, nor is my son anything before him] It seems that these two children were born (i. e. my son and Lord Morthenberland) some fairy had come and exchanged their cradles and called my son Percy and his Plantagenet. I wish that I should be the father of Harry, and instead of my own son. But now let me forget. What is your opinion cousin?

(What do you say) about the pride of young Percy ? He has kept all the prisoners and has sent me a word what I should do with them. I shall have none of the prisoners except the Earl of Fife, Mordake.

West. He got training from his uncle. This is Worcester, who is gentle and noble to you in all aspects. But it must be noted that he is trying to crown above your own dignity [As to why he has kept the prisoners with him.]

King. But for this I have called explanation from him. And for this only we have postponed our plan for going to Jerusalem in connection with the Crusade. Well Cousin, we will hold our meeting at Windsor on next Wednesday. You must inform the barons about it. But you should come to me as early as possible, because we have to talk something important and that this talk cannot be had in a state of anger

West. I will, my lord.

SCENE II London

An apartment of the Prince [Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff]

Fal. What is the time now, laa ?

Prince. You dull-spirited fellow, who by drinking to the lees old wines and sleeping soundly throughout the night on the benches, instead of on bed, have lost your entire sense of intelligence and do not know what you should truly know. What the hell will you do by knowing time ? You should demand to know the time only if the hours were cups of wine and minutes capons and the sacred Sun a fair wench, decorated in red garment and luxuriously painted and fragranced.

Fal. Indeed, Hal, now you are also becoming like me. We are such persons who, with our money, go out for enjoyment in the evening and at night instead of wandering about in the day time. And when you—old boy—become King on the death of your father, (and let God preserve your grace), I am sure, you will be perfectly a graceless fellow.

grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none ?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well how then ? come, roundly, roundly. 20

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty : let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon ; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance—we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too ; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in' ; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance ? 40

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag ! what in thy quips and thy quiddities ? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin ?

Prince. Why, what have I to do with my hostess of the tavern ?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part ?

Fal. No ; I 'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch ; and where it would not, I have used my credit. 50

Prince. What ? Shall I have no grace ?

Fal. No, I swear that you will not have as much grace as is needed to form relation between egg and butter.

Prince. Well, then how ? Please tell me clearly and distinctly.

Fal. Marry, then sweet old boy ; when you are King, do not call, such people as we are, thieves of the day's beauty. Let us walk about at night under the shady light of the moon, like the darlings and favourites of the moon. And let people say that we are citizens of a good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and pure mistress, the Moon, under whose face we shall go on committing crimes.

Prince. You talk well and your talk has a sound meaning too, because fortune of the human beings like us (like the sea) are governed by the waxing and waning of the moon. For example, we steal a purse, full of money on Monday night and the same is spent by us most recklessly, next morning. So we are just like the ebb and flow of the tide of the sea, conditioned by the various phases of the moon.

Fal. My lord, you are speaking right. Do you not think that the hostess of my drinking den a sweet lady ?

Prince. Yes, she is as sweet as the honey of Hyble ; and is not a buff jerkin the sweetest dress of durance ?

Fal. How now lad, what is your quip and what are your quiddities ? Why on hell should I require a buff jerkin ?

Prince. Then what shall I have to do with the beautiful girl, incharge of my wine shop ?

Fal. Well, you have many times called her to a reckoning in the past.

Prince. But did I ever call you to pay ?

Fal. No, I shall give you your due, rather I have paid you already.

Prince. Yes, and you have paid me my dues every where. But I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old fatherantick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. O; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman. 61

Fal. Well, Hal, Well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 71

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon Hal; God forgive thee for it? Before I knew thee, Hal, knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this

Fal. Yes, you have used your credit, to such an extent as no one is to recognize you as the would be successor to your father? But I warn you lad, that by the time you become king there will be gallows (place for hanging or beheading people) all over England. But when you become a king, do not hang a thief.

Prince. No, you shall.

Fal. Shall I? By Jesus Christ, I shall be a brave judge.

Prince. You already judge falsely. What I mean is that you will become a hangman of the thieves.

Fal. What are you saying. I shall jump up to a high degree of honour.

Prince. By obtaining suits?

Fal. Yes for obtaining ofsuits, where the hangman will have no silken thread to hang a criminal. Do you think I am as sad as gib cat or a lugged bear?

Prince. Or say like an old lion or the flute of a lover.

Fal. Yes, or like the drowning sound of Lancashire pipe.

Prince. You must say that you should be as melancholy as a hare or a Moor-ditch.

Fal. You have unlimited chain of similes, so you are the most comparative type of a prince. But do not trouble me any more with your pride. The other day one of the old barons made me angry by talking ill of you in the street. Though I did not pay any attention to him, yet he talked on, and I think there was a good deal of sense in his talks. I did not regard him, yet there was a good deal of wisdom in his sayings, and that too in streets.

Prince. You did well, because wisdom expresses itself in streets. and none regards it.

Fal. You have really some logic as well as some art in talking. But you know how to corrupt a saint! You have done a great harm to me. May God forgive you for the same. Before I knew you, Hal, I knew nothing in the world. But now, truly speaking, I am much better than a wicked fellow.

life, and I will give it over : by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain : I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ? 90

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad ; I'll make one ; an do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins

Poins ! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man. 100

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse ? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar ? Jack ! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg ?

Prince. Sir John stand to his word, the devil shall have his bargain ; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs : he will give the devil his due. 109

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill ! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses : I have vizards for you all ; you have horses for yourselves : Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester : I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap : we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

I must change this life of mine and I must do so. By Christ I swear that in case I do not change my present life, I am to be counted as a villain. I must be condemned as an illegitimate son of my father if I do not change my life.

Prince. Jack, where shall we commit the theft to-morrow ?

Fal. Go to hell ! You may go anywhere, I shall make a new life of mine ; if I do not, call me a villain.

Prince. I find some good change in your life. You have become a holy man from a pick-pocket.

Fal. It is not a sin for a man to labour hard for earning his livelihood.

Enters Pains

Pains. Shall we now know whether Godshill has set a match. If men were to be saved from punishment in the next world, what corner of hell shall be allotted to him. He is the most perfect and all-round type of a villain.

Prince. Good morning Ned.

Pains. Good morning sweet Hal. What does Mr. Remorse say ? Jack how does the pang of punishment torment your soul ? Do you remember that last Friday you drank and ate through unfair means ?

Prince. Let Sir John stand to his word, the devil must have his bargain. As he was never a breaker of proverbs, so he will give the devil his due.

Pains. Which means you will be condemned for complying the word of honour given to the devil.

Prince. Or else he shall be condemned and cursed for associating with devil.

Pains. But my lads remember that to-morrow at four o'clock early we shall be at Godshill. Pilgrims will be going to the shrine of Becket at Canterbury with rich presents. There are among them rich traders with their purses stuffed with money. We shall go there on horses ; I have arranged the horses. So we shall have a good bargaining there. I shall see that your purses are filled with gold coins, and if you will not, think that you are to repent a lot.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward ; if I tarry at home and go not,
I'll hang you for going. 122

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

Prince. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said. 130

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone :
I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief ; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell : you shall find me in Eastcheap. 142

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring ! farewell, All-hallow'n summer.
[Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow : I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid ; yourself and I will not be there ; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. 150

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth ?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves ; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Fal. Listen you Edward, if I stay at home and do not go out I shall hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Well, will you make me one?

Prince. Whom are you saying? Do I rob? Am I a

? No, upon my word, I am not a thief.

Fal. In you there is neither any trace of honesty nor good behaviour nor companionship, nor do you claim to have royal blood in the least degree.

Prince. Well then once in a day I shall be a mad fellow.

Fal. Upon you God I swear that I shall be a traitor, when you become a king.

Prince. I do not care at all.

Poins. I really pity you Sir John. Leave the prince and let me be alone with him. I shall play such tricks as to make him ready to go.

Fal. Well, may God give you the power of persuading others and him the power of making pains so that whatever he asks should be believed. How I wish that the true prince may be taken as a false thief, because the poor abuses of the time requires faces. Good-bye. I am going to Eastcheap where you will find me.

Prince. Good-bye! you fading fellow; let there be no charm in you.

Poins. Now, my good sweet prince, please ride with me tomorrow. I have something of a jest to make that I cannot manage to ride alone. Falstaff, Bardolph and Gadshill will rob the pilgrims, when we shall waylay before hand: yourself and I will not be there, and when they leave the robbed belongings of the pilgrims I must rob them or else you should chop my head off.

Prince. How shall we make them separated from one another at the start?

Poins. Well, that can be done if you ride before or after them and appoint them a place where they are to meet. We will not fail in it provided that we are not imprompt in our duty. Then when they adventured upon their exploit and as soon as they get the booty, we shall set upon them.

Prince. Yes, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. 159

Poins. 'Tut ! our horses they shall not see ; I'll tie them in the wood ; our wizards we will change after we leave them and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies the jest. 172

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee : provide us all thing unnecessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[Exit.

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness ;

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

180

To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,

190

Prince. Yes, but it is quite possible that they will know us by our horses or by our habits or by any other behaviour or attitude of ours.

Poins. Hush ! they will not see our horses ; I shall tie them in the forest. We shall change our vizards as soon as we leave them and well, I am noted for making changes in the dress.

Prince. Yes, yet I am doubtful whether we shall be successful in dealing with them.

Poins. Of course there is suspicion about two of them ; I know them to be cowards and that they turn their back in the face of danger. The virtue of the jest will be lies, when some fat rogue will tell us at the time of supper how he had fought against thirty of the opponents and how he had to risk his life in the encounter.

Prince. Well, I shall go with you. Please provide us all the necessary things which I may need for tomorrow's venture. I shall have my supper in Eastcheap.

Poins. Good-bye my lord.

Prince. I know you all and for the time being I shall uphold the silly humour of your idleness. But in the meantime I shall imitate the sun which permits the base and contagious clouds to smoothen up his beauty from the world that, when he pleased again to be himself. Being wanted, he may be more wondered at. Thus this sport will be as tiresome and fatiguing to us as it makes one tired by working continuously. But when they seldom come, they wish that they could have been involved in some kind of accidents. So when I cast off this unsystematic and irregular behaviour of mine and pay the debts off, which I never promised to pay, then how much improved and better a person I may seem.

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes :
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.

SCENE III. London. The Palace.

*Enter The King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience ; but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays put to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly,

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye ;
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us : when we need 20
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [Exit Wor.
You were about to speak. [To North]

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

I shall falsify peoples hopes, who have been thinking that I may never change. And then like a shining metal (i. e. gold) I shall lie on the base and mean ground. All my faults and shortcomings will be changed into bright reformation. I shall show myself very good and noble to attract the people's eyes.

SCENE III. London The palace

[Enter the King, Northumberland. Worcester, Hotspur,
Sir Walter Blunt and others]

My blood has been extremely cool and temperate and this is the reason that it does not get stirred or moved at there absurdities. But you have made my patience over-brimmed. So from today I shall be what I ought to be. My temper which had been delicate and smooth like oil, will be changed into mighty and awe-inspiring. Perhaps this was the reason why I lost my respect and reputation as a King. I must be proud and powerful.

Wor. My great lord, our house does not deserve the scourge of greatness to be used into and it is our own effort that has made you so great.

North. My lord.

King. Worcester, you should leave the place at once, couse I see that there is in you the sign of disobedience danger (i. e. you will endanger me by your disobedience) O your presence here is too bold for me to talerate. Ple remember that you are my servant and I cannot endure such an act of discourtesy on the part of a servant. Any how I am giving you absolute freedom at your pleasure to leave me ; if I need your service in future I shall inform you and send for you. You wanted to speak to me [To North.]

North. Yes, my lord.

[Rest of his speech follows in next page.]

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,

North. [Continuing] Those prisoners have demaded in your name (who have been brought here by Harry Percy and taken prisoner by him that what ever they have done, was done through mis-understanding and not by intentional guilt.

Hot. My lord, I did not deny any prisoner, but I recollect that when the fight was done, I was extremely filled with rage and was exhauste! with toil, I was breathless and leant upon the sword. At that moment a certain lord came who was neatly and smartly dressed: he was as fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin was newly reaped, which seemed like a stubble land at harvest home. He was performed like a millionaire and between his fingers and his thumb he held a pouncet-box which he smelt twenty times again and again. While he was thus snuffing he smiled and talked, and as the soldiers were carrying the dead bodies he abused them as uncivilized knaves for bringing a dead body near him. He asked me a number of questions on different topics. Then, on your behalf he demanded the prison. At that time I was smarting with my cold wounds, so I answered that I knew nothing about it. What ever he did or what ever he should not have done, he-really made me mad. -- He captivated me by his shining, bright, fresh and sweet and tall so meekly and lovingly like a waiting gentlewoman. He talked of the guns and drums of the battle and also of the wounds received by us.

His last words were "God save the mark"! Then he told me some of the noblest and greatest things on earth. He felt pity over my wounds and showed sympathy. It seemed to be great pity, and indeed it was.

This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now,

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
I shall never hold that man my friend 90
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war : to prove that true

This wicked salt-petre must be dug out of the bowels of the innocent and harmless earth which has been destroyed by a number of good and well-built fellows due to their cowardice. And it is due to these vile guns he would himself have been a fighter. This was the talk of this fellow in which I joined. So I request you that this news should not spread out in the city ; let it remain between you and I.

Blunt. My gracious majesty, the circumstances is to be considered favourable. Whatever Lord Harry Percy had said then to such a person and in such a place, may quite logically die out and be buried. Whatever he said then and whatever he might say again, it was certainly uneasy and shall be so.

King. Why, does he still deny his prisoners ? We shall release his brother on ransom however large the amount of ransom be. We must straight away get him liberated—though this fellow (foolish Mortimer) has intentionally betrayed the lives of those that did lead the fight against that great magician, the cursed Glendower, whose daughter has been recently married by the Earl of March. Shall our treasure be exhausted on paying ransom money for releasing the traitors ? And by getting this traitor released and brought back to home, shall fill the state with treasure and treachery ? Why should we when they have fore-feited all their claims of being helped and patronized on account of their cowardly and disgraceful actions ? No, we shall not ransom them ; let them starve on the barren mountains, because I shall never make that man my friend, who will ask me for even a penny to get the rebellious Mortimer ransomed.

Hot. How do you say that Mortimer has revolted ? I can dare say that his captivity was not due to cowardice but through a sheer chance of War.

Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour 100
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds :
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;
He never did encounter with Glendower :
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 120
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them : I will after straight
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile :
Here comes your uncle.

[Hot continues] For proving this truth his wounds, which received in the fight are themselves in the most eloquent testimony—those gaping wounds which he received bravely while fought single-handed on the bank of Severa, struggling against his opponent. He challenged the great warrior Glendower and two duelled thrice. Then the opponents and their men ran better skelter in fear, with their bloody looks and went to hide themselves among the reeds which were trembling. And he then washed his blood-stained hands and sword in the water of the river. Had he (Mortimer) been a coward and avoided war, he would not have received so many deadly wounds. Why should then he be labelled as a traitor.

King. You are telling lie to shield him Percy ; you were mis-informed as well. Mortimer had never encountered with Glendower. He dared not have met the devil Glendower alone. Are you not ashamed of defending his cause ? But go away from here as I do not want to have any talk with you. Send me your prisoners at the earliest or else you will hear most unkind words from me. My lord Northumberland, we allow your departure with your son. Send your prisoners. Do you hear me ?

[Exeunt King Henry etc.]

Hot. And if the devil comes and roars for them (i. e. he is referring to the king, I will not send the prisoners to him. I will go straight and tell him so. In this way I will make my heart a bit easier, i. e. by telling him everything in truth it will be comfortable for me. Although it is sure that by doing so I shall hazard (or endanger) my life.

North. What ? Are you intoxicated with pride and anger. Stay and wait for sometime your uncle is coming here.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ! 130
‘Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea, on his part I ’ll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker’d Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ; 140
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife’s brother, then his cheek look’d pale,
And on my face he turn’d an eve of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was not he proclaim’d
By Richard that dead is the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was when his unhappy king.—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon !—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition : 150
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world’s wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you : did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish’d him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 160
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot

Re-Enter Worcester

Hot. He does not want us to speak of Mortimer ! Hell with him. I must speak of him and let my soul need mercy, if I do not join with him ; yes I shall make an end of all these empty veins by shedding each and every drop of my blood for him. But I am determin'd to lift up Mortimer, who has been degraded by the ungrateful king and the equally ungrateful Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king has really made your nephew mad.

Wor. After I had gone who struck this beat up,.

Hot. He swore to have all my prisoners, and when I told him to ransom my brother-in-law his cheeks grew pale and he looked at me dreadfully, trembling at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot lay blame upon him. Did he not proclaim that the late Ric-ard was to be his successor.?

North. Yes he was proclaimed. I heard the proclamation myself at time fine when the unhappy king had set forth on his adventures in Ireland, from where he returned simply to be deposed and murdered.

Wor. And it is for his death that we have been scandalized and most critically censured and accused of our conduct.

Hot. But be silent for a while , I request you. Did late king Richard then proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer as his successor and heir to the crown.

North. Yes he did proclaim so and I did hear it myself.

Hot. No, then, in that case I cannot blame his cousin, the king, who wished that he should starve on the barren crage of mountain, But whatever you are saying, shall be done. It was you who had put the crown on the head of this man who has forgotten all the elements of gratitude [To be continued in the next page.)

Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents, or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?
 O, pardon me that I descend so low,
 To show the line and the prddicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle king ;
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170
 Of fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
 As both of you—God pardon it !—have done,
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?
 No ; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
 Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes to you
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read your matter deep and dangerous, 190
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit
 As to o'er-walk o current roaring loud
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night ! or sink or swim :
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple : O, the blood more stirs

And for that sake you had to wear the scarf of blot and degradation throughout and bring for your friends all sorts of the means of death like the cord of hanging, ladder for throwing down a man for the naked roof. O pardon me as I have become so low and degraded so base. And now I show the line and the predicament in which we have to put ourselves up under this subtle monarch, shall such words be spoken without shame. How will the future histories record your actions and your conduct ? You are so full of nobility and so powerful (and still you get yourself degraded so down and so base). Both of you are so mighty, yet do not want to get yourself elevated. May God pardon it ! How was it that Richard, who was as sweet and innocent as a rose, was put down so treacherously and planted the thorn in his stead (the thorn is Bolingbroke) why all this had been done ? And further it must be spoken with shame that you people have been made fool and cast aside and shaken off by him who does not know what thing gratitude is. No, the time has come when you can once again raise your position and status and get back the honour that has gone from you. You can still win popular fame and revenge your insults. You can do so at the cost of your or his life. Therefore I say to you.....

Wor. Have peace cousin, do not so any more now I shall learn how to become spirited and strong. I shall throw a bold challenge to him who roars.

Hot. If he does not succeed then we must part with him. Otherwise we will make strong determination to sink or swim together: My blood is stirred with new emotions and zeal; from a hare I am to be a lion.

To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deed,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities :
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. 210
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer !'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Here you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
; Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :

North. There is some idea of some great venture which drives him beyond the limits of patience.

Hot. By God, I think it is not such an early venture to obtain great honour from an ordinary adventure. It is just like dipping into the ocean which has no bottom (as it is extremely deep). As a matter of fact, honour is not such a thing which is to be obtained by every man with a little adventure.

Wor. He expects, rather fears a world of figures here, but he does not know how to tackle his own men. Good cousin please give me some time to hear me.

Hot. I crave your mercy.

Wor. I mean those same noble Scotch soldiers who are our prisoners.

Hot. I shall keep all of the prisoners. By God, the king cannot and shall not have even a single Scotch prisoner from me. If he tries to take a single Scot, I shall use force.

Wor. You go on and lend no ear to my purposes. So, you have decides to keep those prisoners.

Hot. No, I will; that is certain. The king said that he would not get my brother released on ransom. He does not allow me even to pronounce the name of Mortimer into his ears when he sleeps. No that is not enough. I shall speak (before him) no other words than 'Mortimer' and 'Mortimer'; so that the king's anger is kept on boiling.

Wor. Just hear a word cousin.

Hot. I shall defy all controls and checks. I am bent upon inflicting pain and torture on the fellow—*i. e.* Bolingbroke, I shall find out all sorts of devices by which I shall pinch and poison this fellow whom I hate beyond limit.

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales, 230
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear 240
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place ?
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age',
And 'gentle Harry Percy', and 'kind cousin' ;
O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me !
Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again ;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot.

I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord, [*To Northumberland*]

And the Prince of Wales is the same man of courage and gallantry. But I think his father does not love him and he wishes that the Prince should meet the same misfortune. I wish to get him poisoned by making him drink ale excessively.

Wor. Good-bye, my relation : I will speak to you at another time when are in good and sober temper.

North. Why ? Are you a wasp-stung and impatient fool that you maintain a womanish mood, thereby allowing you ears to hear nothing except your own words ?

Hot. Look at me, I am whipped and scouraged with rods, rather I am mettled and stung with fire, as soon as I hear of this mean politician, Bolingbroke especially during the rule of Edward. And do you not call this place, infested with all sorts of trouble, intrigue where the mad-chop, *i. e.* the duke has kept his uncle, York : This was the place, where I, for the first time bowed my head before the king, smiling when you and he had come back from Ravenspurgh castle.

North. At Berkley Palace.

Hot. Yes, you are right. At that time this clever greyhound offered and showed to me such a lot of courtesy. But see, when his early fortune matured into ripeness, and gentle Harry Percy and kind cousin came into prominence. May God forgive me good uncle, tell your uncle ; I have spoken my own tale.

Wor. No, if you have not spoken your tale tell it again ; we shall wait to you.

Hot. Really, I have finished my story.

Wor. Then once more deliver your Scottish prisoners straight up without changing any ransom and make the son of Douglas your only mean to achieve your power in Scotland. I can assure you of it, as soon as, I inform you in black and white

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop. 270
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it : upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :
And then the power of Scotland and of York, 280
To join with Mortimer ha,

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head ;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home .
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

Hot. He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell : no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Your son, if he is thus employed in Scotland, shall secretly creep into the bosom of the some lord, who is well loved by the arch-bishop.

Hot. You mean arch-bishop of york ?

Wor. Right, it is he, who bears hard his brother's death at Bristol. But what I have been informed of is that the two are again united and are busy in making plots and are waiting eagerly for that time when they shall reap the harvest of their intention.

Hot. I have already doubted this. I can swear by my life that it will succeed.

North. You must give the slip before the plot gets matured.

Hot. Why ? I am sure, it must end in a nice plot thereby uniting the power of york and Mortimer Ha !

Wor. And so they shall be united.

Hot. In fact, the plot is going to succeed well, and its aim is good.

Wor. So it is essential for us to run up so that we may save our heads by raising our heads. In doing so the king will always think himself under our gratitude and naturally he will cast off his hatred about us and his love for us will be stronger than ever. But his looks of love may be simply a deception.

Hot. Of course he does, we will be revenged on him.

Wor. Well cousin, good bye, let us not proceed very far in the matter you should only direct us by your letter when the opportunity is ripe. Then all of a sudden I will steal to Glendower and Mortimer, where you and Douglas and your powers shall gladly meet. Then your fortune, which is now in a doubtful state, shall become quite strange.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short 301
Till fields and blows and groans appland our sport ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Scene I. *Rochester. An inn yard,*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho ! an it be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler !

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point ; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cress.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are the dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots : this house is turned upside down since Robin Oster died. 10

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London mad for fleas : I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench ! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. What, ostler ! come away and be hanged ! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross. 19

First Car. God's body ! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler ! A plague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not hear ? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged ! hast no faith in thee ?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock ?

North. Good bye my good brother : I am sure we shall prosper.

Hot. Good bye uncle : let the time be short for our sports
To mature into success.

ACT II

Scene I. Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh ho ! I am sure it is more than four A.M. Charles the new chimney has started giving smoke and yet our horse is not packed. Hullo, Ostler.

Ost. [within] Soon, soon.

First Car. I sequest you to put a few flocks in the point ; poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Here peas and beans are as dank as a dog. We have to give something to our horse for eating. Look, this house has been turned up-side down since the death of Robin Ostler.

First Car. Poor fellow, after the prince of oats rose, it was death to him.

Sec. Car. I think this is the most wicked house in all London. It is full of faul smell. I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Stung like a tench ! I had been here as jolly as a cock for better than a king. Well Ostler, come away man, come away.

Sec. Car. I have a lump of bacon and two pieces of ginger, which are to be delivered Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body ! I have turkeys in my load, who are practically starved. You Ostler, let there be plague on you. Do you not have an eye in thy head ? Can you not hear ? You seem to be a drunkard. I am a perfect rogue. Come and be hanged. Do you not have any faith in you ?

Enter Gadshill.

Cads. Good morning carriers ; What is the time ?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend my thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft ; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith. 30

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when ? canst tell ? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he ? marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Cads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London ?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen : they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho ! chamberlain ?

Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse 40

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain ; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring : thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It hold current that I told you yesternight : there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : they will away presently. 51

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nieholas' clerks I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it : I pray thee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worshippes Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. 56

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me ; and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut !

First Car. I think it is two o'clock.

Gads. Please give me your lantern to see my horse in the stable.

First Car. No, by God, please be silent. I know double of the trick which you want to play with me.

Gads. I request you to kindly lend me your lantern.

Sec. Car. What ! he aske me to lend him my lantern. What does he mean ?

Sec. Car. It's time enough to go to bed with a candle. I warrant you. Come, let us call the neighbours, for they have great charge.

(Exeunt Carriers)

Gads. Well see ! Chamberlain, you are here ?

Cham. [Within] You perfect pick-pocket, you are so near ?

Gads. That is even as fair as anything, according, to Chamberlain ; you differ from pick-pocket only in this respect that you are always engaged in making plots or teaching others how to play tricks.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morning Master Gadshill. It is not yet old I think as I told you last night that a particular Fraklin has brought three hundred marks of gold. He and his associates are enjoying with the money by eating nice and luxurious dishes. They may slip out soon.

Gads. Well, I assure you that they will meet no saint than myself. If I do not meet them and take away their purse, you should cut my neck.

Cham. No, I shall not do anything. I know you are as good and perfect a knave as any saint in perfect in his saint-lives.

Gads. What ? you are talking of myself being hanged ? If I hang, please note, that I shall make a strong pair of gallows, because if I hang, old Sir John also hangs with me and you know that he is starving ?

there are other Trojans that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots. 71

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. 80

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gade. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

[Gads Continues] There are other great adventurers in the field about when you cannot ever dream. Please note that these people make their lives worth living only by mean of their professions. But I am not in the least associated with ruffians, liars, swindlers, cheats, but with person of noble and high status and great esteem. I am in the company of these persons who are practical workers and not were boasters or talkers. When ever they make any promise they at once render the same practically. These people pray continuously to their Saints and are obedient to their Government. They are well known in England and are respected every where in the country.

Cham. What are you saying about commonwealth and their boots ? Will the commonwealth hold water in foul way ?

Gads. Of course. Justice has intoxicated her. We steal in palaces with surety of success. No one can see us while we walk for theft.

Cham. No, I am sure, you select night and its shades for your purpose rather than day time.

Gads. Give me your hand. Join me and I shall give you your due share. I am a truthful man and shall keep my promises.

Cham. No, rather let me have it, for you are a false thief.

Gads. Then go to hell. Let me bring out my horse and ride away. Farewell you foolish type of a dry knave. [Exeunt]

SCENE II

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, give shelter. I have removed the horse of Falstaff, and he is terribly afraid.

Prince. Stand near.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged Poins ! where are you ?

Prince. Stop ! have patience you rascal, why are you howling in this way ? keep quits.

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him. 9

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drunk medicines. Poins ! Hal ! a plague upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me ; and the stone-hearted villains know it well enough ; a plague upon it when thieves, cannot be true one to another ! [They whistle.] Whew ! A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse, you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged ! 28

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts ? he down ; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down ? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus ?

Prince. Thou liest ; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogne ! shall I be your ostler. 39

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters ! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sac

Fal. Hal, where is Poins.?

Prince. He has walked up on the top of the hill. I shall go and find him out.

Fal. I have been accursed of robbing in the company of thieves. The rascal has removed my horse and tied him somewhere, I do not know. If I walk four feet by the squire farther it will break my lungs. I do not doubt but to die a fair death for doing all this in case I am not hanged for killing that rogue. He has given me charms to make me fall in friendship. Poins and Hal ! let both of them be plagued and troubled. Well I shall no more do this work of stealing and robbing ; rather I shall die of starvation. I have to go a long way and the rascal has removed my horse away. What shall I do now ? Plague upon him and let there be curse upon my work. May curse fall upon all of you. How strange that thieves are not true to one another. Give me my horse, you rogue and be hanged.

Prince. Have patience ; be silent. Lie down on the ground and listen if you can hear the foot-steps of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again after I am down ? I shall not hear your words even if you pay me all the wealth that is in your father's treasure. Why the hell did you play this trick with me in letting me down ?

Prince. you are speaking a lie. Who says that you are colted ; you are rather uncolted.

Fal. I request you good prince, help me by giving me my horse, you good prince.

Prince. Get out you rogue ; I shall be your Ostler.

Fal. Go, get yourself hanged in the garters of your prince—hood. I shall peach for you. I am not a poet or else, I should have composed poems of filthy remarks about your conduct.

be my poison when a jest is no forward, afoot too ! I hate it.

Enter. Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter : I know his voice.

Bard. What news ? Case ye, case ye ; on with your vizards ; there's many of the king's coming down the hill ; 'tis going to the king's exchequer. . . . 50

Fal. You lie, ye rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.


Prince. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I : every man to his business. . . . 71

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neihbour : the boy shall lead our horses down the hill ; 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs. 

Enter, Gadshell, Bardolph And Peto

Gads. Stand.

Fal. Yes I stand though I do so against my will.

Poins. O, it is your horse : I know his voice.

Bard. What is the newes ? There is something bargaining in your transactive. There is many in the king's coming down the hill and this money is going to the royal treasure.

Fal. You are telling a lie, rogue. It is going to the drinking purpose of the king.

Gads. This amount of money is sufficient for us.

Fal. Yes, to be hanged for having this money.

Prince. Sirs, you should face the carriers of money in the narrow lane. Myself, Need and Poins will walk below. If they chance to escape from your clutcher, we tackle forslly them.

Peto. How many are they ? I think three ?

Gads. No, same eight or ten.

Fal. Then will they not rob us instead of being robbed by us ?

Prince. Oh what a coward you are ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather ; but at the sametime I am not a coward.

Prince. Well, let us have the proof.

Poins. Well Jack, your horse is standing behind the hedge : when you need his, you will get him. Farewell, and stand firm.

Fal. Stand here quite steady.

(Prince and Poins go away)

Fal. Now my masters, how happy I am to see that every one of us in engaged in his business, i. e. all of the thieves are at their duties.

Enter The Travellers.

First Trav. Come neighbour ; this boy will lead our horses down this hill ; we will walk on foot and give comfort to our legs.

be my poison : when a jest is no forward, afoot too ! I hate it.

Enter. Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

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Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ? 6

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.


Prince. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I : every man to his business. 71

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First Trav. Come, neighbour : the boy shall lead our horses down the hill ; 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs. 

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Fal. Stand here quite steady.

(Prince and Poins go away)

Fal. Now my masters, how happy I am to see that every one of us is engaged in his business, *i. e.* all of the thieves are at their duties.

Enter The Travellers.

First Trav. Come neighbour ; this boy will lead our horses down this hill ; we will walk on foot and give comfort to our legs.

Thieves. Stand !

Travellers. Jesus bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats ;
ah ! caterpillars ! bacon-fed knaves ! they hate us youth :
down with them : fleece them. 7^a

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone ! No, ye
fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on !
What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grand jurors,
are ye ? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now,
could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London,
it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and
a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close ; I hear them coming. 69

Enter the Thieves again,

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse
before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant
cowards, there's no equity stirring : there's no more valour
in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money !

Poins. Villains !

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them ;
they all run away ; and Falstaff, after a blow or two,
runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :
The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
'Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

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Poins. How the rogue roar'd !

[Exeunt.]

Thieves. Stand there ; do not move.

Trav. O Jesus, save us !

Fal. Strike at them and flow them down. Cut the throats of the villains. Take hold of their necks and fleece them up.

Trav. O, we have been undone ! We have been caught.

Fal. Hang them ! hang these rascals, who say that they are undone. I must have your belongings. Have no faith now ; we are bent upon taking revenge on you.

[Here they rob the travellers and bind them.] *Exeunt.*

Re-enter Prince and others.

Prince. The thieves have bound the real men. Now could I and you rob the thieves and go happily to London. It will serve us pleasure and mirth and laughter for about a month or so.

Poins. Stand near. I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come my masters, let us share and then ride away before it becomes morning. And you Prince and Poins, do not behave like cowards. I know there is not as much valour in Poins as in a wild duck.

Prince. Your money !

Poins. Your rogues.

[As they are sharing the booty, Prince and Poins set upon them ; they all run away, and Falstaff after some fight, also runs away leaving the booty.]

Prince. Get them with much ease and without hurry. Now let us ride happily and cheerfully. The thieves have all scattered away and are so much struck with fear that they dare not to meet us again. Ned, be off and Falstaff, you should also disappear. Really, the behaviour of the thieves makes me laugh heavily.

Poins. How did the rogues tremble with fear ?

[They go away.]

Scene III. *Warkworth castle.**Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter.*

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented : why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;'—why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant ; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this ! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself ? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower ? is there not besides the Douglas ? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month ? and are they not some of them set forward already ? What a pagan rascal is this ! an infidel ! Ha ! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action. Hang him ! let him tell the king : we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

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Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate ! I must leave you within these two hours.

Scene III.

[Warkworth Castle]

Enter Hotspur, Solus, reading a letter.

Hot. As regards myself, my lord, I can be perfectly contented to live there, because of the love that I maintain for you. He could also be satisfied ; why should he not be ? He also bears love for our house. But he shows that he loves his own barn more than our house. Let me see some more, "The purpose, you are undertaking, seems to be risky." Why is that certain ? Is there any danger to take cold, to sleep, to drink. But I tell you my foolish lord that we pluck danger out of our own weakness of mind. Your plot is to make the counter-opposition foil. Do you not mean so ? By Jesus Christ, our's is a good plot and our friends are good and true to the last moment—an excellent plot, because it is full of expectations and images of coming events. What a cold-spirited and dull rogue is he ? Hell ; and I were now by the rascal. It is Lord York who orders (instructs) me to carry out the plot and render it into practical form. If I could have him in my clutches I would get his brain washed with the help of his beloved's fan. Are there none of my elders—i.e. my father, my uncle, and my elder brother ? There is Lord Edmund Mortimer, the Lord of York and Owen Glendower. Is there no one else except Douglas ? Do I not have all their letters in my possession, that they are reaching here by ninth of the next month ? And have not some of them already started ? What a golden rogue ! Ha ! you will see now everything in the most clear and naked truth. You will be overwhelmed by fear and pessimism. O I have the means to identify myself as a great and wise man, going to dinners and suppers, thereby behaving as if I were an honourable man, well-versed in all kinds of etiquette. Hang him ; let him be a thing ; we are ready. I will start tonight.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now you Kate ? I must leave you within a couple of hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone ?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed ?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep ?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone ?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ; 40
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy ?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars ;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
Cry 'Courage ! to the field !' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream ;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these ?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not. 60

Hot. What, ho !

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Serv. He is my, lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan a crop-ear, is it not ?

Lady. O my good lord ! how is it that you are alone here ? What offence I have committed that I have been left alone and banished from my husband's bed ? Tell me my dear lord, what is the reason that you neither take your food, nor sleep at night, nor feel any pleasure ? Why do you cast your eyes downward and why do you stare so haggardly ? How is it that you have lost the freshness of your cheeks ? Why have you taken away all my pleasures and comforts of life and given, in return, only melancholy and disappointment. I am now only thinking and musing alone, unhelpt by any one. In my imagination I hear the sound of iron rods, saffling of swords and the sound of heels of soldiers and hoops of your orse. In my imagination I hear you shunting "courage" and "advance to the field." You have talked about, attacke, retreat and trench-fights, tents, courage, bloodshed and slaughter of soldiers in the field. You had such a burning desire to go to war and even in your sleep you might have decant of war and war alone. You felt so much inspired by the idea of war that there shows a flame of militant pride on your brow and your joy of going to war produced tears like the bubbling of stream. And on your face strange motions were seen such as when men restrain their breath on such great and sudden impulse. O what shapes are there, I know my lord must be having some heavy and important business in his hands. I have must know all about these secrets of my husband in the capacity of his wife. If he does not tell me his secrets, it means that he does not love me.

Hot. What ! what is all this !

ENTER SERVANT.

Has Gilliams gone with the packet ?

Serv. He has gone, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Has Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse has been brought, my lord.

Hot. What type of horse ? What kind of its breed ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O esperance !

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [Exit Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady ? 70

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize : but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love. 80

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask ;

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler ! Love ! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world

To play with mammets and to tilt with lips :

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too. God's me, my horse : 90

What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have with me ?

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?

Well, do not then ; for since you love me not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :

Serv. Yes, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne. Well I will bring him back straight. Go and tell Butler to come forth in the Park. [Exit Servant]

Lady. But you must listen to me my lord.

Hot. What are you saying my lady ?

Lady. Why do you go away from me ?

Hot. It is my horse that carries me away, my lady,

Lady. O you crazy ape. A weasel does not have such a deal of spleen as you have got Really, I must know your business Harry. I think it is my brother Mortimer who sends you messages to go away with him on there adventures. But now you must not go away from me.

Hot. So for you have arrieved. I shall be tired of my sweet-love.

Lady. Come, come, you liar. Tell me all about I ask you. Please answer my questions straight or else I will break your little finger Harry. Tell me nothing but truth.

Hot. Go away ! Go away you trifier. What do you talk of love ; I do not love you at all. I do not at all care for you, Kate. This is no world where we may do trifles, like talking and kissing. We must deal with bloody wars and the problem of kingship and kingdom. Give me my horse. What do you want to say to me Kate ? What will you do with me Kate !

Lady. Do you not love me ? Really do you not ? I shall not love myself. Really, do you not love me ? No, tell me if you are cutting jokes with me ?

Hot. Come, Will you like to see me ride a horse ? And when I ride on my horse I will say with oaths that I love you unlimitedly. But listen Kate, I would not like you putting questions to me infuture about such things where I am to go or what my business is etc.

Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But, hark you Kate : 110

Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must of force. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Boar's-Head Tavern Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal ?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers ; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy ; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet ; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem !' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that

Where ever I want to go, I must go ; no one is to question me on this score. Well gentle Kate, this evening I must leave you. I know that you are wise enough to know all these (being the wife of Harry Percy). You are firm and constant, no doubt. But after all you are a woman, and no woman is fit to be trusted with secrecy. And yet I know you will not utter anything of what you are being told. Therefore I will trust you gentle Kate.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But listen Kate, where ever I go you shall also go there. To day I shall start and tomorrow you will start. Now you are satisfied Kate ?

Lady. It must be done under compulsion.]Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

[Enter the Prince, and Poins]

Prince. Ned, I request you to come out of that big room and help me to laugh a bit.

Poins. Where have you been Hal ?

Prince. I was with three or four loggerheads among sixty or eighty loggerheads. I have stooped to the basest and lowest depth of humility, well I am a sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and I can address them by their christian names as Tom, Dick and Francis. They respect me as heir-apparent to the throne of England, but also regard me as a king of courtesy. They all tell me that I am proud of you because we are associates and chums of one who is going to be the king of England. When they are deeply intoxicated in wine and breathe heavily and cry for more drinks, I atonce take out secrets from them. Any how, in short, I am so well-versed in the art of drinking that I can exhaust a couple of bottles and go in playing franks with my chums there.

thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than ‘Eight shillings and sixpence,’ and ‘You are welcome,’ with this shrill addition, ‘Anon, anon, sir ! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon; or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar ; and do thou never leave calling ‘Francis,’ that his tale to me may be nothing but ‘Anon’. Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

30

Poins. Francis !

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis !

[Exit Poins.]

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet.
Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord ?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis ?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within] Francis !

40

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year ! by’r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it ?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I’ll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [Within] Francis !

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis ?

50

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I thall be—

Poins. [Within] Francis !

I tell you, Ned, you would have last a good deal of honour, had you not been in my company in this action. But sweet Ned, the sweet name (Ned) that I am giving you, must prove in practice as sweet as it is expected. I have never spoken English in my life except the words "Eight shillings and sixpence". And you are welcomed, at once. Such a pint of bastard I have never seen. But Ned, let us while away the time till Falstaff comes, so you should stand in some by-room while I question my puny driver to what end he gave me the sugar. And you should not tell Francis anything about it. Go and step aside, I shall show you an example.

Poins. Francis !

Prince. You are perfect.

Poins. Francis !

[Exit Poins.]

Enter Francis.

Fran. Come at once sir, come at once.

Prince. Come here Francis.

Fran. My lord ?

Prince. How long have you been in service Francis ?

Fran. In truth, for five years, rather more than five years.

Poins. Francis !

Fran. At once sir.

Prince. Five year, I swear by your lady rather much longer. But Francis, will be able to play the role of a coward, inspite of your being so brave. You will have to show how you run away quietly like a delicate and modest woman.

Fran. O lord, I shall be sworn upon all the holy books that I am really capable of doing the same.

Poins. [within] Francis !

Fran. At once sir.

Poins. How old are you Francis ?

Fran. Let me see sir, next month I shall be—

Poins. Francis !

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis : for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not ?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two !

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound : ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, anon.

60

Prince. Anon, Francis ? No, Francis ; but to-morrow, Francis ; or Francis, o' Thursday ; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis !

Fran. My lord ?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch.—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean ?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink ; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

71

Fran. What, sir ?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis !

Prince. Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them cull ?

[Here they both call him ; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door : shall I let them in ?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins !

80

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door : shall we be merry ?

Fran. At once sir, please wait a bit my lord.

Prince. No, but listen, Francis. The sugar, you gave me was worth a penny, Was it not ?

Fran. O lord, I wish it would have been worth two pennies.

Prince. For this I will give you one thousand pounds. Ask me when I shall have the same.

Poins. [Within] Francis !

Fran. At once my lord, at once.

Prince. At once Francis ? No Francis, but tomorrow, Francis, on Thursday or indeed Francis when ever you will. But Francis.....

Fran. My lord ?

Prince. Will you rob their Spanish pouch wearing leathern jerkin, crystal buttoned dress and having agate-ring on his finger ?

Fran. O lord ! what do you mean ?

Prince. Why ? then you are only capable of indulging in drinks. You are worth nothing in reality. You can not do any such kind of job. In Barbary such things do not count much.

Fran. What sir ?

Poins. [Within] Francis !

Prince. Go away, you rogue, you do not hear them call you. Do you not hear ?

[Here they both call him. The drawer stands not knowing which way to go]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. Why do you stand still and hear you being called by so many people.

[*Exit Francis*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more of you are at the door. [*Exit Vintner*] Poins !

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. At once sir, at once.

Prince. Well, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door : shall we feel jolly ?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye ; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come what's the issue ?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What's o'clock, Francis ?

90

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

[Exit.

Prince That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of woman ! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs ; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north ; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day ?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he ; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after ; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff : I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo !' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

104

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto ; Francis following with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack : where hast thou been ?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen ! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ?

[He drinks. 110

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's ! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too ; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man : yet a coward is

Poins. As jolly as crickets are, my lord. But listen a clever match have you made with this jest of the draw Come, what is the result ?

Prince. I am now full of those humourous which showed themselves humorous since the good old days of Ad to the present time, i.e. twelve o'clock at night.

Re-enter Francis.

What is the time Francis ?

Fran. At once sir, at once.

[*Exit.*]

Prince. This fellow has as few words to utter as a parrot has, and yet he is born of a woman. His work is up-stairs and down-stairs and his power of speech is miserably limited. I am not yet if Percy's mind, the Hatspur of North. He that kills me some six or seven dozens of Scots at breakfast, washes his hands at breakfast, and says to his wife "Oh sweet I want work." And his wife replies "O my sweet Harry how Scottish soldiers have you killed today ?" And he "Give me my horse" and says "I have killed some four Scottish soldiers." All these are trifles, I request you Falstaff, I shall play with him the role of Percy and I will play the role of that damned lady-wife of Mortimer.

Enter Falstaff, Peto, Gadshill, Francis and Bardolph.

Poins. Welcome Jack : where have you been ?

Fal. Let there be curse upon these cowards and I say they should be punished aswell. Give me a peg of wine boy. Let there fall plague upon these cowards. Give me a cup of wine, rogue. Is there nothing called virtue ?

[*He drinks*]

Prince. Did you never see a Titan Kiss his dish of butter ? Pitiful hearted Titan who melts at the sweet tale of the sun. If you do not do so, see that compound.

Fal. You rogue, there is lime in the wine. There is no flavour, no taste, yet a coward to worse than a peg of adulterated wine.

worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward ! Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England ; and one of them is fat and grows old ; God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still. 123

Prince. How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

Prince. Why, you round man, what's the matter ?

Fal. Are not you a coward ? answer me to that : and Poins there ? 131

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call the coward ! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack : I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day. 140

Prince. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ! taken from us it is : a hundred upon poor four of us. 150

Prince. What, a hundred, man ?

(*Falstaff continues*) you are a notorious and mean coward. Go and have your own ways Jack. Even till your death if you do not have a good maturing in life ; if you become a good natured man you may hang me. One of the men in England for such a crime as of you, was a fat man. May God help us, for the world is very bad. I wish I were a weaver, so that I could have sung holy songs. How do these cowards give their promise of word.

Prince. You old drunkard; what are you gumblling ?

Fal. You are a king's son ! Remember, if I do not beat you out of your kingdom and drive away all your subjects from your kingdom, let there not be a single hair on my head. Ah, you are Prince of Wales !

Prince. Why you fat bully, what is the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a coward ? Answer me to this question.

Prince. Well, you fat fellow, you call me a coward. By God I shall stabe you.

Fal. I will call you a coward and see that you are condemned and cursed before you try to falsify my statement you are not at all a streight talker ; you are a back-biter and you boast yourself on the support of your friends. Let them be curse on you ; will you face me ? Give me a cup of wine. I am a rogue, if I have drunk to day.

Prince. O you scoundral, you have been drinking constantly since morning.

Fal. Give me one peg for that. Let there be cursed and trouble on all the cowards.

Prince. What is the matter ?

Fal. What is the matter ! Four of us should have stolen thousands of pound this morning.

Prince. Listen, what is the noise ?

Fal. Where from the noise is coming ? I think hundred persons are following us.

Prince. What ! one hundred men !

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it? 160

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all? 170

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of em; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram 'tis. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me— 181

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Prince. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a front; and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Fal. I am a rogue if I cannot face at least half a dozen of these men for two hours together. I have escaped death by the stroke of chance. I am eight times thrust through the doublet and four times through my hope. My bucklar cut through and through and my sword would cut them into pieces like a saw. I was always a brave man. Let there be curse and trouble upon the cowards. Let them speak. If they do not speak, truth in the least they are rogues and sons of thieves.

Prince. Tell gentlemen, how was it !

Gads. We four sat upon some dozen—

Fal. No sir, they were sixteen in number.

Gads. And we bound them.

Peto. No, we did not bind them.

Fal. You rogue, what you are saying in false ; they were bound or else I am an infidle.

Gads. As we were sharing the booty some six or seven, of them attacked us.

Fal. And they get their fellows released from binding.

Prince. Did you fight with all of them !

Fal. I do not know what you mean by the term all. But I have fought with fifty of them at least or else I am a liar. Look here Hal, if I speak a lie you should spit on my face and call me a horse instead of calling me a man. I knocked down at least four of these rogues, who jumped at me with daggers.

Prince. What ! you are now saying that four of them attacked you. Earlier you had said that they were two.

Fal. Yes, four, I told you before too.

Poins. Yes, oh yes, he had said four.

Fal. Four of those rogues came from the front side and mainly jumped at me. But with my skill I repulsed their attack and drove them off.

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

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Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

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Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all? 170

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Fal. And they get their fellows released from the binding.

Prince. Did you fight with all of them !

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Prince. What ! you are now saying that four of them attacked you. Earlier you had said that they were two.

Fal. Yes, four, I told you before too.

Poins. Yes, oh yes, he had said four.

Fal. Four of those rogues came from the front side and mainly jumped at me. But with my skill I repulsed their attack and drove them off.

Prince. Seven ? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram ?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits. 190

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Pal. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose. 199

Fal. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand. 208

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy fallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand ? come, tell us your reason : what sayest thou to this ?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason. 218

Fal. What, upon compulsion ? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. Seven ? Why, there were only four even now ?

Fal. In bucrum, I think ?

Poins. Yes, four of them are in buckram suits.

Fal. I swear by my head that there are seven.

Prince. Please let him be alone. We shall have more soon.

Fal. Do you hear me Hal ?

Prince. Yes and mark you also Jack.

Fal. Yes go on doing so, because it is worth listening to. These nine fellows are in buckram suit ; are they ?

Prince. So there are already ten more.

Fal. Their spear-points have been broken.

Poins. And their stockings also fell down.

Fal. They started giving me grounds, but I followed myself closely and then I paid all the seven their due.

Prince. O lier ! how can it be that out of two men grew eleven men ?

Fal. But as the devil would have it three wicked and misbehaved knaves of Kendal, came at my back and attacked me. And it was so dark that you could not even see your own hands.

Prince. These liers have begotten this habit of telling lies from their fathers. Why did they then falter and came back reeling ?

Fal. What ? Are you mad ? is it not a truth ?

Prince. If it was so dark that one could not even see one's hand how was it that you saw these men in kendal green ? It means that whatever you spoke, has no substance or reality at all. What the hell do you mean by making such gossips ?

Poins. Give us the reason of your talk, Jack,

Fal. What do you say, comrade. Well, I cannot tell you the cause of compulsion. Please note that I do not tell the reason of my action under compulsion. My reasoning is just like dealing with such fruits as blackberries. So I would give my reason to no one under compulsion.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin ; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat tongue, you stock-fish ! O for breath to utter what is like thee ! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—
230

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw your four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four ; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it : yea, and can show it you here in the house : and Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?
245

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack ; what trick hast thou now ?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir-apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess. clap to the doors : watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince. I do not want to be accused of 'this sin ; this loody coward, who is a mere back-biter, an idle creature and huge lump of flesh—

Fal. Bloody, you starving fellow,—having skin of a fish and tongue of an ox ! It is shameful even to hear any thing spoken by you. Your very breath is poisonous ! You are a tailor's yard, who sheaths his bow case ! Get away you mean fellow.

Prince. Well, go on speaking as loud as you can, and again, when you are tired (exhausted of speaking loudly) in speaking rot in the company of vulgar person, then hear my words.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four jumping and attacking upon them, and robbing them of their wealth. Mark what a plain story it was. After that we two attacked you and took away from you the booty that you robbed from them and, for proof, I can show you all that we had from you, in this house. Falstaff made pig-like grunting and I heard the same like a bull-calf. What a mean kind of fellow you seem with a sword. Shame, what you did, cannot be taken to be a prize. What trick you make use of, will not succeed in saving you from shame, which is visible every time.

Poins. Come, let us hear Jack : what new trick have you now ?

Fal. By God, I knew as well as he that you. Why do you not hear me my masters. Was it for me to kill the prince—the heir to English throne ? Why should I do so ? You know that I am as brave as Hercules. But beware of me please.

By instinct, the lion will not harm the true prince. Instinct matters a lot. I shall the better of myself and you throughout my life. Take me as a brave lion and yourself as a true prince. But by God, my lord, I am glad that you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors : Watch tonight and pray tomorrow. Brave boys, having hearts of gold, may you get all the titles of friendship. Why should we not be happy ; shall we have a play immediately ?

Prince. Content ; and the argument shall be thy running
away. 261

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord ihe prince !

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess ! what sayest thou
to me ?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at
door would speak with you : he says he comes from your
father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,
and send him back again to my mother. 270

Fal. What manner of man is he ?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his hed at midnight ?
Shall I give him his answer ?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs : by'r lady, you fought fair ; so did you
Peto ; so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran
away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ;
no, fie ! 280

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's
sword so hacked ?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he
would swear truth out of England but he would make you
believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tikle our noses with speargrass to
make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with
it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did
not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous
devices. 291

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years
ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou

Prince. Be satisfied : and throw away your arguments.

Fal. Ah ! if you no more argue, we love you and you love me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesus, here is the Prince !

Prince. How are you madam hostess ? What do you say to me ?

Host. By God, my lord, there is a noble man of the court at the door who would like to have a talk with you. He says he has been sent by your father.

Prince. Give him as much drink as a nobleman deserves and then send him to my mother.

Fal. What kind of man is he ?

Host. An old man.

Fal. Why did he leave his bed and come here at midnight ? Shall I give him his answer ?

Prince. Yes Jack, you do.

Fal. Have faith, I shall send him back satisfied.

Prince. Now sirs, by this lady, you really fought well, and really you did, Peto, and so did Bardolph. You are lions, but upon instinct you ran away. So you will not touch the true prince, No ; shame upon you.

Bard. Yes, I did run away, when I saw others running.

Prince. Have faith, tell me now truly how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ?

Peto. Why he hacked in with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe that it was done in fight and persuaded us to do similar manner.

Bard. Yet, and to tickle our noses with speargrass to make them bleed and then to besmear our clothes with it and swear that it was blood of true men. So I did, what I did not do seven year ago. I blushed in shame to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O wicked fellow, you stole a cup of wine eighteen years ago and since then you always blushed with shame.

thast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away : what instinct hadst thou for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors ? do you behold these exhalations ?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ? 300

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-Enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet creature of bombast ! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee ?

Fal. My own knee ! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring : a plague of sighing and grief ! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad : here was Sir John Bracy from your father ; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and swore the devil his true-liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him ?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same ; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horeback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying. 321

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. To did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him ; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running !

Scene IV.]

PARAPHRASE

you had gun and sword on your side, and yet you ran away.
What instinct you had for it ?

Bard. My lord, do you see these shooting stars ? do you see these lightnings ?

Prince. Yes, I do see.

Bard. What, according to you, these foretell ?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. If rightly interpreted, my lord, they foretell, Choler.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, they signify halter.

Re-Enter Falstaff.

Here comes this Jack, here comes the bare-bone. How are you my sweet creature of bombast ? After how many days you have met me !

Fal. My own knee ! When I was of your age Hal I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into the thumb-ring of any alderman ! A course or nuisance of sighing and feeling grief. It blows up a man just as wind blows up a bladder. There is wicked news abroad. Just now came John Bracy, sent by your father, instructing that you must be in the royal court next morning. Then that mad fellow of Scotland, I mean Percy and he of Wales, he had taken oath on the holy cross to trouble and torture everybody—what is the hell of his name ?

Poins. O, you mean Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same ! and his son-in-law Mortimer and old duke of Northumberland and that huge and broughtest of all Scots, Douglas, who rides on the hill straight and quobe perpendicular—

Prince. He, who rides very swift and fast and whole riding, shoots flying sparrows.

Fal. Yes, you have recognized him quite well.

Prince. So in fact, he has never shot a sparrow in reality.

Fal. Well that rascal boasts a lot, though. I know, in the first encounter he will run away.

Prince. But you are equally a rascal, as you praise him for running away.

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct. 330

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it? 339

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 350

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.


Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance! 360

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen  For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these players as ever I see!

Fal. Like a cuckoo he will try to ride very majestically on the horse but then he will not move even a foot onward.

Prince. You Jack, he does so upon an instinct.

Fal. Yes I admit that he does so upon instinct. Well he is there too, I mean Mordake and besides there are other many blue caps. Worcester has been stolen away tonight. Hearing this news your father's table turned. Now you boy, this news is bosting and confusing. But tell me Hal, are you not terribly afraid? You are the son of the king; so the enemies might find you out any moment and harm you. Are you not horribly afraid of that devil Gledower and Douglas and Percy? Does your blood not get boiled?

Prince. Not a bit, really. I do not have your instincts.

Fal. Well boy, you will be horribly afraid tomorrow when you go to your father. If you really love me, prepare an answer with me to be given to your father.

Prince. Are you my father that you are cross-examining me on my conduct of life?

Fal. Should I? Be quite. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Your state is taken by a stool and your precious crown and sceptre have all gone.

Fal. Now by the fire of my grace I order you not to move a bit from this place. Give me a cup of wine to make my eyes look red (as of a king), that it might seem that I have wept. Everything I shall do as a king does.

Prince. Well here is my leg.

Fal. And hear my speech. Stand aside please.

Host. O Go i, you are playing an excellent game, really.

Fal. Do not weep my beautiful queen, because shedding of tears will be of no avail.

Host. Oh my father! how he makes his face!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, console my weeping queen because her tears are too terrible for me.

Host. O God! he does all these just as professional players do.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point ; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries ? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses ? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also : and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 384

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

Fal A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent ; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage ; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score ; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff : if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me ; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff : him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month ?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare. 400

Fal. Be quiet, do not make noise, have peace. You good tickle-brained Harry, I marvel not only when you talk but also when you are in the company ; because the Companion goes faster the more it is trodden on, yet it is contrary with youth. The youth becomes exhausted the more it is wasted. You are my son, I have partly your mother's word and partly my own opinions but mainly it is your villainy or your habit of hanging about here and there and using filthy language that gives me pain. You are my son, and so it is strange that being my son, your behaviour is so thoroughly intolerable. Shall the prince and heir-apparent of England become a thief and a pick-pocket. Look here Harry, there is a thing about which you have often heard that in England there are many, which are known as ditches and pitches, and about which the ancient writers have written a lot how they defile the beauty of the country ; in the same way your company also defiles you. Look here Harry, I am not addressing you under intoxication but in sorrow, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in my worst grief. But at the same time there is a noble person in your company, whose name I do not know.

Prince. What sort of man is he, your majesty ?

Fal. A nicely built man and having a good deal of cheerfulness. He has pleasing eyes and most noble carriage, and I think he is about fifty years old or by my lady, two or three year still older. If that man is given same opportunity of serving the state it would be ideal. Now I remember his name is Falstaff. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, so with same way your virtue should also be tested in accordance with the virtue of your noble comparison. Now tell me, you naughty boy where had you been the last month ?

Prince. Do you speak like a king. You just stand for me and I shall play the role of my father.

Fal. Depose me ? If you want to do so, possess at least half of my majesty and greatness, instead of having the habit of a rabbit.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand : judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you ?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false : nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith. 407

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace : there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man ; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villany ? wherein villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing. 421

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you : whom means your grace ?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth Falstaff, that old white-beard Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost, 425

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned : if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord ; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins : but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more

Prince. Well, I am set here.

Fal. And here I stand, my master, judge us.

Prince. Now Harry, when did you come ?

Fal. My noble father, I am coming from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints, which I hear against you are really much serious.

Fal. No, no, my lord, these complaints are false. Yes, I shall tickle you for a young prince surely.

Prince. You ungracious and ill-tempered boy. Do not look at my face again. You have been forcibly carried away from grace. There is an old man, who corrupts you like a devil, who is your favourite companion. He is the worst type of a scoundrel, laden with all sorts of evil and having the worst type of nature which is more savage than that of a beast. He is very much adept in drinking and eats too much. He is cunning, crafty and vain. His villainy and cunningness go matching each other. In short he is worth nothing.

Fal. I wish that your majesty would take me with you, whenever your grace think proper.

Prince. He is the most wicked type of a ring-leader of youngmen—I mean this white bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, I know this man.

Prince. Yes, I know that you know of this man.

Fal. But to say that I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. The greater pity is that he is an old man. His white hair witness the crime and evil that he commits. If wine and fruite be a fault, then only it is God who can help the wicked. Again if it be a sin to be old and cheerful then I know I am cursed. Further, if a man is hated on account of his fatness then it means that the thinnest and leanest people are to be loved. No, my good and noble father, you must banish Peto, banish Bardolph and banish Poins. But as far as Falstaff is concerned, as far as true and faithful Falstaff is concerned, do not banish him.

valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish, not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish plump Jack. and banish all the world. 439

Prince. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph]

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord ! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rouse ! Play out the play : I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord !

Fal. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick what's the matter ?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in ? 449

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit ; thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, so, if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras : the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. 460

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.]

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me ?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men ?

Let him (Falstaff) remain as your son's companion, you may banish any other Tom, Dick and Harry, or banish the entire world (but not Falstaff).

Prince. I do I will. *[A knocking heard]*

Re-enter Bardolph running.

Bar. O my lord ! O my lord ! the sheriff is standing at the door with a huge watch with him.

Fal. Get out you rogue ! Play out the play ! I have a lot to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesus, my lord, my lord !

Fal. Go away ! go away ! the devil rides upon fiddlestick. What is the matter ?

Host. The Sheriff and his watch have come to search the house ; they are at the door Shall I call them in ?

Fal. Do you hear Hal ? Do not call true piece of gold a counterfeit. You are really a mad fellow though not apparently.

Prince. And you are an inborn coward without any instinct.

Fal. I deny your major if you deny the Sheriff. If not let him come in. If I become not a cart as well as another man let there be a curse on my up-bringing. I think in that case I may be hanged as other men are, who do not prove themselves true to their words. So I hope I shall be strangled if I do not keep up my words.

Prince. Go and conceal yourself behind the arras, while the rest should walk up straight. Now my masters, for a true face one requires true conscience.

Fal. I have got both, but their date is over. So I shall hide myself.

Prince. Go and call the Sheriff in.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff, what business you will like to have with me ?

Sher. First excuse me my lord. There is a lot of hue and cry among men in their house.

Prince. What men do you mean ?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord.
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here ;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee 470
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal :
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my, lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable ; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not ? 48

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's Go,
call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff ! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his
pockets. [*He searched his Pockets : and findeth certain
papers.*] What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be : read them. 490

Peto. [<i>Reads</i>]	Item, A capon,	2s. 2d.
	Item, Sauce,	4d.
	Item, Sack, two gallons,	5s. 8d.
	Item, Anchovies and sack after			
	super,	2s. 6d
	Item, Bread,	

Prince. O monstrous ! but one half-penny-worth of bread
to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is else, keep
close ; we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep

Sher. One of these men is well-known my gracious lord. He is very fat man.

Car. He is as fat as a lump of butter.

Prince. I assure you, that man is not here, because I myself had employed him, and I give you my word of honour, Sheriff that I must send him to you tomorrow by the dinner time latest. Not only he, if you want any other man, I will gladly send him to you. I stand surety for it, so now I request you to leave the place at once.

Sher. Yes my lord, I will go away from here. These two men are accused of having committed robbery to the tune of three hundred marks.

Prince. It might be possible. If he has really robbed the men, he should be punished well, good-bye.

Sher. Good night, my lord.

Prince. I think we must say good morning now.

Sher. Yes, I think it is 2 A. M.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and carrier.*]

Prince. He is the only rascal, known as well as Paul. Go and call him up.

Peto. Falstaff! He is fast asleep behind the curtain and snoring like a horse.

Prince. Listen, how hardly does he breathe? Search his pockets. [He searches his pockets and discovers certain papers.] What have you found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let us see what these papers are. Read them.

Peto. [*Reads*] First item costs costing 2 sh. 2nd item two, costs 4 d.

Item three (wine 2 gallons) costing ... 5 sh. 8 d.

Item four (special wine to be taken after supper)
costing ... 2 sh. 6 d.

Item five (bread) costing ... 1 d.

Prince. O you monster, just half a penny worth of bread and so much wine! What is more there? Keep everything intact, she read them at some other time proper for the purpose. There let him sleep throughout the day.

till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and I know his death will be a march of twelve score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Peto. [Exeunt.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. 506

ACT III.

Scene I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, and our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower.
Will you sit down ?
And uncle Worcester : a plague upon it !
I have forget the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had, never been born. 20

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

I shall go to the court in the morning. We shall all be going to the wars and your place will be honourable. I shall procure this fate villain a charge of foot and I know that his death will be accompanied by procession. The money will be paid back again advantage. You must be with me in the morning and thus good morning Peto.

Peto Good morning my lord.

ACT III.

[Scene I. *Bangor. Archdeacon's house.*]

Mort. The prospects are good and the parties are reliable and our intentions are sure to be crowned with hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer and cousin Glendower, please be seated. And uncle Worcester : O the devil upon me ; I have forgotten the map.

Glend. No, here is the map. Cousin Percy, sit here and good cousin Hotspur, you also get yourself seated. Your name had often been referred to us by Lancaster. While he talked about you his cheek grew pale and sighed, as if he wished you dead.

Hot. And you in hell as often as he hears from Owen Glendower.

Glend. I cannot blame him. When I was born the front of sky was full of dreadful figures, which were flamboyant and at my birth the entire frame and foundation of earth shook as a timid person trembles.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same time when your mother's cat had given birth to kittens though at that time you had not been born.

Glend. I am sure the earth did tremble when I was born.

Hot. And I am sure the earth did not at all shake, nor did it frighten any body.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did trample.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire.
And not in fear of your nativity.
Disease nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
With her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

30

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner. 51

Mor. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;
But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

Glend. The entire sky was burning and the earth trembled.

Hot. O, it means that the earth being afraid of seeing the sky on fire, shook and not in the fear of yourself being born. Diseased nature often shows such signs in strange forms. Often the teeming earth gets argued with a kind of painful termour and it seems that wild wind is in the womb of the earth and wants to be freed out of it and struggles for the same. So it seems that the earth with a'l its towers and palaces shakes. So at your built the earth must have shaken tremendously in the above manner.

Glend. Cousin, of most men I do not hear such cross-signs. Please allow me to tell you again that at my birth the front part of heaven was full of dreadful shapes. The wild goats ran from mountains and the herds of sheep, making frightened cries ran to the fields in fear. These signs proved that my birth was not ordinary rather it had on extra ordinary sharp. And all these extra-ordinary happenings denote that I am not of the common human stock. I am the pupil of that spirit which guides the sea-shore all around Britain and that spirit had instructed me, rather I was born out of the womb of that spirit.

Hot. I think there is no man who can speak Welsh language better than I.

Mor. I think cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call those spirits from the depth of the sea, surrounding Britain.

Hot. Why ? I can also do the same. But do you think that you can call those spirit whenever you like.

Glend. Why not ; cousin I can teach you to command even the devil.

Hot. I can teach you cousin how to make the Devil ashamed.

By telling truth : tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil !

Mor. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootles home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !
How 'scaps he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map : shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en ? 71

Mor. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally :
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto
By south and east is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower ; and, dear coz. to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn ; 80
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen. 90

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords :
And in my conduct shall your ladies come ;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed

I can make the devil ashamed by telling him the truth, I can make the Devil ashamed. If you have the power to bring him here. I can swear that I have the power to make him ashamed and turn him out of this place.

Mor. Come, come, there is no more need of these useless talks.

Glend. Henry Bolingbroke made his dashing attack against my power three times. Three times I sent him back from the sandy bottomed banks of River Wye and Severn. He was driven bootless and frustrated, back.

Hot. He went home without boots and that too in such a bad and clumsy weather. How he shakes in fear hearing the name of devil ?

Glend. Come, here is the map. Shall we divide out right according to our three-fold order ?

Mor. It has already been divided by Archdeacon into three equal parts. England is divided between Trent and Severn and South and East have been assigned to me. The whole of Wales beyond the Severn shores and western parts, including fertile tract of land, have been assigned to Glendower, and the remaining part of Scotland lying from the eastern side of Trent, has been given to your share, dear cousin. Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I and Lord Worcester will go out to meet your father and the Scottish power. My father and the Scottish chief who are not yet ready to have any contact with you, will be persuaded to go also. In the mean while you should draw together all your friends and tenants and all the neighbouring gentlemen to strengthen your cause.

Glend. Very soon I shall meet you my lords and in my conduct your ladies will come, from when you must escape and take leave to go, or else they will weep a lot, shedding tears like rain. Wives would weep at their separation from their husband.

Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100
I 'll have the current in this place demm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly ;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

Mor. Yes, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
and then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I 'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

Glend. I 'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then ; speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ; 120
For I was train'd up in the English court ;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart :
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Hot. I think, my share, from North of Burton is not so much as of yours. See how this river will prove troublesome to us and cuts my right from the best and most fertile parts of the land. As soon as there is full moon in the sky there will be rise and flow of the tides of the river causing flood. On the other hand, the river, which falls in your share will be tame, and gentle; thus there will be no fear of damage on your part. I wish I could have robbed you of your share which is so fertile.

Glend. Not wind? What do you say? There must be cyclone.

Mor. Yes, but mark how he bears his course and runs towards me with a similar advantage on the other side flowing showly opposing the mountain, as you walk by.

Wor. Yes, but a little check will trench him here and would flow towards the north, there then would be no cause of panic on my part. After that the river will flow quite straight and tamed. No fear then.

Hot. Yes, I shall have that so, a little care will be enough.

Glend. I shall not get it changed.

Hot. Will you not?

Glend. No, neither I nor should you.

Hot. Who can say such things to me.

Glend. Why, it is I, who can say such things to you.

Hot. Please speak in welish accent as I do not understand English properly.

Glend. I can speak English my lord as clearly as you can, because I was trained in the British court when in my youth. I was taught to sing many English songs, and thus I was well versed in English language. This is indeed a virtue on my part.

Hot. Marry, and I am really glad to know that you are well versed in English language.

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
I had rather hear a brazen capstick turn'd, 130
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well deserving friend ;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
'Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ? 140

Glend. The moon shines fair ; you may away by night :
I'll haste writer and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence :
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies
And of a dragon and a finless fish. 150
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what ;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys ; I cried, 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live 160
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman.

I rather wish to hear the sound of a brazen capstick turned or of a dry wheel, producing cracking round on the axle-tree ; in that case I would not be filled with rage. But I dislike to hear mincing poetry. This kind of poetry is just like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come you will have Trent turned.

Hot. I do not care ; I shall give three times as much land to any well-deserving friend, but as a bargain, please learn from me, I will cavil on the ninth part of a hair. Have the indentures been drawn ? should we now go from this place ?

Glend. The moon is shining beautifully, you may go to-night. I shall just manage to write something to your wives and arrange for your departure from here. I am afraid my daughter will become mad at her separation from Mortimer.

[Exit.]

Mort. Shame cousin Percy. How you have crossed my father.

Hot. I cannot select. Sometimes he makes me angry by telling me stories about moldwarp and the ant, sometimes of the magician Merline and his prophecies and sometimes of dragon and a finless fish, sometimes of a griffin and a black crow, sometimes of a lion and a jumping cat and more of such things which shake me from my faith, listen, last night he held me up at least for nine hours in telling me the several names of devil. I requested him not waste my time by these useless things. But he did not listen to me and went on repeating the same. O, he is a fatiguing and tiresome fellow, just like a tired horse or a too much talkative wife. I wish that I had lived with cheese and garlic in a windmill rather than have him in the house, talking all the time, I have not seen such a fellow in the whole of England.

Mort. But in reality he is a worthy gentleman.

Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
 And wondrous affable and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope
 when you come ' cross his humour; faith, he does : 176
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof :
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame :
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault ;
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,— 180
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain :
 The least of which haunting a nobleman
 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd : good manners be your speed !
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 190

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me ;
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps : she will not part with you ;
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and
 she answers him in the same.]*

He is exceedingly educated and scholarly studied in many arts. He is also as brave as a lion and wonderfully generous and immensely affable in his behaviour, and as beautiful as the gold mines of India. Do you know cousin that he holds your temper in a high respect and makes himself surrender to you meekly when you come across his humour. I can say with confidence that man is not alive (as might have been possible) to ordinary and mean tactics. He may venture anything for you. But now I do not want to prolong this topic. Come, let me entreat you.

Wor. In fact, my lord you are not to be blamed (rather you are above blame), and since your coming to this place has made him exhausted in his patience, you must also learn some lesson, my lord, as to amend or reform your faults. No doubt this attitude of yours sometimes shows your greatness, courage and vanity—and there are the dearest rogues of your grace—yet often all these things produce harshness and rage in you. Moreover these things exhibit your defect in manner, want of control, haughtiness, pride and contempt. These things are apt to corrupt the mind of a gentleman (or a noble man). These defects make a noble man fall in the eyes of others and deprive him of all kinds of praise and recommendation.

Hot. Well, I have learnt a lesson. Here come our wives and let us now take our leave.

(Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.)

Mort. This is the worst hatred that makes me enraged. My wife cannot speak English at all and I cannot speak Welsh language.

Glend. My daughter is weeping. She does not want to be separated from you. She want to go to the war as a soldier with you.

Mort. My good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy will go after you immediately.

Glend. She is desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
one that no persuasion can do good upon.

[The lady speaks in Welsh.]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens 200
I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad. 210

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this !

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Beins his golden progress in the east. 220

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing :
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hail in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down : come,
quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. *[The music plays.]*

Glend. She is almost desperate here and so no amount of pursuation can change her intention.

[The lady speaks in Welsh.]

Mort. I can understand your looks, you beautiful Welsh girl ; your expressions are divine, and I feel ashamed that I cannot enjoy such a noble talk with you.

[The lady again speaks in Welsh.]

I know the worth of your kisses and you, too, must know the same of my kisses. But I shall never dare to love you unless I learn Welsh language, because your Welsh tongue produces such a sweet tune which is like the finest song sung by a beautiful queen sitting in a summer garden, playing an enchanting lay on her flute.

Glend. No, if you melt, then she will become mad.

[The lady again speaks in Welsh.]

Mort. O, I do not know anything about your talks.

Glend. She tells you that you should lie down on the playful rushes and keep your gentle head upon her lap, and she will sing the song that will fill you with joy, and lull you asleep. She will charm you so much that you will enjoy heavenly pleasure and dream heavenly things.

Mort. Of course I shall sit and hear your song with all my heart. By that time, I think our task will be over.

Glend. Do so, and these musicians who will sing the song to you will charm thousands of spirits of the air and keep them hanging, and these heavenly spirits will come down to you on the earth. So sit and listen her song.

Hot. Come Kate, you are perfect in lying down. Be quick, quick, so that I may lay my head in your lap.

(The music plays.)

Lady P. Go, you giddy goose.

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ; 230
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours, Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault. 240

Lady P. Now God help thee ! What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings [*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! Heart ! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. "Not you, in good sooth", and 'as true as I live', and 'as God shall mend me', and 'as sure as day', And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury. Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, 250
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth',
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours ; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer ; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go. 260
By this our book is drawn ; we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

Hot. Now I see, the devil understands Welsh, but he is very humorous. By your lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you do nothing but playing music and be controlled by your own humour lie down you thief and hear the lady sing to you in Welsh language.

Hot. I would rather hear her sing. I know Irish.

Lady P. Would you like to have your head brother ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then he quiet.

Hot. Neither. It is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now let God only help you. What is that ?

Hot. Be silent. She sings [Here the lady sings a Welsh song]

Hot. Come Kate. I shall also have your song.

Lady P. Not mine really.

Hot. Not your song ! really ? My sweet heart, you swear as if you were a tailor's wife. Not you really and not so truly as I do. God shall make me reformed as surely as we are assured of day. I want that you should live with me, Kate and must not go anywhere beyond Finsbury. Swear me Kate as a gracious and noble lady, as you are. You must make an oath, come and sing the song to me.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. You are behaving like a tailor or an unskilled teacher. And now the list has been drawn. I shall be going away in a couple of hours, and then you may come to me at your own sweet will.

Glend. Come, come Lord Mortimer. You are as slow as the hot Lord Percy is eager to go away. Now our book has been drawn. Now I shall slip away secretly and then I shall ride off immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[Goes away]

SCENE II *London. The palace.**Enter the King, Prince Of Wales, and others*

King. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference : but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. [Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, 10
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charged withal ;
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee ! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,

SCENE II *London. The Place**Enter the King, Prince Of Wales, and others*

King. Lords now please go and leave us alone, because myself and the Prince of Wales would have some private conference. But you should be just near us, as we may need you immediately. I do not know what dis-service or disobedience, I have done to God that I am faced with these troubles and misfortunes. But you must be satisfied with this remark that in case I have done any offence to God, the rod of Heaven would punish me. Tell me then how could such mean and vulgar desires, such scandalous and perverse attempts such crooked and dirty nature, be incubated in your blood. How could a heart that should have been princely find such low and mean elements.

Prince. As you please my majestic father. I am confident of changing myself to the good and noble aspects. Doubtlessly I can change myself and turn a new leaf. However I beg to be forgiven of all my dark and scandalous attitude that I have been showing to you and all others. I have many stories and arguments which I can give you as an excuse, but these stories are to unworthy of reaching ears of great persons. There are many rumours also about me, spread by rumour-mongers. But it is a fact (and I admit) that in my youth I was really corrupted and led an indisciplined and irregular life. But now I confess all these and beg, sincerely, to be pardoned for the same.

King. May God pardon you ! yet let me feel some wonder, Harry, at your affections, which are clear proof of your heritage from your ancestors you have lost your seat in the council, due to your leading a wicked life and that the same place has been assigned to your younger brother.

And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood :
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,

40

Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at ;
That men would tell their children 'This is he ;'
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke ?'

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouth,

50

Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And wan by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;

60

[The king continues] You are quite a stranger to the chosen people of the court and princes of our lineage. There **is** absolutely no hope of yourself being reconciled to the members of the royal court. Had I myself been so scandalously unpopular and infamous among my own men, had I moved in such a vulgar company as you move, I would not have wished for the crown, rather I would have gladly courted banishment and would not have seen the face of any man ; nor would I move about in the society. But like a comet I would have wandered outside the kingdom so that men could say to their children, "Look he is now changed", Others would say, "Where is he ?, who is Bolingbroke ?"

And then I would have stolen all courtesy heaven and got myself driven in such a sober and humble way. In this way, by changing myself entirely and reforming my abuses and draw-backs. I would have once again tried to win the popularity of my people and become beloved and popular in their eyes. I would have maintained solemnity and gravity and would not have indulged in all soils of jesting and clownish type of merry-making. I would not have then blotted the name of my father (the dead king) by mixing in the company of cheap type of people and this way making the name of my ancestors dark-blotted I would not have walked about in the company of gaping fools, who would have made me lie down before the eyes of royalty. This is the way of making ourself cheap and degraded and also making the royal name and renown of my ancestors degraded and profaned. I would not have reduced myself to a common fop—a man of the street. This is not the correct way of winning popularity. [The speech of the king is continued].

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
As sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extra ordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou ;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation : not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince, I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession ;
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on

[The king continues] This sort of popularity which certain crooked persons want to exhibit, is daily swallowed up by men's eyes and being over-fed with sweetness (i. e. honey) at last are being hated and do not have any taste for sweetness at all. Such type of a person is just like the cuckoo bird, seen in June. When the cuckoo sings before June, i. e. in spring every body is enchanted and charmed with its music, but in summer, when the people have already been fed up with the song of cuckoo, no one takes heed of its song'. Again, the sun which shines so majestically all through the noon, yet people seldom care to look at it. But when it is cloudy people look at the sky since there is no glaze. In the way, Harry, the swindlers try to degrade and obscure really talented people. And my son Harry, your position, too; is exactly the same. You have lost your privilege, i. e. no one is going to be attracted by you. There is not a single eye, except of your own company, which likes to look at your face. It will be foolishness in my part if I still go on loving you blindly.

Prince. My three times gracious father. I shall now try to be reformed.

King. As you are now, so was Richard when I came from France and set my foot on the soil of Ravenspurgh, and as I am now, so was Percy at that time. Now I can swear on my royal stick, on my soul that he has greater respect in the state than you have—though you are the would-be-ruler of England. He has shown such marvellous feats of gallantry and victory on the battle-fields that all over the kingdom his name is almost worshipped and adored. Though he is of your age, he guides and advises even wisest of bishops and leads the n to the right path.

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath the got
Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital 110
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ :
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up. 120
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee ?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate,

Prince. Do not think so ; you shall not find it so :
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd 130
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son :
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it :
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140

[The King continues] What has he got to leave behind as immortal honour in the battles and skirmishes against famous Douglas, whose gallant deeds, warm incursions and great name as a fighter make him play the role of superiority over all other soldiers. Hotspur has his renown and renown three times greater all over the land, where christians live. This young warrior may be compared to Mars (the Roman God of chivalry. He was chosen by Douglas who trained him up in this art and made him his friend. All these things were done for creative civil war and for disturbing peace of the land. They aimed at shaking the pillars of the Government (Throne) Now what do you say of all this ? Our opponents include Percy, Northumberland, The Archbishop of York, Douglas, Mortimer but why I am telling you about these news ? But of all the opponents, it is Harry, Who is my bitterest enemy though he is at the same time my dearest and nearest. And you, who maintains all worthless qualities and who is paid slave of Percy, dare fight against me ? Do you not know how much degraded and mean you have become—worse than a dog ?

Prince. Please do not think so ; you will not find it so. May God forgive those people who, for such a long time, have diverted my attention from you. I shall redeem all this on the head of Percy, and on some glorious day I shall have courage and boldness to claim myself as your worthy son, father. And this day will be when I shall lie blood-stained on the battlefield, and with this mark of blood all the traits of my corrupt and worthless nature will disappear and my shame will also vanish. Then I shall also be praised and admired as gallant. Hotspur is praised and acclaimed as a knight.

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here :
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

150

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old ;
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;
On Thursday we ourselves will march : our meeting

And your neglected Harry, per chance, would meet you with every kind of honour on his laurels, and though to the common men I would still be looked down upon with shame. That time is not far off when I shall make this Scottish youth exchange his glorious deeds for my indignities. Percy is my benefactor, good my lord. He can engross up glorious deeds on my behalf. And then I shall call him to a such a strict account that he will render every item of glory up and then I shall tear off the very cord of his glory. This promise I am making to you before God. As he gets off his glories, I shall become more and more appreciable in your eyes and I request to your majesty to heal up the wounds of my leading a corrupt life. I must keep this promise of mine to the very end, and if I do not, let me have a thousand kinds of torturing death.

King. As you are to take the reins of my Government, note that there are one hundred thousand rebels.

Enter Blunt.

Hullo ! my good Blunt ! It seems that you are in a hurry.

Blunt. Yes, my lord, I have come in a speed to convey the message to you. Lord Mortimer of Scotland has sent you the word that Douglas and the English rebel-lords met on the eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury and that they have a mighty and formidable band of soldiers that they might do every kind of foul-play, unknown in Britain.

King. The earl of Northumberland has set forth today and with him is my son, Lord John of Lancaster and in about four days time they will be at the destination. Harry, you should also march onward on Wednesday and we ourselves will start on Thursday. So our next meeting will be in Bridgenorth.

Is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire ; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let 's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt]

Scene III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a church ! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. 9

Bard. Sir. John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it : make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough ; swore little ; dined not above seven times a week ; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times ; lived well and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John. 19

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life : thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it as many

[The king continues] and Harry, you shall march through Gloucestershire, and after hard toil of some twelve days from today our main forces will meet at Bridgenorth. We are much eager and serious of our purposes. Let us move away; it is no use making delay, because advantage is waiting for us.

(Leave the stage)

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Have I not been down-cast very meanly especially after the last action? ofcourse, because my skin is hanging about me like the loose gown: of an old lady. Have I been withered (reduced to thin-ness) like a rotten apple? Now ofcourse I will repent and get suddenly when I shall be out of my mind, there will not be any power in me for repenting. I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of. I am the horse of a wine brewer, and my heart is just like the inside of a church. I have nothing except company of bad and wicked people.

Bard. Sir John, you are so full of fret; you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: make me cheerful. I was full of virtues of a gentleman, I was a born gentleman. But I corrupted myself. I played card at least seven time a week. What ever money, I borrowed, was spent on dice. I borrowed money again and again to make up my show. But now I am entirely out of order; I am out of compass totally.

Bard. Sir John, why are you so fat that you must think yourself to be out of compass? I say, out of all reasonable compass sir.

Fal. First of all, you should amend your face and then I shall amend (correct) my habit of telling lie. You are our commander, the smallest light in the darkness for us. I can ascribe to you the title of the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Sir John, my face does not give you any harm.

Fal. No, I can swear; I make as good use of it as many times as a man makes use of the very name of death.

a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori : I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be 'By this fire, that 's Gods angel : ' but thou art altogether given over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years ; God reward me for it !

42

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly !

Bal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be beart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen ! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John ? do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man be man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

51

Fal. Ye lie, hostess : Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I ? no ; I defy thee : God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John ; you owe me money, Sir John ; and

[Falstaff continues] I never see your face, but I think of the fire of hell and Dives who lived in gold, as I think of your face. Dives in his golden robes get burnt and burnt. It means, even wearing golden hue, he has no virtue. So is the case with you. Thus, I have determined not to swear on your face. Henceforth my swearing (or oath) shall be "By this fire that is God's angel". But you are utterly a perverted fellow; instead of giving light to others your face gives darkness to others, when you went to Gadshill at night to snatch away my horse, I cared not even two penny to check you. O you are an eternal source of victory, rather an everlasting fire, which is burnt to symbolise a victory. You have saved me a thousand marks (coin) while walking from me drinking place to the other. But the suck which you have drunk me would have enabled me to buy lights from the dearest chandler's shops in Europe. I have endured your company during the last thirty two years. May God give me reward for it.

Bard. Fool, I wish my face were in your belly !

Fal. Mercy O God ! So sure should I be of you.

Enter Hostess

What about your hen, Dame Partlet ? Have you inquired who picked my pocket ?

Host. What are you saying Sir John ? Do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched and inquired for my husband, and all persons here ; so for no one has ever lost even a piece of hair in my house.

Fal. You are telling lie Hostess. Bardolph was shaved of his hair many a time and so I can swear that I got my pocket picked. Go, you are a woman (what shall I say to you ?)

Host. Who ? I ? I disobey you. God is witness, I was never insulted in this way in my house before.

Fal. Go, I know you quite well.

Host. No Sir John, you have not recognized me. I know you owe me money.

now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back. 61

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing. 69

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would eudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. 80

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras I had my pocket picked. 91

[*Hostess continues*] You pick up quarrel and make me imitated. Do you know I have bought a dozen shirts for you with my money ?

Fal. You filthy liar. I have given all these shirts away to the wives of bakers and they used them for burning fire.

Host. Now I am a truthful lady. I owe you eight shillings only while you (Sir John) owe me money, besides, for your diet and drinking, cash amount also, which I lent you—twenty-four pounds.

Fal. He had a part of that loan ; let him pay.

Host. He ! he is too poor to pay the money.

Fal. Is he poor ? Look at his face. Does he not look rich ; coins are in his cheeks, at his toes : I shall not pay you even a penny. What shall you do with me ? I shall make complaint that my pocket has been picked in your inn. I shall say that I have lost a ring of forty marks here.

Host. O Jesus Christ ! I have heard so many times the Prince say that it (the ring) was made of copper.

Fal. How ! the prince himself is a fop, a thorough cheat. If he were here I would have beaten him with a stick just like a dog.

Enter the Prince and Peto

How now my boy ! Do you think that the wind is favourable for our march ?

Bard. Yes, two and two. Newgate fashion (playing cards).

Host. My lord, please listen to me.

Prince. What do you say madam quickly ? How is your husband ? I love him well and he is an honest man.

Host. My good lord please hear me.

Fal. Please let her be alone ; then you must listen to me.

Prince. What do you say Jack ?

Fal. Last night I fell asleep in the house and my pocket was picked off.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack ?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me Hal ? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord ; and I said I heard your grace say so : and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is ; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What ! he did not ? 100

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune ; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox ; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing ? what thing ?

Fal. What thing ! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it ; I am an honest man's wife : and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so. 111

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou ?

Fal. What beast ! why, an otter ?

Prince. An otter, Sir John ! why an otter ?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh ; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so : thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou ! 120

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess ; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ! a million : thy love is worth a million : thou owest me thy love.

Prince. Jack, what did you lose ?

Fal. Will you believe me Hal ? I have lost three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and also a seal-ring which belonged to my grandfather.

Prince. It is an ordinary thing ; it involves only eight pennies.

Host. So did I tell him my lord and I told him that your goodself had also said the same. But my lord he speaks very mean of you as foul and dirty as his mouth is. He also threatened to beat you with a stick.

Prince. What do you say ? No he did not say so.

Host. If I speak lie it means I have no grace of womanhood.

Fal. There is no more truth in you than in a stewed prune, nor is it as much as in a fox. Regarding your grace of womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to you. Please go away you.....such a thing.

Host. What thing am I ?

Fal. What thing ? You must thank God for what you are.

Host. I am nothing to thank God upon that. I wish that you should know about it. I am the wife of an honest man and you are yourself a knave, who calls me knave.

Fal. Leaving aside your womanhood, you are as much a beast as can be.

Host. You knave, tell me what kind of beast I am.

Fal. Beast ! You are an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John what kind of beast is an otter ?

Fal. She is neither a fish nor a human being. A man does not know how to have her.

Host. You are a dishonest man in saying so.

Prince. You are right hostess, and he speaks very ill of you.

Host. Of course he does my lord ; and the other day he said that you are to pay him one thousand pounds.

Prince. Well, do I owe you one thousand pounds ?

Fal. Not one thousand pound but a million. Your love is worth a million pounds.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ? 130

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper : darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest; as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break. 141

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine ; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! why, thou impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : art thou not ashamed ? 151

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket ?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad, how is that answered ? 163

Host. No my lord, he nicknamed you as Jack and said that he would beat you with a stick.

Fal. Did I say so Bardolph ?

Bard. Yes, sir John you did say so.

Fal. If he really said then my ring, is not of gold but of copper.

Prince. I say your ring is of copper. Can you dare to be as good as your words are ?

Fal. Why Hal, you know as you are a man. But as you are the son of king, I fear you will growl and roar.

Prince. And why should I not roar like a lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Do you think that I shall fear you as much I fear your father ? No.

Prince. If I really exercise my princely powers, where would you hide all your clever tricks your heart, I know, is full of clever tricks and mischiefs. You are accusing an honest woman of having picked up your pocket. Why you impertinent rascal said all these things, when your pocket is quite empty and except one single penny worth of sugar candy there is absolutely nothing, and then you are charging an innocent woman of having picked your pocket, boasting of your pocket being filled with money. I am a villain and you will stand to it. Are you not ashamed of your conduct ?

Fal. Do you hear Hal ? You are just as innocent as was Adam and on account of which he fell from Paradise. Do you not confer that you had picked my pocket too ?

Prince. It appears from fiction and not from reality.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive you. Go and make breakfast ready. You must go on doing your house hold duties regularly, i. e. loving your husband and children. I am still contented. Now please go away, I request you. Now Hal, what about the news of the court ?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee : the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too. 171

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ! O for a finethief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous : I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph !

Bard. My lord ? 180

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John ; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit. Bardolph*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse ; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ; 189
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my breakfast, come !
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [*Exit.*]

ACT IV

Scene I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth
in this fine age were not thought flattery,

Prince. O my sweet beef, I am still as good to you as an angel. The money is paid back again.

Fal. I do not like this sort of paying the money back. is a double labour.

Prince. I am in friendly terms with my father and can do anything.

Fal. The first thing that you are capable of is to rob me of my wealth in such a trick that no one can detect you.

Bard. Yes, do so my lord.

Prince. I have procured for you Jack an armed guard.

Fal. I wished the guard would have been a horse man (a cavalier) A foot solddier, i. e. an infantry man of the age of twenty six is a thief, I am very badly and insultingly provided with a guard. Well, may thanks to God for sending these rebels, these rebels do not offend the vular or bad character but only the virtuous people. I, therefore, praise them.

Prince. Bardolph !

Bard. Yes my lord.

Prince. Go take this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John and this letter to my lord Westmoreland. Peto, you should go and get a horse, because you and I will have to ride about 30 miles from here and reach the Temple Hall tomorrow of 2 P. M. There you will know what business we shall have to do. We shall receive there money and other materials. The land is burning. Percy is standing very high, and either, we or he shall have to.

Fal. Of course sir, your order is to be carried out at once. Let us make monument in the drinking place.

ACT IV.

Scene I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. My noble Scotsman, you have said quite decently, In this fine age no we should believe in flattery.

Such attribution should the Douglas have.
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.
 By God, I cannot flatter ; I do defy
 The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :
 Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Then art the king of honour : 10
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground
 But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he is grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick
 In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
 Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
 And at the time of my departure thence
 He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
 Ere he by sickness had been visited :
 His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
 The very life-blood of our enterprise ;
 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30
 He writes me here, that inward sickness—
 And that his friends by deputation could not
 So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
 On any soul removed but on his own.

Douglas will maintain such a dignified mood which no other soldiers of their season can claim to have. He should go so general current through the world. Really, I say; I am not a flatterer; by God I do not flatter. I challenge the words of these flatterers. Rather, I have a bold stamp of soldiership in my heart, as bold as your heart is. My lord, you must believe my words and approve of my courageous and bold stand.

Doug. You are the king of honour. I have not heard of any man like you in the world.

Hot. Do so and it is well.

Enter A Messenger with Letters.

What letter have you brought here? Let me thank you.

Mess. I have brought these letters from your father.

Hot. These letters are from king; why did he not come here himself?

Mess. He is unable to come sir, because he is seriously sick.

Hot. Ho! How could he be sick in such a busy time? Who is looking after the Government?

Mess. From his letters you will come to know about his mind.

Wor. Please tell whether he is on bed.

Mess. Yes, he was on bed four days before I started from the court. His physicians were nervous about him.

Wor. I wish that the state of affairs should have been made clear before the issue of his illness is revealed. And I wish that his health is not better today than what it was four days ago.

Hot. Now he is sick and then his condition will sink down. His sickness is infecting the entire process of our adventure. He writes that I should go to him and that I should have advice from his ministers and other counsellors. There would be some worse situation and for that we must be prepared at the very beginning.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us ;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ? 40

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :
And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it : were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes. 50

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion :
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here. 60
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70

(Hot. continues) Yet his illness indicates very prominently that we shall be favoured with. From his letters it is estimated that there is no quailing now, because the king is certainly possessed (i.e. known) of all our intentions. What is your opinion ?

War. Your father's illness is the main topic of discussion for us.

Hot. A dangerous gash and a very part of body chopped off ; and yet in reality it is not so. What he wants for the present is something else. The question is about the distribution of wealth in such a doubtful and uncertain time. It is not the proper time for this, though in the letters we find the very essence of all his future intentions. And yet on his death we are to think of our entire fortune and wealth that we may have in future.

Doug. Really, and so we should. Let us live in the optimistic and hopeful state for the time being till the final moment arrives. There is some comfort even in their thought.

Hot. If we think and speculate too much upon such thoughts about future we shall not get any peace whether in the faverus, clubs or in our own homes.

Wor. But still I wish that your father should have been here. The quality and the crux of our attempt ; i e. we cannot tolerate that there should be any disunity among us and that we might be compelled to get our purpose dis-integrated. There is some concern or amenity about the fact that we are away from the king. We are not wise, nor are we obedient or loyal to the king, so people think that we are unworthy of king's service. Such an apprehensive may turn the entire table of our purpose up and down. We know that some important and decisive part we are to play soon.

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head 80
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ? 90

Ver, And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms ;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ; 100

(*Wor. continues*) And let us stop where we are and apply reason to guide our final judgment. Your father's absence, coupled with his illness, draws us to an apprehension and a fear, which we never even imagined in the past.

Hot. You reflect too much. I, on my part, do not take any serious view of my father's absence. On the contrary my father's absence and illness give me the indication that our enterprise is to be crowned with success in a greater speed than what it could have been, had your father been here. Men must think and form a favourable opinion about our capacity of dashing our enterprises even when we are away from the king and unaided by him. For all these will be really fruitful in case we stand united and unshaken.

Doug. So far we can think there has not been spoken such a word in Scotland as this word of fear has been uttered today.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. Welcome, cousin Vernon by my soul.

Ver. Let, by the grace of God, the news that I am bringing prove worthy of welcome. The Earl of Westmoorland with seven thousand strong soldiers is marching towards you. Prince John is with him.

Hot. No fear. What more news ?

Ver. I have also learnt that the king himself (personally) has started with a very strong and powerful preparation ; *i.e.* he is well-prepared for the task.

Hot. He, too, will be welcome. Where is his son ; —*i.e.* the nimble-footed madcap, the Prince of Wales and his followers who dashed the world aside and bid it pass.

Ver. They are all well-prepared and all of them are armed. They are wearing plumes on their helmets and look like eagles, bathed freshly and shining in golden coat of arms ; they look like fine statues of ancient heroes.

As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110

Hot. No more, no more : worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 Upto the ears in blood. I am on fire
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
 O that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be : 130
 My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily :
 Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily,

They are full of fresh spirit and vigour like the month of May and as bright and dazzling as the sun of June, playful as young goats and as wild as young bulls. I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, his cuisses falling down his thighs, bravely armed ; he rises from the ground as majestically as the star Mercury and filled with such consolation and satisfaction, as to be compared with an angel dropped down from heaven on the flying horse Pegasus and guides the world with his wonderful display of horsemanship.

Hot. No more, please no more. More praise will cause shaking and trembling. Let them come. They are coming as if to get themselves sacrificed in the terrible smoke of war. The only thing that we can offer them is their wound and death. The entire day from dusk to dawn they will be bleeding through and through. I am overbrimmed with a new spirit and fervour to meet and challenge this adventurous moment. Let me see how my horse can run and who is to take me like a thunder-bolt against the heart of the Prince of Wales. We will march and fight neck to neck, horse to horse. I wish that Glendower were here.

Ver. There is more news. As I was riding I learnt that Worcester would not draw his force at least for fifteen days.

Doug. This news is the worst that I have ever heard.

Wor. And by my honour, this news give me a chilly disappointment.

Hot. What is your estimate of the strength of king's army ?

Ver. About thirty thousand.

Hot. Let them be forty thousand soldiers. My father and Glendower being both away, we shall have to make our own defence. Come let us call up and arrange our soldier speedily. Doomsday is approaching ; let us die happily.

Doug. Talk not of dying : I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [Exit.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum : such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores ; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient : and such

Doug. Do not talk of death, I am not the least afraid of death.

SCENE II. *A Public road Near Coventry*

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

Fal. Bardolph, run to coventry and give me a bottle of wine, our soldiers shall march through. Tonight we shall be reaching Sutton.

Bard. Captain, will you give me money ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. The bottle of wine makes me an angel.

Fal. And if you so wish, hve it as your reward for the labour. Take them all and I shall pay the price. Instruct my assistant Peto to meet me at the end of the town.

Bard. I will do so my lord. Farewell.

Fal. If I am not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soured gurnet. I have made wrong use of kings press in an awkward manner. In exchange of one hundred and fifty soldiers I have received some three hundred pounds. These soldiers were drawn from the lowest and most ordinary class of people, rather these soldiers are slaves, who do not possess any martial and fighting calibre. They are like wild ducks having no individual initiative of their own. I enjoyed every kind of comfort while recruiting these men for the kings army. These men have only big bellies and little hearts, i. e. they know only to eat and drink and are unfit for any military service. There are some retired old corporals, but they are too old and infirm for the purpose. They are like Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton dogs lick the sores and wounds on his body. Indeed these persons were never meant to perform the work of a soldier. Some of these men are those, who have been disowned by their parents for being morally wrecked and corrupt. They are not at all honest nor do they have any sense of honour or martial prestige.

have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. 44

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals. 60

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

[Falstaff continues] The soldiers whom I have engaged for the king's army are worthless and good for nothing. They are all tattered in morale, prodigals, like those who lived and ate with swines. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me that I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No one has ever seen such a terribly dreadful sight of scare-crows. I shall not march with these soldiers through coventry, this is certain. These people, most of whom had spent long period in prisons, cannot even walk straight: they walk hoppingly like a prisoner whose legs are fettered. In my entire company there are very few soldiers who are properly dressed: the rest are very shabbily dressed.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now you Jack, you quilt of a man!

Fal. What Hal! you mad wag! How like a devil you live in Warwickshire? O, my good lord Westmoreland, I beg your mercy. I thought that your goodself were already at Shrewsbury.

West. True Sir John. It is more than the time I were here. The king wants all of us; he is in search of us. So we must be off tonight.

[West is under the impression that the party is afraid of the king: so he wants them to be off.]

Fal. Pooh! pooh! I never fear all these. I am as cautious and watchful as a cat when she steals cream.

Prince. I think to steal cream indeed, because your theft has already made butter of you. But tell me Jack who these fellows are who have come here.

Fal. They have come after me Hal.

Prince. I have never seen such condemnable rascals as they are.

Fal. Stop, stop, good enough to toss. These people are just like food for powder—food for powder. They are rather meant for filling a pit as well as something greater. They are coward people, who are ever afraid of death.

West. Ay, but, Sis John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. 71

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.]

Scene III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

West. Yes, but sir John, I think they are extremely poor and ill—provisioned, rather beggars,

Fal. In reality they are poor, I do not know how they come so poor. As regards their nakedness I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I can swear unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare, But I say, make haste. Percy has already arrived at the field.

Fal. What ? Has the king camped at the battle field ?

West. Yes, he has camped sir John; I fear we shall stay too long,

Eal. Well, it fits a dull fighter and a keen guest to stick to the end of a fight or the end of a dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene. III *The rebel camp.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas and Vernon.

Hot. We shall fight with the king to-night.

Wor. It may not be,

Doug. You give him that benefit.

Ver. Not at all; never.

Hot. Why do you say so ? Does he not stand in need of supply.

Ver. So do we stand in need.

Hot. His is certain though ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin be advised, do not move about to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not give right short of advice. You speak it out of fear and chicken heartedness.

Ver. Do not slander me Douglas, By my life I swear that I shall never tolerate this sort of accusaton and slandering of course a respect invoking advice may give me satisfaction. If I hold as little counsel with weak and fear—stricken heart, then let it be seen tomorrow on the battle field with the Scots let us see who takes the upper hand in the battle.

Doug. Yea., or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: 20
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest,

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth curs :
For God's sake, consin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Even your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed megesty. 40
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
Yon conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Doug. Yes, or to-night.

Ver. Be silent.

Hot. I say, to-night.

Ver. All right, let it not be. I wonder much, being men of such great leadership as you are, how strange that you drag yourself and ourselves back from our such a great and serious adventure on these trifles. Certain horses of my cousin Vernon have not yet arrived, though your uncle Worcester's horse came here today just now. And now their pride and spirit of bravery are silent. Their courage with hard labour has become so tame and dull that not a horse is as full of vigour as a skeleton.

Hot. So, the horses of the enemy on account of having a long journey, have become tired and not of spirit, while our horses, having obtained rest are quite fresh,

Wor. The number of king's horses is greater than our horses. For God's sake cousin, say what we should do, there is still time to think.

[The trumpet sounds.]

Enter Sir Walter Blunt

Blunt. If you allow me safety, I shall tell you what gracious offers I have brought from the king.

Hot. you are welcome sir walter Blunt. By God you have been so much attached to our affection as well as to those who have a grudge against you (i. e. they are also attracted by you). There is because you are not a villain like ourselves and are contrary to us—as our enemies are.

Blunt. Let God protect me. I shall stand true to my faith. So long you stand against the king, my master and his dominion, I shall be your staunch enemy. The king has sent me to know the nature of your complaint and he wants me to know as to why you are out to declare civil war and there by wreck the internal peace of the kingdom. Why are you so cruelly and hostilely bent upon doing their unpatriotic deed.

Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with enterest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay,
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60

He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.

He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 83

rics cut upon abuses, seems to weep

[Blunt Continues] It the king does try to remove your Complaints, then ? He has instructed me to tell you that you should forgot all the past happenings and that he wants you to mention all your complaints and that you should go to him to explain all these ; he will grant you and others who have been misled by you, a generous measure of pardon.

Hot. The king is very kind to us, and we also know how he promises and how he keeps up the promise. My father and uncle as well as my self have been loyal to the king. When he was sick wretched and full of poverty and misery and a rebel and an out of law my father gave him welcome to the shore of England. And when he heard him swear and vow to God he went to the Duke of Lancaster and requested him to give him provisions of life and comfort of living. At that time he wept and shed tears to show that he was an innocent creature. This he did in order to make the heart of my father move with pity and grant him asylum. Thus he was warmly received by my father and given all sorts of help. Now when the barons and powerful Earls saw the Duke of Northumberland leaning to him, they also began to respect him every where—in towns, cities and boroughs, bridges and lanes (i.e. every where) They brought all sorts of gifts to place before him as homage, Then these lords and barons took oaths of obedience and loyalty to him and gave their sons to serve him as his body—guards. They gave him all their gold (i. e. their wealth). Then as his greatness began to increase, he turned a cold shoulder to my father, though his blood was inferior to that of my father. Since then his attitude has been full of pride and he has set upon changing even certain old customs which have been held so secret by the people. Thus the democracy (commonwealth) of England is crying for help against conceptions,

Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for ;
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king ; 90
Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state ;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board ;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ; 100
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw awhile.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle 110
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt.

Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Hot. Continues] The commonwealth is crying over the abuses, done in his country. At that time he showed an artificial fact of justice and pretended to do every kind of service to render the peoples grievances. In this way he won their favour and hearts. Not only this much ; he proceeded onward and made every one respected him till the Irish war commenced.

Blunt. Shut up ; I have not come here to listen to all these.

Hot. Then let us be on the point. Shortly after wards he turned the king away from the throne and then deprived of his life, i. e. killed him. In this way the entire kingdom was made topsy-turvy. He made plots, and by means of these plots he ensured all those who tried to check his powers. During the campaign in Wales he played the same tricks. When I was victorious in that campaign he disgraced me and tried to entrap me by cleverness. He dismissed my uncle from the Board of council and dismissed my father from the court. In this way he broke off one promise after the other and did one more act of injustice after the other, and ultimately he drove us away to seek this rebellion as a last result. And therefore we want him face to face in the battle-field. We know that there hostility will continue for a pretty long time.

Blunt. Should I give this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we shall soon withdraw ourselves from here. Go to the king and arrange some kind of surety for my safe return from his place. Then early in the morning my uncle shall tell him all about our purposes. Now good bye.

Blunt. I wish you be crowned with grace and love.
(of God)

Hot. And may you, to have the same grace and love.

Blunt. May God be with you.

SCENE IV. *York. The Archbishop's Palace.**Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.*

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal ;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch ; for sir, at Shrewsbury, 10
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry ; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear ;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together :
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt ; 30
And many more courtrials and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Scene IV. York. The Archbishop's Palace.

[*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michæl.*]

Arch. Hullo good Sir Michæl, take these sealed letters at once (with the maximum speed) to the Lord Marshal Scroop, my cousin and to all others to whom these letters are addressed. You would know how much eagerly they are waiting for these letters.

Sir M. My good lord I understand all these.

Arch. Tomorrow you must do the needful, my good Sir Michael, because tomorrow is the day when the fortune of ten thousand men will be put on the severest test. You know Sir, at Shrewsbury (as I have been informed) the king with his great and powerful army is to meet Lord Harry. And Sir Michael, I fear, why the Earl of Northumberland, whose wealth-power has been so great an asset to the common, has declared himself to be sick. Then how is it that Owen Glendower is absent. His power and influence are to prove a great asset to the commonwealth. So it can be foretold that the side of the commonwealth will be doubtful. I am afraid that the power of Percy against the king is miserably weak.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, why do you fear. We have Douglas and Mortimer on our side.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not here.

Sir M. Never mind, then we have Mordake, Vernon, Harry Percy with us. Again, we have Lord of Worcester with a band of seasoned and well-trained warriors and noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is. But you should know that the king has drawn special chiefs of all the provinces including the Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, the noble earl of Westmoreland and the brave and courageous Blunt. Besides, he has under his command various other classes and clans of warrior-type of men and that they are well-armed.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael

40
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Scene I. *The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above you busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[The trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester ! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
This is not well, my lord. this is not well.

Sir M. Do not have any doubt my lord, they shall be fought toughly.

Arch. I do not hope less, yet sometimes I am assailed by fear and to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, you should run away with a speed, because if Lord Percy does not thrive before the king dismisses his power, he will be in the view of all our confideration, and it will be wise on our part to make strong preparations against him in advance. Therefore you should make haste. I must go and write letters to other friends of mine. So Sir Michael, good-bye.

ACT V.

Scene I. The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

[*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaff.*]

King. How dreadfully red the sun is shining above that little hill and at his appearance the day looks pale.

Prince. The wind of South playing the trumpet to the purposes of the Sun and along with it the tempest is whistling all through the day.

King. Let the condition of the weather (*i. e.* Nature) sympathise with those who are to be defeated in the battle, because nothing can effect those who are determined to win in the fight.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now my Lord of Worcester ! It is not well that you and I should meet at such a time when we are on terms of war. However we have met each other at last. You have betrayed our confidence and trust and made us force of peace and war. Now you have come to crush down all our plans and enterprises and that too in this ripe old age. My lord, this is not well on your part.

What say you to it ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ? 20

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it ! how comes it, then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace !

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30
Of favour from myself and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother and his son,
That brought you home and boldly outdare 40
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50

What do you say about it ? will you again break up the churlish bond of all hated war? And then will you again move in that circle of obedient and faithful followers, about which you had given a fair and natural light in the past. Please be open and do not hide your fear or mischief under the gail of pretended loyalty. How ticklish is the mischief in the modern times !

Wor. My lord, listen to me. For my own part I can be well contented to entertain the last days of my life calmly and quietly under you, but I strongly protest your remark that I ave done some condemnable work.

King. You have not done so, but now you are going to do so.

Fal. You have rebelled.

Prince. Be quiet please.

Wor. It was the pleasure of your Majesty to have disfavoured me and all the members of our family, yet I must let you know that we were the first to have befriended you soon after the time of king Richard and for your sake I broke off my old contact with king Richard. I got myself posted in the way simply to do my humble quota of service to you and was eager of kiss your hands. I considered myself highly obliged and fortunate if I had the chance to serve you. Not only I, rather my brother, son and my brothers' son were only too glad to serve you. Through the thick of dangers we stood firm to serve you. At Doncaster you swore to us that you would always consider the good of the state. But you did not do any thing at all to reform the state. We swore to help you in restoring the kingdom of Gaunt and Lancaster. But with the passage of time you forgot all our services and with the ravenges of time (you forgot all those who were in your favour).

The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 That all in England did repute him deed :
 And from this swarm of fair advantages
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And being fed by us you used us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60
 Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 That even our love durst not come near your sight
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight and raise this present head ;
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forged against yourself
 By unkind usage ; dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth 70
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, reed in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water colours to impaint his cause ; 80
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

You had shown out-ward affection to the king and on the contrary you had been preaching all over England, especially after the unfortunate wars in Ireland that he was dead. And from the manifold advantages and privileges which you had been receiving from him, you betrayed his trust and took possession of the entire realm and forgot your oath (solemn promise) which you had made to me at Dancaſter. Like an ungrateful cuckoo bird which miſtreats the ſparrow that fed and nurſed the former, you alſo fed and aided by us, turned your attention from us as ſoon as your need was over. You have become ſo much proud that you do not care even to reſpond to our feelings of love. [Worceſter compares the king with an ungrateful and aggressive kind of a bird and himſelf and his fellow followers with thoſe birds which are innocent and which fly away from the aggressive word for fear of being attacked by it] You have all along (ſince your youth) been trying to forget your duties and functions and had been abſolutely unkind to us—proved false to your faith and word.

King. Theſe charges, which you have brought againſt me are fabricated and are meant to defame the king as a pretext for rebellion and theſe are the confused and topsy—turvy news which are being invented prior to talking up rebellion againſt a recognised ruler and his eſtabliſhed authority. Theſe things are given always new colour and new trends for poring the path of rebellion, there by creating havoc and confusion in the land.

Prince. Both of your armies contain ſuch perſons who are not at all worthy of fight and that at the time of the battle they will have to pay dearly. Tell your nephew the Prince of Wales, to bring all the world to his ſide; ſo that Herry Percy be praiſed [all over the world].

In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active -valiant or more valiant-young, 90
More daring or more blod, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant heen to chivelry ;
And so I hear he doth account me too ;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

King. And, prince of wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no.
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are misled upon your counsin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, very man
Shall be my friend, again and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do, but he will not yield, 110
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life !
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
For, on their answer, will we set on them .
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. ! 120

[Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.]

By my hopes, I do not think that there is a man braver than he, who is capable of leading the enterprise (venture of rebellion). There is no more valient, no more daring and courageous than he, living in the present time (in England). Instead of raising rebellion he should do noble deeds. For my part, with a sense of shame I say that I had always avoided chivalry and for this reason (as I bear) he has accounted me too, yet before my father (the king) I can content that he shall take the odds of his great name and estimation and thus he must save the country from a civil war causing blood-shed. So, instead, arrange a single combat.

King. And Prince of Wales, we have a lot to venture against some infinite and unlimited odd. But no, my good Worcester, no. We have a deep love for our people. We love even those people, who misguided by you, have stood against us. So every man in the kingdom, including yourself, he and all his relatives, are our friends and shall always be our friends. You shall go atonce and tell your cousin all about my words. On my part, however, I tell you that I shall not budge an inch from my determination, whatever they might do. So please go away. We are not going to bother about reply at the present. But whatever offer we place before them, is fair.

[Worcester leaves]

Prince. I say swearing upon my life that the offer will not be accepted. Douglas aswell as Hotspur, both of them are confident of their armed strength even against the entire world.

King. Now I order every officer and soldiers under his charge to take his position because just on receiving their reply, we shall make the offensive (attack) May God bless us and favour our cause, which is righteous.

[All go away except the Prince and Falstaff]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ? 130 Can honour set to a leg ? no : or an arm ? no : or take away the grief of a wound ? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then ? no. What is honour ? a word. What in that word honour ? air. A trim reckoning ! Who hath it ? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? no, Doth he hear it ? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? no. Why ? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon : and so ends my catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard, The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us ;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes ;
For treason is but trust'd like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,

Fal. Hal, if you see me defeated in the battle and stride away from me, then I will count it as a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a huge thing can you do as a mark of that friendship offer your prayers, good bye.

Fal. I wish it is time to go to bed, so all well.

Prince. Why, now you owe God a death.

Fal. My death is not due yet ; I would hate to die before the appointed day of my death. Why should I be so haste in having a thing which is not due. But in case, honour demand my death, I am ready to die. Well it is no matter if honour pricks me on. Yes, but, in case, honour pricks me off then is to be done ? Can honour give me a leg to walk to death ? There is no surgical capacity in honour ? No, what is honour ? Simply a word. What is that word called honour ? Air. A clear reckoning ! who has it ? He who died on Wednesday. Does he feel it ? No Does he hear it ? No, It is then insensible ! Yes, to the dead. But will it not love with the living persons ? No, Why ? Because detraction cannot suffer it. So I shall not have it. Honour to simply a coat of arms and so ends my shield.

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.*

Enter Worcester and Vernon

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard the liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. It would have been best if he had known so.

Wor. Then all of us have been frustrated. It is not possible and it cannot be. The king should keep his word in loving us. He will still suspect us and find out time to punish us of this offence in some other faults. Throughout, there will be suspicion about you for treachery, which cannot be trusted (as a fox, a cunning animal, cannot be trusted) A fox how ever tamed, cannot forget its treacherous nature. So let us put up a sad and shy look (so that we must not be suspected)

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot ;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, governed by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head 20
And on his father's ; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will ; I 'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news ? 30

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors : and will scourge 40
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arm ! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,

And we will eat a lot like oxen at a stall although those oxen might be reserved for sacrifices. The trespass of my nephew may be forgotten, because he is of tender age and does everything at the heat of his blood. Instead, let all the offences, committed by him, lie upon my shoulders and let me and his father answer these charges in his stead. We did train him and as his corruption had been due to our training, so we are to be responsible for all his doings. Therefore my good cousin let not Harry know in any case what the king has offered.

Ver. Instruct me whatever you want to say. I shall say so. Your cousin is coming.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle has come back. My uncle, the Lord of Westmoreland, what news have you brought.

Wor. The king will demand an immediate fight.

Doug. Defy the king by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go and tell him so.

Doug. Of course I will do so quite willingly and cheerfully.

Wor. I do not see any apparent sign of mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any mercy of the king? God forbid such things.

Wor. I told him very gently and humbly of your grievances and of his breaking his vow. But in reply to this he seemed to be completely changed. He foreswears that he had already foresworn on this issue. He accuses us of rebellion and treason, and that he is determined to crush us with his haughty arms.

Re-enter Douglas

Doug. Gentlemen, get yourselves armed just now, as I have already thrown a bold challenge to the king Henry, and Westmoreland who was engaged in it, heard the challenge. It means there will be soon something grim.

Wor. The Prince of Wales has started before the king and he has challenged you (my nephew) to a single combat.

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

50

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you ;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself ;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause : but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

60

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies : never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed : and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

70

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here letters for you.

80

Hot. O, I wish that the quarrel should lay upon our heads . and that no man might draw his breath shortly today except I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell me, how did it all look ? How did it seem in contempt ?

Ver. No, I swear upon my soul. In my entire life I did not hear of a challenge which was urged upon more modestly than upon you. It seems as if one brother is challenging another brother, most gently to an exercise of arms. He gave you all the functions of man, trimmed up all your praises with a royal tongue, spoke about all you deserved, as a historian and did everything possible for a gentleman of worth. He gave a most modest account of himself, especially with the idea of summoning himself before the bar of his own judgement, as though in doing so he suddenly became master of the art of learning and alike of teaching. It was here that he stopped. But let me tell the world that whatever be he whether such as you represent him or such as the world gives him out, he will find welcome. He may be playful and careless, yet he has the inner qualities.

Hot. Cousin I think you have been blindly infatuated by him and that is why you are overlooking his follies. I have never heard of any prince so much indulged in debouchery and sexual and sensuous evils as he is. Any how, whatever be his ill fame, one night, very soon, I will embrace him in the dress of a soldier and show him such a lot of courtesy that he will shrink under my courteous behaviour and warmth of passion. It will be better for you to consider what you have to do than to listen to my words, which wanting as I am in eloquence, are not likely to stir you up to brave endeavours.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, I have brought letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace. 90

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best ; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall 100
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

*The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then
enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Hot. I cannot read these letters now. O gentlemen, listen, the time of life is short, and to misuse this shortness in a vulgar way, will be another folly. If life goes on the point of a dial (of a clock), it will end just as an hour is over. But in case we live (i. e. we are not killed in the fight) we shall walk on the dead bodies of the king's soldiers. And if we are killed, we shall have heroic death, as princes will also lie dead with us.

Enter Another Messenger.

Mess. Prepare yourselves my lords, the king is marching in a speed.

Hot. I thank the king because he cuts me from my story. I do not want to talk anything else except this much that each man should do his best now. I am drawing my sword—whose quality I intend to test by the slaughter of the noblest, I can meet today. I want to make the maximum adventure today—the day of danger and risk. Let us leap up with joy and face the terror boldly. From heaven down to earth there will be something hold and given, though full of courtesy.

[The trumpets are sounded]

SCENE III Plain between the Camps.

[The king enters with his forces. Alarm of fight is given. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.]

Blunt. What is your name who has come to challenge me at the battle in such a way ? What honour will you have by taking my head ? (i. e. what honour will be yours by killing me ?)

Doug. Then you must know that my name is Douglas. I am searching you all over the field and want to kill you because some persons have told me that you are the king.

Blunt. Yes they tell you true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield me as my prisoner. 10

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. *[They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.]*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won ; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no : I know this face full well
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ; 20
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away !
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *[Exeunt.]* 92

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the
shot here ; here's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft ! who
are you ? Sir Walter Blunt : there's honour for you ! here's
no vanity ! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too :
God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than
mine own bowels. I have led my regamuffins where they are
peppered : there's not three of my hundred and fifty left
alive ; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here ?

Doug. The Lord of Stafford had changed his face today into that of you, O King Harry, This sword has killed him, So will be your death by this sword, unless you surrender yourself to me as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a surrenderer. O you proud Scot, remember the king is soon going to take revenge of the death of Lord Stafford.

[*They fight and Douglas kills Blunt.*]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, had you fought at Holmedon in this way, I would never have defeated the Scot.

Doug. All is done and all is won. The King is lying breathless here.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This is not the king Douglas. I know this face full well. He was a brave knight and his name was Blunt. He has been killed being resembling the king.

Doug. You are a fool in your very soul, why did you tell me that you were the king ?

Hot. The king is marching with his coat of arms (i. e. soldiers.)

Doug. Now by my sword, I will kill all his soldiers and I will murder all his brave knights one by one, until I meet the king face to face.

Hot. Get up and be off. Our soldiers are perfectly ready to march for the days battle.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though in London I could manage to escape death, yet here I am faced with the danger. Stop, who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt, there is certainly honour for you. This is no outward pride. I am as hot as a molten lead ; may God keep the lead out of me. I do not need any weight except that of my own bowels. I do not think if even out of one hundred and fifty would be alives and thus I shall have to beg in my old age. But who comes here ?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword : 40

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged : I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done
this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed ; and living to kill thee. I prithee,
lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt. 50

Prince. Give it me : what is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a
city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a
bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do
come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his willingly,
let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath : give me life : which if I can
save, so ; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an
end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord
John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.*

King. I prithee,

Harry, withdraw thyself : thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Enter the Prince.

Prince. Why are you standing here idle ? Give me your sword. Many noblemen lie here dead under the hoofs of the enemy horses whose deaths have not been avenged. Please give me your sword.

Fal. O Hal, I request you to give me leave to breathe for sometime. Nor even Turk Gregory did such a deeds of bravery as I have done today. I have paid Percy, I have made him surely dead.

Prince. He is inneed living and he is alive to kill you. Please give me the sword.

Fal. No Hal, before God if Percy be alive (*i. e.* he is dead). If you will then take my sword.

Prince. Give the sword to me. What is the matter ?

Fal. O Hal, the sword is hot, very hot—so hot that it will suck the whole city.

[The Prince draws the sword out but instead
finds a bottle of wine.]

Prince. What ! is it the time of making jokes ?

Fal. Well, if Percy be living I shall pierce him with this sword. If he come before me I shall make a skelton of him ; if he does not come in my way, it is better for him. I do not want such a boastful bonour as Sir Walter had. To me life is above all other things. If I live I have everything, if I die then everything will come to an end.

SCENE IV. [Another part of the field.]

[Alarum. excursions ; enter the King and Prince.]

King. I request you Harry, please withdraw from the fight. You are bleeding too much. You Lord of Lancaster please go with him.

Lan. No I shall not go unless I myself should also bleed like him.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help : 10
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

Lan. We breathe too long : come cousin, Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster ;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John ;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle us to all ! [*Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another kin ! they grow like Hydra's heads :
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them : what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

King. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at his heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
Ann not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :

Prince. I request your majesty to make up lest your retirement fills your friends with amazement.

King. Yes, I will do so. My Lord of Westmoreland, take him to the tent.

West. Come, my lord, I shall lead you to your tent.

Prince. You want to lead me ? I do not require your help. God forbid, do you think that an ordinary scratch should make me run away from the battle-field, allowing the rebel-soldiers to triumph over our wounded and slaughtered men ?

Lan. We talk a lot. Come cousin Westermoreland and do our duty this way. For God's sake please come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westermoreland.*

Prince. By God I say, Lancaster, you have hidden yourself to me. I never thought that you are a lord of such a spirit. Uptill now I regarded you as my brother, but now I respect you as my very soul (i. e. guards)

King. I saw him holding Lord Percy at the point in such a gallant way as could never be expected of an unseasoned (inexperienced) warrior.

Prince. O this boy gives courage to us all.

Enter Douglas.

Daug. Is there another king ? They grow as many as there are heads on Hydra's shoulder. I am Douglas, who is a terror to these things. Who are you, that counterfeit the face of the king again ?

King. I am myself the king ? whom you are searching for. You have already met a number of my shadows, but not me personally. I want two boys, and I search you and Percy all about the battle-field. But as you have luckily come yourself, I shall attack you. Defend yourself.

Dong. I fear you are another false king, but really look like the king.

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the king being in
danger, re-enter Prince of wales.*]

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits 40
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms ;
It is the prince of wales that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth but he means to day.

[*They flight : Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton astraight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile :
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

Prince. O God ! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up Clifton : I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth,
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant reble of the name.

I am the prince of wales : and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of wales.

But, according to my own judgment you are the king—who ever in reality you may be—and so I shall defeat you.

[They fight: the king is in danger; re-enter Prince of Wales.]

Prince. You mean Scot, hold up your head or else you will never be able to hold your head again. Please know that the spirits of brave Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms. It is the Prince of Wales that is challenge you—who has never made any empty boast but did everything practically.

[They fight; Douglas flies]

Happily my lord; how do you behave. Sir Nicholas Gawseys has sent for help and so has Lord Clifton, I shall go straight to Clifton.

King. Please have a little rest. You have won back the applause, which you had lost, you have saved my life from the jaws of death at this tender age.

Prince. O God! you had given me too much injury, had I seen my father dead and I might have been left alone. So I wanted to tackle uncounteous. Douglas, who tried to put his insulting hands on you. This would have certainly amounted to death of your son (i. e. I).

Enter Hotspur

Hot. If I am not mistaken, you are Harry Monmouth.

Prince. You speak in this way as if I would deny my identity.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see that you are one of the rebel-leaders. I am the Prince of Wales. Do not think Percy that you and I can live together and share our mutual glory. There cannot be two stars the same bese, so there cannot rule in England two princes—Myself and yourself.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come
To end the one of us ; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

70

Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal ! Nay, you shall find no
boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter Douglas ; he fights with Falstaff. who falls down as
if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded,
and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool, 81
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.

Prince. For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great
heart !
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ; 90
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough : this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself

Hot. Nor shall it be, Harry. The time has come when we must end either of us two—either you should live or I. Your name as a warrior has not been so famous as that of mine.

Prince. I shall make this fame greater before I part from you, and I shall put all your youthful laurels on my crown and wear a garland of the same round my neck.

Hot. I cannot tolerate your shows of pride.

[They fight.]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, you have said well. No, you will not find any boy's play here. I can tell you this much.

[*Re-enter Douglas ; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down pretending to be dead and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and he falls.*]

Hot. O Harry, you have robbed me of my youth ; I can tolerate the loss of my life but cannot bear the loss of my grand titles as a warrior. This thought is wounding my soul more than a sword can wound my flesh. And time, which makes a fool of us all, is taking survey of the entire world and the world seems to stop. Now I feel that death is lying cold on my tongue. I am now dust and for ever dust..... [he dies.]

Prince. Brave Percy now your body will be eaten up by worms and this body (when it had soul in it) was as large as a kingdom. Now however, it has become simply a small collection of the particles of my dust and it will be contained (*i.e.* buried) within a small grave on this magnificent earth. This earth would have been proud of containing you within it and felt pride of having entombed a gentleman, had you been a man of courtesy. I do not lament over your death nor do I wish to have your honours and show of zeal. I do not want to have a look at your wounded and disfigured face ; for that I thank myself.

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, 100

But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[He spieth Falstaff on the ground.]

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man :

O, I should have a heavy mise of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity !

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. *[Exit. 110]*

Fal. *[Rising up]* Embowelled ! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie, I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead : how, if he should counterfeit too and rise ? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah *[stabbing him]*, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes up Hotspur on his back.]

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John ; full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

Well good bye, and take your praise along with you to heaven and let your ignominy sleep with you in the grave, but it must not be remembered in your epitaph.

[He spits on Falstaff]

What old acquaintance ! could not this huge flesh be kept in a little life ? Farewell, poor Jack. For you I could have spared a man better than you are. How I wish, I could have missed you, had I been a lover of vanity like you ! Death, today, has not struck a fat deer (like you) but dearer fellows. So long the blood of Percy is shed, world would remember this bloody battle. [Exit.]

Fal. (Rising up) You have embowelled me today. You are at liberty to powder me into pieces and eat up my flesh tomorrow. Shut up, it was time to deceive by counterfeiting each other [the reference is to the death of Douglas and others] But I have not concealed my identity and always made my identity clear and frankly demonstrated. So long a man is living he is not the perfect image of his life. But after his death he becomes so, indeed. Discretion is, in fact, the better phase of bravery and gallantry [Reference is to the death of Hotspur] But I am far better than he (Hotspur), because by saving my life through cunningness I have retained a greater glory. Stop ! I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he may be lying dead. Let him now rise and counterfeit himself in any form. It is not better on my part to stand by his dead body silent without uttering a word.

Therefore, I shall make him sure, yes I shall make him sure that it was I, who killed him. I shall swear that I have killed him. Therefore be ready (stabbing him) and come bare with a new wound.

(Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster)

Prince. Come, brother John, you have shown perfect bravery through your new sword.

Lan. But, soft ! whom have we here ?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ? 130

Prince. I did ; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive ?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight ?
I prithee, speak ; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears : thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : but if I
be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack, There is Percy
[*throwing the body down*] : if your father will do me any
honour, so : if not, let him kill the next Percy himself, I
look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you. 140

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee deed.

Fal. Didst thou ? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to
lying ! I grant you I was down and out of breath ; and so
was he : but we rose both at an instant and fought a long
hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not,
let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their
own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this
wound in the thigh : if the man were alive and would deny
it, 'zounds' I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard. 150

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Weles and Lancaster.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards
me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ;
for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman
should do. [Exit.]

Lan. But stop ! Whom have we here ? Did you not tell me that this fat man (*i. e.* Falstaff) was dead ?

Prince. Yes, I did say so ; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding on the ground. Are you alive or is it some vision that is making my eyes falsified ? Please speak because we do not trust our eyes, without hearing from you.

Fal. No, that is certain ; I have not come back to life after being dead. If I am not Jack Falstaff then I am simply a Jack. If your father will do me any honour, it is better, or else let him kill the next Percy himself. I look like an earl or a duke—I assure you about this.

Prince. Why Percy, I killed myself and saw you dead.

Fal. Did you ? Oh God ! how this world is full of liars ! I admit that I was exhausted and breathless and so was he. But both of us rose up at an instant and fought for a full hour. If you believe me it is better, if not, then let those who want to give you reward for valour, curse upon you. I can say, swearing upon my death that I have gave him this wound upon his thigh. I wish the dead men were alive and could tell who had killed them in the battle. If it could be possible, I should have testified their reality with my sword.

Lan. This is the most wonderful story, I have ever heard.

Prince. Brother John, he is the most wonderful fellow. Come, bring your luggage politely on your back. For my part, if I tell a lie, I shall do you honour, and attach it to the happiest humour of my life.

[A retreat is sounded.]

This trumpet denotes retreat (withdrawl) ; so victory has been ours. Come brother, let us go to the highest point of the field so that from there we may see how many of our friends are alive and how many dead.

Fal. I shall follow them as they are out for reward. He, who will reward me will be rewarded by God. If I grow great, I shall grow less, because I shall give up drinking and lead a sober life.

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sounds Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you ?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary !
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon too :
Other offenders we will pause upon.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field ?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him.
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ; 20
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland with prisoners.

King. In this way, after all, the rebellion has been crushed. You ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not offer you and all honour, pardon and terms of love ? And how you acted contrary to our terms ; you misused the trust of fraternity that we expected of you. Three brave nobles of our party have been killed in the fight today ; a noble earl and many other soldiers would have been saved from death, if like a true Christian you had brought about agreement between the two parties intelligently.

Wor. What I did was urged by my sense of defence. However, the fate that has befallen me, I embrace it patiently, since it could not be avoided.

King. Take Worcester to the gallies and Vernon also. About other offenders we shall consider afterward.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon under guard.]

What about the battle ?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw that the balance of battle was turning against him, and his favourite Percy was killed and most of his soldiers also killed, then he was so much un-nerved and wounded that our men easily caught him. Douglas has been kept as a prisoner in my tent. Now I request your honour to give me permission to dispose him off—i. e. set him free as a sign of gallantry.

King. Yes, I give you permission with all my heart.

Prince. Brother John of Lancaster let this work of gallant generosity belong to you. Please go and set him free at your own sweet ink without demanding any ransom amount for his liberty (as a mark of your large-heartedness.)

His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds 30
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.

The great courage which he (Dauglas) has exhibited today has taught us the sublime lesson that even at the face of our worst enemies we must maintain our standard of chivalry.

Lan. I thank your goodself for this high courtesy, which I will do immediately.

King. Now let us finish up the remaining task. Let us assign power to you. My son John and my cousin Westmoreland march towards York and I want that you should speed up as fast as you can to meet Northumberland and scroop the rebel, who as we have known ; are busy in arming themselves. Myself and you (my son Harry) will march towards Wales to fight against Glendower and Earl of March. We want that the very existence of rebellion be wiped away from England and so we must check all the elements of rebellion till we have won our purpose.

[*Exeunt*]

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NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

THEME OF THE PLAY

The theme of Henry the Fourth Part I is the rebellion of the Percy, assisted by Douglas, and in concert with Mortimer and Glendower, and its defeat by the king and the prince of Wales at Shrewsbury. Falstaff first appears in this play. The prince of Wales associates with him and his boon companions, Poins, Bardolph, and Peto, in their riotous life. Poins and the prince contrive that the others shall set on some-travellers at Gadshill and rob them, and be robbed in their turn by themselves. The plot succeeds, and leads to Falstaff's well known fabrication to explain the loss of the booty, and his exposure. Falstaff finds the body of the lately slain Hotspur, and pretends to have killed him. (O. E. D.)

MODEL EXPLANATIONS

Act III. Scene II.

(Lines 129 to 137)

Do not ...

with it.

This extract has been made from Shakespeare's 'King Henry the Fourth'. The king is very sorry on the course of life of his son Harry who is a spoiled prince. The prince is grieved to hear his father and notice his agony and assures the king that what ever he had heard about him, would he proved contrary to the fact. He prays to God to forgive all those who spoke against him to the king and thus rendered his heart against his own son. He promises that he would atone for all his errors and purchase back the good opinion he had forfeited, by striking down Percy in the battle field and thus by the end of the day of the battle he would very well prove that he was a true son to the king and worthy to be called as the prince. The prince inorder to make his father perfectly believe in him, further adds that in the battle he would fight so holdly, courageously and vigourously that he would kill thousands of the soldiers of Percy and Percy himself with his own hands and thus he would be stained, with blood from head to foot, with the blood of those whom he would have slain. His hands besweared with blood of the slain rebels and Percy, in his opinion shall be too much to make all believe that he was a true, worthy, brave, courageous and perfect son of the king and this would also be sufficient for the people revise their opinion about him and think that Harry actually deserved to be the successor of the throne of England.

Shakespear's

HENRY THE FOURTH

Act I. Scene I.

Summary.

The play opens in the palace of the king Henry the fourth, in presence of Lord John of Lancaster—the son of the king, the Earl of Westmoreland—the strongest supporter of the king against rebellious Percy and Sir Walter Blunt and others. Besides, the speech of the King Henry the Fourth, where in he expresses his satisfaction before his Lords and nobles over the point that he was no more to fight against his own men and other informations being delivered to him by Westmoreland and also the king's dis-satisfaction owing to the timid nature of his son, the king is informed of the rebel of Percy, who was being helped by his uncle Worcester and the king informs the house that he had called Percy into question and had asked him to explain his rebellious act immediately, we also come across, in the very first scene, the prevalent belief during the age of Shakespearean fairies and ghosts. Even the king shows a glimpse of the common belief of the contemporary people in spirits and their existence and it is the out come of such a belief of the king that he says that his real son was taken away by the fairies and some other had been put in his place by them. It was because of this that his son Harry was of so much timid a nature, otherwise if he were the real son of the king he could never have been so big a coward. The scene closes with the instruction of the king to Lord Westmoreland to let the people know that the court was next to meet on wednesday and also to come himself back so that the solution and the strategy to crush the rebels might be decided in cold and calm atmosphere.

Word-Meaning:—

1. *So Shaken*—disturbed, *Wan*—Pale or Languid of look, 2. *Frighted*—Alarmed or afraid of, *Pant*—Breathe quickly and audibly. 3. *Short winded accents*—To speak quickly as if in suffocation, *Broils*—Tumult, 4. *Stronds*—strands or shore, 5. *Daub*—Swear or coat with clay, 7. *Trenching*—Trenching made for defence, *channel her fields*—channels of blood shall be flowing in the fields, 8. *Flowerets*—small flowers, 9. *Hostile*—opposed, *Paces*—speed or step with the food, *Those opposed eyes*—The men whose eyes blazed with anger as they confronted each other on the battle field, 10. *Meteors*—shooting stars 11. *Bred*—produced, 12. *Intestine shock*—Inward or domestic conflict or warfare or bitterness, 13. *Close*—encounter, *Civil butchery*—General killing, 14. *Beseeming*—suit or befitting for, 16. *Kindred*—Having blood relationship, *Allies*—Being together loving a common war treaty, 17. *Ill-sheathed knife*—the knife or dagger whose blade is sufficiently protected by its sheath, 19. *The sepulchre of christ*—Ref. to Jerusalem, the capital of Palestine the 'Holy Land' at the scene of Christ's life and death, 20. *Cross*—The standard of the christian forces, the crusaders, who sought to recover the holy sepulture from the hands of the Mohammadans, 22. *Levy*—enrolling of soldiers or compulsory payment, 24. *Plagans*—originally meant nothing more than villagers, *These* has been used for the Holy Sepulture, 26. *Nail'd*—hold tight 30. *Therefore-now*—wherefore we are met, 31. *Cousin*—The title is little more than of courtesy, since Westmoreland was merely a remote connection and the king used the word to flatter. 32. *Our Council*—the body of privy councillors, *Decree*—authoritative order or Judicial decision, 33. *Expedience*—Contribution or device. 34. *Liege*—entitled to receive or bound to give fendal service, *Hot in question*—eagerly debated, 35. *Charge*—Expense, 36. *Allathwart*—much to the interruption of our plans. 37. *A Post*—a messenger, 38. *Whose worse*—the worst of which news, 40. *Irregular*—Lawless, 44. *Transformation*—change of appearance owing to mutilation, 47. *Tidings*—things that happen, 48. *Brake off...Land*—interrupted your discussion of our crusade in the Holy Land, 51. *Import*—brought, 52. *Rood*—Crucifix or Image of Christ, *Gallant*—brave, *Holy Rood day*—14th day of September which is an old festival of

Christians, 53. *Archibald*—has been used for Earl Douglas, 54. *Approved*—Proved or a tried soldier, 59. *For i. e.* I say, 60. *Contetion*—strife or what a disputant contends, 62. *Iudustrions*—laborious, 65. *Betwixt*—between, *Seat*—Royal abode, 66. *Smooth*—pleasing, 69. *Balk*—ridge separating two fields, 71. *Mordake...Fife*—has been used for Mordach steward, the III son of King Robert II. 74. *Spoil*—things acquired, 83. *Minion*—favourite 91. *But Let...thought*—Let me not think any longer of him, 94. *To his own-keeps*—By the law of arms every man who took a captive whose ransom did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had a right to keep him prisoner or to set him free with or without ransom. Percy therefore had a right to all his prisoner except the Earl of Fife, who, as being of the royal blood belonged by military prerogative to the king, 97. *Malevolent...aspect*—one who shows ill-will to the other in every way, 98. *Prune*—dried plum or reduce the luxuriance of, this word is something used for birds in the sense of picking up the damaged feathers and arranging them with the bill, 107. *Than out...uttered*—than I can speak while my heart is so full of wrath.

Explanations

(Lines 18—27) *Therefore..... Cross*

King Henry the fourth, addressing the people in his court, explains to them the purpose of their meeting that day and expresses his extream satisfaction for they were no more to fight against their own brothers and blood relations. The king tells his courtiers, pointing towards the seat of Christ at Jerusalem and reminding them of their oath that they had already taken to fight against all those who challanged their Lord and his authority, that they were all the soldiers of Christ and were to fight, for which they were perfectly ready, under the banner having Cross, the sign of Christ. He makes before his nobles clear that they were destined to fight and chase those pagans in those pious places where their own 'Lord' Christ had once walked. He gives the reference of Lord Christ being hanged to death. The king thus tells the nobles that in the name of their Lord they have to fight against all

the adversaries and protect the honour of the Cross and the Holy sepulture.

(Lines 62-66) *Here is.....news*

Lord Westmoreland delivered the news of the battle of the north to the king. The king then apprises, his Lords and nobles in the court, with the situation of the battle being fought at Holmedon. He tells them that most courageous and laborious Lord Blunt had just then came and had brought the news, which was in favour of the king and his allies and could give them every sort of comfort and satisfaction. The king tells his nobles that Sir Blunt had been in haste to deliver such a good news to them and that was why that he could not even have his way perfectly and had to gallop through ploughed fields, hogs, ditches etc. instead of keeping to the main road. Sir Blunt had the good news of the battle being fought between king and his enemies at Holmedon. This Holmedon is now known as Hambleton and is situated in Northumberland.

Act I. Scene II.

Summary :

The scene opens in an apartment of the prince's palace. Prince himself is talking to Falstaff, whom he describes as fat witted and useless man. The prince is asked by Falstaff to let him know the time, but the prince instead of answering a properly and letting him know what he had asked, makes a fun of him by saying that he had no concern with all that what wanted he wanted to know. Falstaff describes theft as his vocation and thus the conversation between the two goes on. In the mean time enters Poins, another robber, who enquires from the prince of his well being and asks him something about Falstaff. The prince tells him to keep his word with Falstaff. Poins now tempts the Prince by telling of the highwaymen i.e. those who were going on a pilgrimage tell him that have a lot of money with could easily be robbed from them and snatched away. Even Falstaff persuades the prince to participate in that robbery so as to prove himself to be his faithfulman and to add to the treasure of the prince. The prince agrees to their

requests. Poinc suggests him that they shall not be required to join the robbery, instead they would be sending Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill to rob and then both of them i.e. the prince and Poinc himself shall be reaching to have their own shares in the robbery. Their job being to organise only for which so that could not be recognised, Poinc tells the prince that had such dresses with him, that being worn they would never be recognised. The prince agrees to the points of Poinc and asks him to meet him in Eastcheap and then bids him farewell, which is also done by Poinc in turn.

Word-Meaning :

2- *Fat-witted*—heavy witted or stupid. 3- *Unbuttoning*—opening of the buttons, 5- *Devil*—Ghost or evil spirit, *a*—in, 7- *Capons*—Castrated Cock, 8- *Taffeta*—a thin glossy silk stuff, with a heavy lustre, 11- *You come near me now*—your remark is very pertinent one, 12- *The seven stars*—the pleiades ; which, according to one mythological story, being on earth the virgin companions of Artemis, in later times deified as the Moon, may have been regarded as her companions in the heavens, 13- *Phoebus*—The sun, 14- *Prithee*—accompanying a request, *Wag*—wave to and fro, *That wandering fair*—has been used for the sun, 19- *Prologue.....butter*—grace before breakfast or buttered eggs, 20- *Roundly, roundly*—speak out plainly, 21- *Marry*—the Virgin Mary, 22- *Squires of the night's body*—Let not us who claim to be the body-squires, the faithful attendants, of the night, 23- *Diana*—moon, 23-4- *Gentlemen of the shade*—Gentlemen who modestly prefer a retired life, shrink from the glare of popularity, 27- *Countenance*—favour, 28- *It holds well too*—your remark is applicable to our condition, 32- *Dissolutely*—Licentiously, 36- *Gallows*—Structure for hanging criminals, 40- *Buff*—a stout kind of leather made of ox-hide dressed with oil, *Buff jerkin*—a Jacket of buff-leather, *durance*—everlasting, 41- *Quips and Quiddities*—Jokes and equivocations, 42- *What a plague*—heavy-witted, dull and stupid, 45- *Reckoning*—to make out a bill of charge, 51- *Apparent*—clear, 54- *Fobbed*—cheated, 55- *Antic*—old, buffon or a fantastic fellow, 60- *Rare*—excellent, *Brave*—fine, 62-63—*In some...humour*—It suits with my desposition or indination, *Waiting in the*

court—dancing attendance at court in the hopes of obtaining some preferment, 65- *Yea, for obtaining of suits*—the clothes worn by criminals at their execution, were a perquisite of the executioner, 66- *Wardrobe*—The dress of a soldier, *Lean*—scanty, *Sblood*—The blood of the crucified christ, *Gib Cat*—an old town cat, *Gib*—being contraction of Gilbert, though the term seems to have been used of Cats of both sexes, 67—*A Lugged bear*—used for a bear dragged along by its head itinerant exhibitors, 68- *Lute*—Guitar, 69- *The drone...hagpipe*—the wail of a Lincolnshire hagpipe, *Drone*—is the name of the largest tube of instrument, which emits a hoarse murmur resembling that of the drone bee, 70- *A hare*—has been used for melancholy, 70-71- *The melancholy of Moor-ditch*—The muddy, stagnant character of this ditch in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate and Cripplegate in the outskirts of London, 72- *Unsavoury*—distasteful, 73-*Most comparative*—quickest in discovering similes, 75- *A commodity*—store, 79- *In the street too*—exposing me to a public reproof, 80-81- *For wisdom...it*—is an adaptation of proverbs wisdom crieth without, 82- *Damnabie iteration*—a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts, 85- *Nothing*—I was a mere innocent, 91- *I'll make one*—I shall one in such an undertaking, 92- *Villain*—Low born and of rogue, *Baffle*—subject to public disgrace, 97- *Have set a match*—i. e. has made an appointment where we may meet to take purse, 99- *Omnipotent*—thorough, 100- *True*—honest, 102- *Monsieur Remorse*—a sarcasm at Sir John's frequent expressions of repentance never followed by any amendment of life, 103-4—*How agrees.....thee*—how do you and the devil agree? 112—*Cozening*—cheating, 114- *Gadswill*—a hill near Rochester on the conterbury road, 117- *Gadshill*—here the name of one of Falstaff's thieving fraternity, 118- *Eastcheap*—market in the East of London, 121- *Yedward*—Falstaff's factious pronunciation of poins's Christian name, Edward, 122- *I'll hang*—going a curse upon you, 123- *Chops*—you mass of flesh, 127-8—*Thou comest you come-shillings*—you are no true son of a king if you does not take you stand to rob these travellers of their money, 129- *Madcap*—mad head. 139- *Sake*—is due, 140, 1—*For the poor-countenance*—for the poor frolics which are all that the time will allow us indulge in, need the support, Patronage, of men in high places, 143-4 *Thou latter.....summer*—The

prince first compares Falstaff to the end of spring, in ridicule of the youthful frivolity of one so far in years, and then further to summer weather at the beginning of the winter, *All Hallows*—Mass, 145. *Sweet honey Lord*—Sweet honey monarch (honey has been used in the sense of temptation), 146. *Jest*—fun or Joke, 148- *Waylaid*—waited to rob, 149- *Booty*—plunder, 161. *Vizards*—vizors, 162-*Sirrah*—a term generally used to inferiors, *Buckram*—a coarse linen, 162. *To immask*—to conceal, 164. *Too hard for us*—more than a match for us in an encounter, 165. *True bred*—innate, 166. *Turned back*—turned their backs upon a foe, 168. *Incomprehensible*—that can not be understood, 170. *What wards*—how skilfully he defended himself, 172. *Jest*—tale, 180. *Contagious*—pernicious, 183. *Wanted*—needed, 189. *Accidents*—events, 194. *And like...ground*—and like bright metal set off by the contrast of the dark ground on which it is placed, 197. *Foil*—leaf, 201. *A skill*—good policy.

Explanations :

(lines 21-27) *Marry*.....*steal*.

In course of conversation, between Falstaff and the prince, Falstaff passes a remark over the prince who becomes very anxious to get the remark clarified but Falstaff giving a twist to his remark, hoping that the prince would after sometimes the king begs him, on the name of Marry the Virgin and the mother of Christ, not to call them, who claimed to be the body squires, the faithful attendants of the night, the thieves of the days beauty but on the other hand they wants to be accounted as the rangers, the guardians of the forest of Diana, the great huntress (sometimes 'Diana' is used for Moon), as the gentlemen who modestly prefer a retired life and shrink from the glare of popularity, as the faithful attendants of the moon, as the men of a well-ordered life and men of thorough self-control and those who governed by the chaste and pious goddess Moon under whose patronage they worked and stole.

(Lines 51-55) *Yea*.....*Thief*.

The Prince and Falstaff talking about the hostess of the

tavern and other monetary problems of their own. The prince tells him to go on taking things on credit till it is possible for him. Falstaff humorously answers in positive and says that the prince had so much strained his credit that if he were not well-recognised as the immediate heir of his father nobody would have ever trusted him. Falstaff now suddenly changes his course on conversation and begins to ask him certain questions—these questions are most probably inspired by the idea in the brain of Falstaff that the prince was to become the King of England. He asks the prince if there be a large number of structures for hanging criminals, would be fitted at different places when he becomes the King of England. Falstaff further asks him if the determined courage shall be cheated of its proper reward by the absolute restrictions of that fantastic old dotard, the Law. Falstaff now requests the Prince that he should not any thief when he becomes the king of England.

(Lines 113-120) *Bnt, my lads.....hanged.*

Poins has reached the chamber of the prince and is leading him astray and convincing him to commit a robbery. Poins tells the prince that the pilgrims are going to Canterbury next day morning at four and are going through Gadshill hill. They have valuable offerings with them to offer at Canterbury. Not only the pilgrims but also the traders with much money and many valuable materials with them are riding to London. Poins tells the prince that they have horse of their own and the next requirement for committing robbery is masks which are with him. He also informs that he has deputed Gadshill in Rochester and has made every arrangement for the next night super in Eastcheap, a market in the East of London. Poins assures the prince of a very successful robbery and if he was ready to help him and be a party, a huge amount of money and wealth shall belong to him; but in case the prince was not ready to be a party in the proposed robbery he would be in a great loss and shall have a curse upon himself.

(Lines 186-189) *If all.....accidents.*

Poins has gone to make arrangement for the robbery so be successfully committed, the prince is alone in his chamber.

and thinks upon what is charming in the world. He expresses his opinion in regard to the charm of a thing and says that only that is beautiful which is rare and accidental. He says if the whole year was to be observed as a holy day and was to be enjoyed in playing, sporting and merrymaking, the holidays were to lose their charm and the sports were sure to become as tedious, difficult, tiring and charmless as ones own vocation of which he gets tired. He further states that the holidays and the plays and the sports and everything is charming only when it occurs at times and not always and is eagerly waited for. Thus he draws a conclusion and says that anything which is accidental has charm and can please a soul. He thus thinks of paying off his debts to his creditors, with whom he never lodged a promise, accidentally and that behaviour of his would not only please himself but in his opinion shall give much pleasure to his creditor as well.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Summary :

The scene opens in palace of the King Henry the IV. The king enters along with Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt and others. The king in a scolding manner tells them all that his tolerance has crossed its limit. He orders Worcester to leave the place immediately for he found in him the symptoms of revolt and disobedience and when he would be needed, he would be called for. Northumberland tells the king that one gentleman, who at all did not look like a soldier or like a brave man, went to him and demanded the prisoners on king's behalf ; but he could not believe in such a man and he could not give him the prisoners ; if at all he was the man sent by the king, the king should forgive for his impertinence which had been shown with a view to remaining quite to the king himself. Sir Walter Blunt supports him and his statement. The king declares Mortimer and declines to pay any bribery to get him released. Hotspur pleads the case of Mortimer and justifies the fact he was never a traitor but in course of fighting with Glendower, he was so much wounded that he could escape being caught. The king orders Percy and Northumberland to send him his prisoners and go. Hotspur refuses to send them under any circumstances and

declares to fight up to the last drop of his blood to get Mortimer ransomed. He also convinces Worcester against the king. Worcester suggest Percy and Northumberland to set all the prisoners free and themselves join the camp of the enemy. All agree and get themselves gone, with the assurance of Worcester to give them directions, help and advice when needed and when the time approaches.

Word-Meanings.

11. *Scourage*—Manifestation of divine wrath, 13. *Help*—helped, *Portly*—imposing, 17. *Peremptory*—dogmatic, or authoritative, 20. *Good leave*—full permission, 26. *Deliver'd*—related, 27. *Envy*—malice, *Misprision*—mistake, 29. *Deny*—refuse, 35. *Harvet home*—the festival held when the last crop of the season has been carried home, *Stubble*—stumps of grain left on the ground, 36. *Milliner*—perfume-seller of male sex, 38. *Powder box*—a small box containing musk, aromatic spices and other powdery things, 39. *Gave his nose*—applied to his nose, 43. *Un-taught*—ill-mannered, *Knaves*—wicked people or rough man, 49. *All smarting*—smarting bitterly, 50. *Popinjay*—a parrot, (used with an idea of gaudiness of plumage as well as a love of chattering), *Pestered*—importuned, 51. *Grief*—physical pain, 52. *Neglectingly*—carelessly, 54. *Brisk*—properly 'nimble', lively and smart, 55. *Like a... ..gentlewoman*—with all the mincing affectation of a lady's maid, 57. *Sovereign'st*—most efficacious, 58. *Parmaceti*—is the corruption of *spermaceti* i.e. the sperm of whale, 59. *Was great pity*—has been used for the omission of the indefinite article, 60. *Salt-petre*—nitre, 61. *Bowels*—cups, 62. *Tall*—stout and sturdy, 63. *Cowardly*—in a cowardly manner, *But for*—if it were not for, *These*—of which he has just spoken, 64. *Soldier*—refers to a trisyllable "as you are friends, scholars and soldiers", 65. *Bald unjointed chat*—purposeless talk, 66. *Indirectly*—vaguely, 67. *Beseech*—request, 68. *Retold*—told, 75. *Impeach*—trial in a court, 77. *Yet*—even now, 79. *Charge*—cost, 87. *Indent*—to cut into points like a teeth, 94. *Fall off*—prove faithless, 97. *Mouthed*—a gaping like mouths, 100. *Confound*—time wasted, 101. *Hardiment*—boldness, 102. *Breathed*—paused in the combat, 104. *Affrighted*—frightened, 107. *Crisp*—curled,

108. *Base...policy*—treacherous designs, *Rotten*—treacherous, 113. *Belie*—falsify, 116. *Durst*—dare, 127. *Ease my heart*—give vent to my feelings, 128. *Albeit*—although it be that, 129. *Drink with choler*—out of your wits with rage, 131. *Zounds*—of indignation, 132. *Want mercy*—fail to obtain mercy from God after death, 133. *On his part*—on his behalf, 137. *Canker'd*—venomous, 140. *He will*—it is his wish, 152. *To be deposed*—only to meet his deposition and speedy death, 154. *Scandalized*—scandal, 155. *Soft*—gently, 162. *Detests'd*—noted, 163. *Subornation*—is a legal term especially used in regard to perjury or to furnish in an underhand way, 164. *A world of curses*—any number of, 155. *Base second means*—not the principles but the secondary means, 170. *For shame*—with the result of bringing shame upon you, 173. *Gage*—pledge, 176. *Canker*—corrupted or depraved, 178. *Shook*—shaken, 181. *Disdain'd*—disdainful, 185. *Answer*—requite, 191. *Peril*—danger, 193. *Of a spear*—laid across it, 194. *If he..... swim*—If one so crossing miss his footing and fall into the roaring currents, *Good night*—farewell, 200. *Patience*—calmness, 208. *Half-faced*—mean-looking, 210. *Attend*—attend to, 212. *I cry your mercy*—I beg your pardon, 218. *That's flat*—that is certain, 228. *Studies*—occupations, 229. *Pinch*—vex, 236. *Wasp-stung*—irritable, 240. *Nettled*—irritated as though by some stinging nettle, *Pismires*—ants, 244. *Kept*—dwelt, 266. *Bosom*—confidence, 269. *Of York.....not*—You mean the archbishop of York, do you not? 270. *Bears hard*—is greatly afflicted, 272. *In estimation*—conjecture, 274. *Is ruminated*—has been carefully pondered, *Set down*—determined upon with full deliberation, 278. *To be afoot*—let slip, 279. *Choose but be*—prove anything but, 280-1. *And then.....ha?*—And then your project is that the forces of Scotland and York should join with Mortimer, is not? 294. *Suddenly*—very soon.

Explanations :

(Lines 47 to 52) *He question'd.....not what.*

Northumberland explaining his own position and the demand of the prisoners by a man who did at all not seem to him a knight says that he did come to him and ask him several questions and demanded the prisoners on behalf of the king. He

states that he became dull and his excitement for fighting became over as a natural result of being irritated by the absurd questions and demands of this man. The man went on persistently soliciting and irritating him which resulted in that he was much grieved and was made quite impatient to answer this coxcomb in perfectly carelessness, paying no heed to what he was actually stating in the answers of the questions of this man. Northumberland thus stating hoped he excused by the king for his behaviour with that coxcomb in that at all he himself had sent him to demand the prisoners.

(Lines 167 to 173) *O, Pardon.....behalf.*

Hotspur explaining the less honourable position of his fellows and himself says that his friends might feel such base use of term for themselves by him. They might excuse him for this use of term in describing the relations between themselves and the king who was cunning enough to use them for his benefit and not for theirs, using them simply like the tools. He really asks all them if it was not a matter of disgrace for them and if this weakness of theirs was not to be described in the history in future that the men of courage, nobility and power, like themselves, were the tools in the hands of a king who was moreover, very cunning, shrewd and selfish and who could do nothing for his own people who shed their lives for him. Such never deserved to employ the men of honour and stamina like them.

(Lines 228 to 233) *All Studies.....of ale.*

Hotspur, pleading the case of Mortimer among his fellow knights and making them all to revolt against King Henry the fourth, pledges before his comrades that since this decision of revolt was taken by them, he would no more devote his time in thinking over any other problem but on the other hand whatever time he gets for brooding he shall be devoting it to finding out of a plan by which he could give maximum trouble to the king, vex him and torment him. He further adds that he would manage to fight with swaggering, turbulent, roisterer, the Prince of Wales with the help of swords and bucklers that were very dangerous and frightening if used in the battle and were in common use those days. Though the prince was not loved by his father yet Hotspur pledged to kill him even though what he was

doing was most probably to please his father. He things of even poisoning him with the help of beer if at all he was not to fight in the battle.

(Lines 292 to 299) *Cousin.....uncertainty.*

In course of conversation and plotting against the king Hostspur asks his comrades to revenge on the king. Worcester approving his statement, addressing him as his cousin says that further discussion in the matter was needed as all agreed upon the same point. He then assures to direct their actions by the letters when the time for the action will be favourable. He further adds that he would very soon be going to meet Glendower and Mortimer and thus trying to his army and fellows united with Glendowers, Mortimer and Douglas's powers and then they shall all happily and unitedly meet manfully to ensure their rights instead of being suppliants for them. They shall continue struggle them for an indefinite period of time, till the blows and groans of the battle field shall be the sounds that cheer us on his hunting this Boling Broke i. e. killing him.

Act II. Scene I.

Summary :

The scene opens in an inn yard and a carrier with a lantern in his hand is seen. The carrier asks the ostler to finish up the work. In the mean time an other carrier enters and both the carriers chat and the 2nd one tells the first that he had a gam non of bacon and two razes of ginger to be delivered to caring-cross. Now enters Gadshill who asks the time and requests the carrier to lend him his lantern. The carrier declines to lend his lantern. Gadshill asks him if he wanted to go to London who answers in positive and gets away. Gadshill now thinks of Chamberlain who enters, bids him good morrow and tells him of Franklin and three hundred marks of gold with him. Because both of them are thieves that talk of finding out something such that may make them invisible. Gadshill thinks that by receiving fern seeds they would be invisible. Now they promise each other to share in their thefts and go away.

WORD—MEANINGS :

1. *Four by the day*—Early in the morning, 2. *Wain*—yet, 3. *Horse*—Collectively, *What*—when, 4. *Anon*—immediately, 5. *Beat cut's saddle*—To soften the stiffing which had become hard and lumpy, 6-7—*Out of all cess*—beyond all valuation, 8—*Dank*—dark, 9—*The next way*—the surest way, *The Bots*—small worms found in the intestines of horses. 11—*Joyed*—cheerful, 14. *Tench*—a mistake which the carrier may have made, 16. *Christen*—Christian, 18—*Gammon of bacon*—the thigh of a hog, pickled and dried, *Razes*—roots, 19—*Charing-cross*—In 1266 a village on this site was called cherringe, 20. *God's body*—by the body of Christ, 24. *Hast no...thee*—‘are you so wanting in truth and good faith that you thus leave us in lurch’, 34-35. *Do you mean-London*—Do you hope to reach London, 36—*Time enough*.. *Candle*—I am not going to satisfy your curiosity, 41. *As fair as*—As good as, 43. *Labouring*—the actual work of picking the pocket, 45. *It holds current*—it proves true, 46. *A Franklin*—a small freeholder, 47. *Marks*—a sum of money, 52. *Sain:..clerks*—highwaymen, 59. *Starveling*—Expressive contempt, 60. *Trojans*—brave fellows, 61. *For sport sake*—so as to enjoy, 65—*Malt worm*—A term used for drunkard, 66, *Burgomasters*—men of high position or city magistrate, *One yers*—having contact with great people, 75. *Cock-sure*—perfectly safe, 80. *Purchase*—plunder, 84. *Muddy*—rascally.

Explanation :

(Lines 63 to 71) *I am boots.*

Gadshill here tells Chamberlain of his own position in the profession of robbery and theft. He calls himself to be a thief of a very high order and declares that he had never been joined to those who were beggarly fellows, going up and down the country, taking purses and thus bringing a disgrace to the profession nor had he any sort of contact with those who carried no more martial weapon than a long staff and were contented to rob lonely travellers of a wretched sixpence; because neither of these could stand in comparison with them who carry sword and pistol and did not hesitate even in attacking the large compa-

nies of travellers and rob them. He had no contact even with strickers that is pick-pockets and the drunkard, but on the other hand he had very close contacts with the higher class of robbers, who are high born and high bred, he had contacts with men of lofty position, with those who had contacts with high class people and with those who were at every moment ready to do or die and were equal to the occasion. He further states that even these big men were always anxious to share the public property robbed by the robbers.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Summary :

Prince Henry and Poins are seen on the highway near Gadshill. Poins removes Falstaff's horse and hides away. Falstaff enters curses the prince as well Poins for having stolen his horse they had created a problem before him. He demands his horse and condemns the two. The prince asks him to hear it the travellers were approaching. Falstaff goes on demanding his horse and declared that he hated such a fun. In the mean time enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto. Bardolph delivers the news that the travellers were approaching. The prince himself along with Poins goes down the hill and Bardolph, Gadshill, Peto and Falstaff are left there to rob them if any escaped he would be taken up by the prince and Poins. Poins also informs Falstaff of his horse and goes with the Prince. The travellers enter and are robbed and tied with the ropes. Prince Henry and Poins re-enter and talk about their theft that they had to share. Thieves enter the scene with all that they had robbed and want it to be shared ; but are unfortunate enough to be run away by the Prince and Poins who take away the whole wealth with them.

WORD-MEANINGS :

1. *Shelter, shelter*—conceal or hide yourself, 2. *Frets*—irritates, *Gummed*—fastened with gum, 3. *Stand close*—be aware, 5. *Brawling*—quarrelling and making noise, 6. *Keep*—make, 10. *Accursed*—cursed, 12. *Squier*—squire, 14. *For all this*—in spite of all this, 20. *Rob a foot further*—proceed a foot further to rob, 30. *List*—listen, 35. *To colt me thus*—to befool

me like this, 36. *Uncolled*—deprived of the horse, 41. *Peach*—betray you, 45. *Stand—halt* 47. *Our setter*—has been used for Gadshill, 52. *To make us all*—to set us up for life, 54. *Front--confront*, 55. *They light on us*—they will have further to encounter us, 61. *Gaunt*—lean (a taunt), 78. *Caterpillars*—Those who feed upon the wealth of the country as a Caterpillar feeds upon the leaves of the trees. *Bacon fed knaves*—rich meat 79. *Fleece*—wealth, 81. *Gorbellied*—Coarse-bellied, 87. *Argument*—The topic of conversation, 92. *There's no equity stirring*—Fairness does not exist in the world, *Valour*—courage, 101. *Lean*—as though barrenness were fertilized by his sweat, 102. *Were's laughing*—i. e. if I could continue laughing.

Explanations

(Lines 10 to 14) *I am.....rogue.*

After the horse of Falstaff having been taken to some hiding place by Poin, Falstaff enters and expresses his regret on being a member of such a bad company. He says that there is a curse on him for robbing and being one of the members of the thieves company for even his horse has been removed by rascally Poin with any information to him. He is pained to state that if under these circumstances when his horse had been removed, he proceeded further to rob the travellers, it could just be possible for him to break his wind and thus troubled very much. Falstaff is so much enraged by this act of Poin that it appears as if he actually wants to fight with Poin if at all he were available. He thinks that if fighting out these rogues he were to die, it was to prove itself as a death of satisfaction to him and not of trouble or injustice.

(Lines 96 to 102) *Got with.....pity him*

The thieves are sharing the money robbed but are attacked by the Prince and the Poin and made to run away leaving all their belongings behind. The Prince being pleased with all this says that the money was taken from the thieves without any difficulty or encounter but with much ease. He now proposes to put this robbed on the back of the horse and

go because all the thieves being frightened too much had run away towards the different directions and could not even dare meeting each other and ponder over the lost wealth because they were taking each other to be a bailiff bent on capturing him. He comments about Falstaff and says he ran so fast that his body sweated bitterly and his sweat even soaked the earth. He takes Falstaff's act as to have been a matter which could easily make one laugh and he himself could not help laughing as the ludicrousness of the picture were too much for him. Thus displaying his satisfaction before Poins, the Prince seems to be too happy for he received the money in lump without putting any effort and taking any sort of personal risk.

Act II. Scene III.

Summary :—

The scene opens in Warkworth castle. Hotspur enters and is reading a letter. He is brooding up on his own plan of rebellion against the king and is very much pleased to note that his plan was the best plan, since he was not alone to rebel but others were too, to help him. Lady Percy enters and enquires from him the reason of he being alone and having left his sweet wife for that night alone. She wants to know the reason of his trouble due to which he seemed to have lost every comfort of his own. If he had something very serious and if something like that he had, as a beloved and wife she claimed to have every night to know that. Servant enters and tells him that Gilliams had gone with the packet of Letters and Butler had brought the horse. Hotspur orders the servant to ask Butler to go to park and the servant is gone. Lady Percy obstinately asks him the cause of his anxiety, but Hotspur instead of telling the truth tells her that he did not love her. She becomes impatient to hear that he did not love her and swears not to love herself if he did not love her. He tells her that he loved her beyond doubt but as ladies could have no secret, he did not like to tell her the secret of his thoughts, nevertheless he could allow her to accompany him where ever he went.

Word-Meanings :—

5. *Barn*—Here means house, 11. *unsorted*—unsuited, 13. *Shallow*—Tacking constancy, *Hind*—mean fellow, 14. *Lack brain*—The man without proper intelligence, 16. *Ful of expectation*—The man from whom one can expect something or much, 17. *Frosty spirited*—cowardly, 25. *Pagan*—unbelieving, 27. *Buffets*..... 28. *Skim*—Extracted, 32. *Kate*—perhaps used for the wife of Percy, 35. *A banish'd.....bed*. A woman who has been deprived of her husband, 37. *Stomach*—appetite, 41. *My treasures..... thee*.—the token of love due from you to me, 42. *Thick eyed... musing*—gloomy, meditation, 43. *Faint... broken Watch'd... Kept awake*, 44. *Iron wars... hard-hearted war*, 45. *Manage*—direction, 48. *Polisadoes*—entrenchments by means of stakes to arrest the charge of cavalry, *Frontiers*—fortification, 49. *Basilisks*—a large piece of ordnance, *Culverin*—a form of cannon, 52. *So at war*—So perturbed, 53. *Bestirr'd*—to make restless, 58. *Strange motions*—sudden changes of expression, 61. *Gilliams*—another form of williams, *Packet*—parcel of letters 65. *Roan*—reddish brown, *a crop ear*—ears cut short, 67. *Back-mount*, *Esperance*—the motto of the Percy's family, 71. *Carries you away*—force you to go, 81. *Paraquito*—A little Parrot 88. *Mammets*—puppets, *Tilt with lips*—handy kisses, 113. *of force*—necessarily or essentially.

Explanations :

(Lines 54 to 60) *That beads* *me not.*

Lady Percy enquiring of the trouble of her sweet lord, describing the symptoms visible on his face says that the sweat in the form of beads was these on the face of her lord and it seemed to her as if these were not the drops of sweat but were the bubbles that had just then been stirred up in some way up on the stream of his thoughtful face. Not only this but also the sudden changes of expressions were being clearly noticeable on his face and these expressions were of the face of a man who was busy in solving some very difficult and intricate problem or of the face that had been un-expectedly laid upon some important command. She herself is pained very much and vehemently wants to know those causes that were so much troubling her own lord. She declared that if he did not tell her plainly every thing that was in his brain, she would immediately take it for granted that he did not sincerely love her.

(Lines 81 to 84) *Come* *true.*

Hotspur declaring that he did not like to tell his beloved, Lady Percy was much pained and in agony of her heart she addressing him as 'Paraquits' a little parrot, to show her intense love says that if he did not tell her every thing quite plainly, if he did not let her know the whole truth regarding the source and cause of his so severe a anxiety, it was just possible that she might think that because he did not love her sincerely, so he was not apprising her with the trouble, of his own, which was undoubtedly the trouble, of herself being the sincere and true beloved of her lord.

(Lines 103 to 108) *I know* *Kate.*

Finding himself in a very awkward position and having found no way out to escape from his beloved ; thinking that it was becoming necessary for him to tell her beloved about every plan that was haunting his brain, Hotspur agreed to allow her to follow him ; but putting no question regarding the problem and place where he was actually going. He expresses his every faith in his beloved and in her intelligence and says plainly that he knew that she was quite an intelligent woman but no more intelligent than the Harry Percy's wife. Though she was quite grave and serious, yet she was a woman, was the remark of Hotspur. But he now expresses his faith in the belief that how so ever closer to a man a lady might have been but in the matters of keeping an secret, a secret, she was a lady after all. Meaning there by is that being a lady inspite of everything it was not easy to maintain a secret. Even knowing that she was intelligent enough to help him in maintaining his plan a secret, Hotspur expresses his regret and displays his inability to tell her anything more, rather than permitting her to accompany him wherever he went and visit which so ever place was, how so ever visited by him.

Act. II. Scene IV.

Summary :

The scene opens in a Tavern at Eastcheap and Prince is seen talking with Poins to whom the Prince tells that he had been with some blockheads, in whose company he enjoyed a lot and it was a misfortune for him to have been absent there from.

The Prince now asks Poin to wait in some room till Falstaff was there and declares Poin to be a man who plays his part capitally. Now enters Francis with whom the Prince enquires for how much time more was he continue in his profession and he told five years. They chat and the Prince promises him to give a thousand for his sugar he gave him. Suddenly Vintner enters before which the Prince asks Francis to leave the room. Vintner informs the Prince that Sir John along with others was waiting outside and he wants to know if he could allow them to enter but the Prince asks him to let them wait a while and consults Poin, who enters; but Francis re-enters and Prince declares to work like Hotspur if the thieves entered. Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto enter. Falstaff asks for wine and expresses his displeasure over all and specially scolds the Prince and calls him coward because he was helpless after committing the robbery. He relates him the whole story how was he snatched away with all he had looted. The Prince tells how he himself and Poin had snatched away all they had robbed and coward they were not to have face them two only. Falstaff now flatters the Prince and says that he did fight with him because he was prince, he also expresses his pleasure for the money was with Prince. In the meantime the hostess enters and tells the Prince that some officer from his father had come and wanted to speak to him but the Prince asks her to give the man as much money as would please to return back and Falstaff goes to get him back; Prince enquires from others who tell him that they had wrongly stated about the fight because Falstaff had asked them to state like that. Falstaff re-enters and tells the Prince that the man had been from his father and had been there with him to informing him to reach court next day morning because of Percy's rebellion and also asks him if he was not worried about his kingdom which might be snatched by the rebels. Falstaff tells the Prince that because he had to go to his father, who might ask him several questions next morning it was imperative on him to prepare the answers of some expected questions. The Prince is ready and a rehearsal is made, Falstaff acting as the king and asking different questions and getting their satisfactory answers from the Prince and telling him that he wanted his son to be brave and never a thief.

Now Prince acts like the king and Falstaff in his place and conversation goes on for a long and Bardolph and hostess both enter to inform the Prince that Sheriff wanted to take search of the house because they suspected the thieves in. All go away, except the Prince and Peto and Sheriff enter but are asked to go back because Falstaff that time was engaged in his service and he would send him to Sheriff in the morning. Sheriff goes away. The Prince calls for Falstaff who is sleeping very soundly then orders Peto to take a search of the pockets, of Falstaff wherein he finds a paper. The prince takes the paper to be read afterwards and all are out.

Word-Meanings :

1. *Prithee* — I pray you, *Fat*—close, 4. *Loggerheads*—blockheads, 5. *Hogsheads* — low born people, *Base string*—lowest, 6. *Sworn brother*—one who takes oath to participate in ones pain or pleasure, *A corinthian*—a man of a free life, *A good boy*—a fine fellow, 14. *Dyeing scarlet*—‘nose-painting’ most probably, *When you breathe off*—when you pause, 21. *Clapped into*—hastily thrust into, *Under-skinker*—subordinate tapster, 25. *Bastard*—a kind of sweet wine, 26. *By-room*—side room, 27. *To what end*—for what purpose, 30. *Precedent*—an example, 32. *Thou art perfect*—you play your part capitally, 34. *Pomgarnet* — i. e. pomegranate or an apple, *Lease*—in reference to the term of service for which one is employed, 45. *Indenture* — an agreement of apprenticeship, 47. *All the books*—used for Bible, 66. *Not-pated*—shock-headed, *Agate-ring*—a fellow, having a paltry ring on his finger as it were some costly thing, *Coddish-garter*—garter of worsted, 67. *Spanish pouch*—fat bellied, 84. *Cricket*—a kind of insect, 87. *Humours*—inclination or caprices, 88. *Goodman Adam*—the Grand old mother Adam, 89. *Pupilage*—infancy, 94. *Eloquence*—skill in delivering a speech, *Parcel*—particular item, 98. *Want*—need, 100. *Drench*—mixture of ground malt and water. 103 *Rivo*—a common exclamation of toppers, 104. *Tal-low*....., 106. *Vengeance*—a plague in fullest measure, 108-9. *Foot them*—wear them, 110. *Virtue*—manliness. 111. *Titan*—the sun, 112. *Pitiful hearted*—that melted, 114. *Lime in this sack too*—this sack also is adulterated, 121. *The while*—the

age, 124. *Wool sack*—a compliment to fat Jack's size and figure, 126. *A dagger of lath*—in the old moralities, 136. *Straight enough*—upright enough, 138. *Backing*—supporting, *Will face me*—are no cowards, 143. *All's one for that*—that does not signify, 152. *At half-sword*—at close quarters, 156. *Ecco signum*—behold a proof of what I say, *Dealt better*—fought with his full might, 167. *An Ebrew Jew*—a thorough Jew or believable, 173-74. *No two legged creature*—no man at all, 176. *Peppered*—killed them. 177. *Paid*—killed, 180. *Bore my point*—faced them with the point of my sword, 185. *Mainly*—with all their force, 186. *Ado*—properly, 191. *Hills*—the handle of the sword, 194. *Mark*—pay attention, 200. *To give me ground*—to retreat before me, 211. *Tallow-keech*—mass of greasy fat, 219. *The Strappado*—Academy of Arms and Blazon, 220. *The racks*—instrument of torture, 225. *Bed presser*—lethargic, 229. *Tailor's yard*—length without breadth, 230. *Standing-tuck*—rapier standing upright, 237. *Put you down*—confute them, 244. *Starting-hole*—a way to escape from all disgraces, 256. *Clap to*—quickly shut, 260. *Content*—agreed, *Argument*—subject, 276. *Packing*—in a hurry, 277. *By'r lady*—by our lady, 287. *Speargrass*—a long coarse grass with sharp prickles, 294. *Extempore*—without any prompting, 298. *Exalations*—meteors, 301. *Hot..... purses*—drunkenness and poverty, 305. *Bombast*—cotton used as wadding, 309. *Alderman's thumb ring*—A ring of gold, plain and bigger in size and was worn by the persons like aldermen, 313. *Amamon*—the name of a devil, 328. *Cuckoo*—is a term of contempt, 332. *Blue Caps*—name used for Scotchmen to nick-name them, 348. *Joined-stool*—folding chair, 354. *Passion*—passionate emotion, 356. *Here is my leg*—I make my bow to your majesty, 360.0, *the father*—i. e. by God the father, *How...countenance*—how he maintains his gravity, 361. *Tristful*—sorrowful, 362. *Stop*—choke, *Flood gates*—Barriers, 365. *Good pint-pot*—my good vendor of ale, *Trickle brain*—the name of a kind of strong liquor, 371. *Trick*—peculiarity, 374. *Pointed at*—by the finger of scorn, 382. *Passion*—sorrow, 386. *Portly*—carriage, 395. *This mouth*—all this month, 398. *Dost it*—play the part of the king, your father, 400. *Rabbit sucker*—the rabbit that sucks, 409. *Look on me*—come before me, 411. *A tun of man*—an

allusion to Falstaff's size and habits, 412. *Bolting*.....*beastliness*—a through into which meal is sifted, 413. *Bombard*—a gun, 414. *Cloak-bag*—which carries mantles, 417. *Wherein is he good*—of what use he is, 419. *Cunning*—skilled, *Crafty*—skilled, 422. *Take me with you*—allow me to go with you to share your meaning, 441-42. *With*...*watch*—with attendants, 446. *Fiddlestick*—pretty to do, 453. *So*—very good, 457. *The arras*—the tapestry with old rooms, 463. *A hue and cry*—noise, 473. *Withal*—with, 482. *Paul's*—St. Paul's Cathedral, 491. *Item*—a particular article, 494. *Anchovies*—the drunkards, 496. *Ob*—half penny, 499. *At more advantage*—at a favourable moment, 502. *A charge of foot*—the command of a body of infantry, 504. *Advantage*—interest.

Explanations :

(Lines 92-95) *That ever*.....*mind*.

The Prince thinking that it was twelve o'clock at midnight asked Francis, "What o'clock"; but Francis answered in a brief tone and said, 'Anon, Anon Sir'. This made the king to comment that he was really astonished, even to think of Francis and his vocabulary. He too was the son of woman and should therefore have been very talkative, as talkative as possible; but he was actually just a contradiction of this supposition because he seemed to have even smaller vocabulary than a parrot. He could not speak much and his whole industry consisted in nothing else but consisted in running up and down stairs and his whole eloquence consisted in making out the items of a bill. The train of the thought of the Prince is broken owing to the answer of the drawer and the Prince proceeded that he was not of all those humours that had shamed themselves, nor he was of Percy's mind that is he was willing to indulge himself in gaiety and frolic and try all the varieties of human life. He was not of Percy's mind who was always busy in thinking all the time about bloodshed and if at any time he did not think of the bloodshed, he thought that, that time of his was wasted for nothing.

(Lines 307-315) *My own knee*.....*you him* ?

No sooner Falstaff enters, the Prince immediately comments

upon his lean and thin constitution and is in turn responded by Falstaff, who says that when he was of the age of the Prince, he was so lean and slender that his waist was no higher than the span of an eagle's claw and then it was very easy for him to pass through the ring, which in those days was worn by the aldermen in their thumb—the ring was made of plain gold and usually it happened to be of a bigger size than the size of the ordinary rings. Now Falstaff breaks the news to the Prince and tells him the man outside was Sir John Bracy from his father and had brought a news to him that some rebels had created some disturbance and therefore the king had summoned his son to be present in the court next morning. Falstaff tells the Prince, the name of the rebel Percy, to whom he describes to be a mad man because he is of the opinion that if one stands as a rebel against the powerful king, he shows his cynicism and madness. Nevertheless Falstaff describes the rebels to be the devils additions and apprises the Prince with the oath they had taken to fight against the king. This act of rebellion of Percy was really a headache for the Prince because he had to leave the place and to report the king next morning.

(Lines 453–456) *I denyanother.*

Falstaff and the Prince both were busy in conversation when the Hostess entered and informed them that the Sheriff had come on the door and wanted to take the search of the house because he suspected the presence of the thieves inside the house. All are upset, Falstaff is most troubled and ask the Prince to save him lest he is arrested by the Sheriff. Falstaff says that it is obligatory on the Prince to deny his presence and ask the Sheriff to go back, because he himself had denied the presence of the Prince to the man who had come from his father. He is really pained at heart to state that if the Prince was not to deny his presence and the presence of the other thieves, he would be easily arrested by the Sheriff and taken for the prosecution and thus Prince actually not denying his presence was to decorate the cart in which Falstaff along with his other friend thieves was to be taken for prosecution by the Sheriff and finally we find that Falstaff is saved from being arrested by the prince and so are his other companions.

(468-474) *The man.....house.*

Falstaff along with his other companions was sent to some hiding place by the Prince. The Sheriff enters the house and is amazed to find the Prince in. The Prince denies the presence of Falstaff and the other thieves inside the house. He takes the whole responsibility upon himself and tell the Sheriff that he himself had sent one of them *i. e.* Falstaff with one of his own business and tells him that he would be back by the evening. The Prince promises that since then he would be responsible for Falstaff, he would be sending him to the Sheriff next day morning and then he would be able to ask any question whatever he liked to ask from him. With this promise the Prince expresses his desire to be alone in the room and requests the Sheriff, therefore, to leave the room and the house. The Sheriff, very well recognized the Prince, in no way resists the desire of the Prince and leaves the house after introducing those two gentlemen whose money had been snatched and valuables robbed by the robbers.

Act. III. Scene I.

Summary :

The scene opens at the Archdeacon's house where Hostpur, Worcester, Mortimer and Glendower is seen talking together. Mortimer explains that their introduction and beginning of the plan has been quite good. Glendower speaks much of himself and says that when he was born even the earth was shaken. Everyone speaks of himself. They all then make a plan of the division of kingdom after they defeat the king unitedly. Hostpur objects in the division and says that his share has been smaller, owing to the fact that a river flowed thereover. Discussion goes on for a while and after some time they reach to a point of amicable settlement. Glendower then asks them to go and he would follow them because at that he had to inform their wives of their departure but at same time he expresses that his daughter would weep bitterly because in love with Mortimer. Now Hostpur explain what short of troublesome man his father is, that he likes everything but does not like to have a talk to him. Mortimer appreciates his father and declares him to be a worthy gentleman, well read

and quite a brave man. Worcester agrees to him but states that there is sometimes that he becomes the worst of all. While they are talking, Glendower re-enters with the wives, Mortimer expresses sorrow for he could not speak Welsh and his wife could not speak English. Glendower explains that his daughter was ready to become soldier rather than being separated from her own Mortimer. For sometime Mortimer and his beloved remain on the stage. in the meantime Glendower calls for him and all go out.

Word-meanings :

2 *Induction*—has been used of the introduction of the play, *Full of prosperous hope*—i.e. every hope of success is there, 15. *Cressets*—it is kind of iron vessel, the sides of which are formed of bars and lap is used and is used to burn the inflammable materials, 15-17. *The frame-coward*—The earth was shaken due to terror, 8. *Kittened*—27. *Diseased nature*—one's nature troubled owing to some long illness, 29. *Pinche'd*—griped, 32. *Beldam*—old crony or a fair lady, 34. *Old Grandam earth*—the earth, the old lady, *Distemperature*—uneasiness, 36. *Crossings*—contradictions used by some one, 34. *Clipp'd in with the sea*—the place surrounded by sea from all sides, 45. *Chides*—threaten or roars, 46. *Which*—who, 5. *Vasty*—vast such as vast helms of France, 50. *Command*—to hand power, 63. *Unprofitable Chat*—Useless talk, bringing no solution to the matter in hand, 64. *Made head*—Brought an armed force, 67. *Bootless*—unfruitful or useless, 74. *Hither to*—up to this point, 80. *Tripartite*—triplicate 86. *As is appointed us*—as has been determined for us, 87. *Father*—in-law, 89. *May*—to be able, 92. *In my conduct*—under any protections, 93. *Steal ... leave*—steal away without permission, 96. *Moiety*—share, 98. *Me*—to my injury, *Cranking*—winding, 100. *Cantle*—corner or piece, 101. *This place*—near Burton, 102. *Smug*—flowing quite smoothly, 103. *Fair and evenly*—in a direct course, 104. *Indent*—eating into my proper portion, 105. *Bottom*—i.e. valley, 110. *The opposed continent*—the share of Mortimer, 112. *Trench*—cut, 113. *And on...Land*—the Cape on the north side he included in Percy's share, 122. *Framed to the harp*—composed and set to music for the harp, 124. *Ditty*—i.e. a piece of verse or a poem.

124. *The tongue*—i.e. The English language, *A helpful ornament*—the help of the metre and the figure of speech to express the thoughts properly, 129, *Same..ballad-mongers*—well known ballad mongers, 130. *Constick*—Candlestick, 133, *Mincing*—Affected and fanciful, 134, *The forced gait...nag*—the gate of the horse compelled by the whip to jump on however weary he may be.

139. *I'll Cavil...hair*—I will raise every kind of objection
 142. *Withal*—moreover, 147. *Cannot choose*—can not help doing that, 148. *Moldwarp*—the casting of the animal, 152. *Couching*—Lying down, 153. *Skimble-skamble*—wild nonsense, 155. *Held me*—kept me listening, 157. *Lackeys*—servants, 161. *Far*—rather, 162. *Cates*—delicacies, 174. *Without...reproof*—without encountering personal violence, 176. *Too wilful blame*—too wilfully-blameable, 178. *To put..patience*—to drive him beyond all endurance, 182. *Present*—show, 183. *Government*—self restraint, 184. *Opinion*—conceit, 191. *Spite*—vexation or trouble, 197. *Here*—in this matter, 202. *Parley*—a conference between enemies to settle the dispute, 204. *Feeling*—heartfelt, 206. *Till...language*—i. e. never, 209. *Division*—Rythm, 210. *Melt*—yield, 212. *Wanton*—luxurious, 215. *Crown*—enthroned as lord, 227. *Thou art perfect ...down*—you are accustomed to this kind of things, 231. *Humorous*—Marry fancies, 236. *Howl in Irish*—shouts unmusically, 244. *In good sooth*—assuredly, 245. *Heart*—by my heart, 246. *Comfit maker*—confectioner 252. *Pepper*—highly spiced, 253. *Guards*—facings, 256-57. *'tis the next way...teacher*—i. e. 'he who makes a common practice of singing, reduces himself to the condition of a tailor or a teacher of music to birds'.

Explanations

(Lines 13 to 17) *I cannot.....coward.*

Glendower tells Percy that Bolinbroke always wished that Percy were dead. In turn Percy states for Glendower the same and tells that for him also wished the same. At this statement of Percy, Glendower, with all his egotism that we mark him in throughout, says that Bolinbroke wishing so could not be blamed for, because it was his own courage and strength that made him to think of his death. He now explains.

his frightening nature from his very birth that the moment he was born the whole earth and even the heaven was shaken and stirred—perhaps owing to his fear. He states that at the time of his birth the whole heaven was seen full of fiery and terrible shapes of burning cressets. His ego is not satisfied only by stating as above but he goes on adding that at the time of his birth the huge frame of the earth, to its very foundations, shivered like a coward in a fit of terror.

(Lines 169 to 175) *He holds.....you.*

Mortimer appreciating his father-in-law and trying to appear Worcester, in his favour, who did not accept him to be a good man and so appreciable, states that he i.e. his father-in-law has a great respect for him and his characteristic qualities, as shown by the restraint he puts up on himself in not answering you with the violence that his nature prompts him to when irritate him as he so often did. He tells him that there had been none at this stage who could command his esteem, as he himself was commanding at least from his side at that time, without encountering personal violence and angry words. He then requests him to be wild enough in behaviour and not always use reproof and hatred because it could not bring much benefit to him or to anybody.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Summary :

The scene opens in the palace of the king in London. Prince of Wales. The king and others enter and the king asks the lords and nobles to keep themselves aside so that he might have a private talk with the Prince then he asks the Prince to go hand in hand with his high birth, leaving aside everything else. The Prince confesses his mistake, begs Pardon and promises to improve himself. The king expresses his sorrow for he i.e. the Prince having lost his real position in the eyes of lords and nobles and his place being fulfilled by his younger brother. The Prince repeatedly to be more expresses regret on his follies and promises repeatedly to be more himself henceforth. The king again in the agony of his heart explains before the prince, how

a very senior Prince Percy has rebelled against him and how strong he is ! The Prince promises to meet Percy in the battle with all his vigour and strength and tells the king that, he would himself in the battle and let all the people actually know what he actually is. He takes an oath to kill Percy if he dares meeting him on the battlefield and if he would not be able to kill him and give him an utter defeat, he would then like commit suicide and die himself. The king and the Prince go on talking that their talk is interrupted by Sir Blunt who enters in hurry and informs the king that the rebels, headed by Percy and Mortimer etc were ready to fight with the imperial army. The king is no way amazed but asks his son Harry, along with Westmoreland to set forth the very day and declares himself to start after ward. He then gives his son necessary instructions and directions and then the scene closes.

WORD MEANINGS :

1. *Give us leave*—please go away and unable us to talk privately, 3. *Presently*—Very shortly, 5. *Some displeasing.... done*—while serving him I have committed some mistake, 6. *In his secret doom*—In his hidden motives, 7. *Scourage*—hatred and enmity, 8. *In thy...life*—In course of your life, *Leud*—low or ignorant, *Attempts*—enrprises, 15. *As thou..to*—As you are so kith and kin, 16. *Accompany..blood*—go together, 17. *And hold..heart*—try to be in harmony with your desires, 19. *Quit*—exculpate, 20. *Doubtless*—Confident, 22. *Extenuation*—thinning, 23—*As*—as that, 26. *Reproof*—refutation, 24. *Which oft..hear*—such an tales as men in your exalted position cannot help hearing at times, 25. *Smiling pick-thanks*—Wretches who surrender before anything so that the thanks of the people in high position may go to them, 30. *Affections*—propensities, 36. *The hope..time*—hopes that were cherished of the noble deeds you would perform when you came to years of discretion, 40. *So common-hackney'd*—so vulgarized, 42 *Opinion*—the repute in which I was held, 45. *A fellow..likelihood* a poor man having no hope of his coming to eminence, 52. *Did pluck*—Compelled them to give, 56. *A robeypontifical*—for the trasposition, 58. *Seldom but sumptuous*—rarely displayed, 60. *He ambled*—for the redundant pronoun, 61. *Bavin*—a thing burning fiercely but

getting easily extinguished, 63. *Capering*—trunting, 69. *Enfe-off'd...popularity*—'gave himself up absolutely and entirely to popularity', 81. *Drowsed*—Dozing, 85. *In that very line*—in the same rank, 88. *A-weary*—perfectly weary, 93. *Be more myself*—to justify ones birth and breeding, 97. *To boot*—besides, 105. *Bruising arms*—armour in which their limbs are bruised and cramped, 112. *Swathling*—to wrap in a band, 115. *Enlarged*—freed, 120. *Capitulate*—to offer for ones acceptance, *Ale up*—are in insurrection, 125. *Base inclination*—propensity so as to fulfill some personal motive, 126. *The start of spleen*—cause of ill will against his own father, 127. *Curtsey*—to display obedience, 136. *Favours*—features, 138. *Lights*—dawns, 142. *For*—in regard of, 148. *To engross up*—collect in lump sum, 157. *Bands*—bonds, 159. *Ere I will break*—rather than break, *Parcel*—a small part, 160. *A hundred...this*—Your news gives me much comfort, even much more than the news of the deaths of a hundred, 161. *Thou shalt...herein*—you shall be enterested with a very high position in business, 168. *If promises...hand*—If all those who meet, stick to their word and do not divert from their promise, 172. *Advertisement*—information and intelligence, 180. *Advantage...delay*—"while men procrastinate, favourable opportunity becomes fat and indolent, loses its elasticity, activity.

Explanation :

(Lines 9 to 17) *Make me Heart ?*

The king is very sorry for his son Harry and thinks what he says that it was due to some short coming of his own in serving God and noticing all about his son, he sorry to say that the course of life of his son has obliged him to believe that his birth in his family was the expression of the rage of heaven on him and he was like an instrument which heaven will punish his wandering from the path of rectitude. The king thinking so is really pained at heart and it is very natural for every father to think that way if in case his son has not proved himself worthy. The king goes on adding if it were not so i. e. if it were not the result of the rage of heaven on him how could his son, who by birth was to live and move with in the highest society, was seen in the accompaniment of very low type of

people and undertook very low and unworthy enterprises for which he was never expected. Any way the king expresses his desire in the last lines that he being born as a prince should try to go hand in hand with his high birth and he on a level with his desires, instead of those desires soaring, as they should do in a Prince, above habits and practices of so degraded a nature.

ACT III. SCENE. III.

Summary :

The scene is in 'The Boar's-Head Tavern' and Falstaff and Bardolph are seen talking together. Falstaff is sorry to have decreased in size and having being brought up well, living in such a miserable place and condition. Bardolph tells him that he was perfectly in order and had never lost any weight or so. This enrages Falstaff who speaks much of Bardolph's face and declares that his face was like a hurring flame. The Hostess enters and tells Falstaff in a very scolding tone that her inn was never inhabited by thieves and never even tithe of hair was stolen therefrom. Falstaff sticks to his previous statement and tries to convince her by saying that not only the things of Bardolph were stolen but also his own pocket was picked in the same tavern. There is seen a quarrel between Falstaff and the Hostess. Falstaff refuses to any payment. In the mean time the Prince and Peto enter. Hostess tells him all and so does Falstaff. The Prince declares that his ring is of copper. After quibbling a while the hostess is made to go out. The Prince relates the whole and all about his own troubles and asks Bardolph to deliver his letter to his Lord John of Lancaster, to his brother John and to Lord of Westmoreland. Then the Prince instructs Falstaff to meet him next day in the temple hall at 2 o'clock. Falstaff demands his break fast from the hostess and then all go out.

Word-Meanings :

1—*Fallen away*—In size. 2—*Bate*—dwindle, 8—*Peppercom*—feeling like a dried pea, 9—*The spoil of me*—The ruin of any good position, 12—*Given*—inclined, 15—*In good compass*—with moderation, *out of all order*—in the most irregular manner,

31—*Given over*—an utterly abandoned wretch, 35—*Purchase*—Capacity for buying, 39—*Good cheap*—cheaply, 41—*Salamander*—A kind of Lizard, 45—*Dame partlet*—the name of a kind of hen, 61—*To your back*—to clothe you, 62—*Dowlas*—a kind of coarse linen and cheap cloth, 63—*Boliers*—convass sieves, 64—*True*—honest 66—*By-dinkings*—bevers, 72—*A denier*—a coin made of copper, valued at the tenth part an English penny, 78—*A sneak cup*—one declined to take his due share of wine, 103—*Prune*—utter lack of anything, which is virtuous, 117—*Where...her*—of what use she is, 124—*Ought*—owed; 145—*Midriff*—the time separating the heart from the stomach, 146—*Embossed*—swollen, 149—*Any other injuries*—any other contemptible stuff, 157—*By the story*—according to what I have related to you, 164—*Beef*—fat beast, *Still*—ever, 170—*Me*—for the sake of my satisfaction 175—*Fine*—clever 188—*Furniture*—equipment, 189—*Is burning*—everything was put to flame along with the war.

Explanations :

(Lines 142 to 149) *O, if it.. ..but these.*

Falstaff and the Hostess are bickering, when prince enters and is apprised with the situation by both Falstaff and the Hostess. The prince is not ready to believe Falstaff and favours the Hostess and says that if the statement of Falstaff were true, under no condition he could go on improving his health which must have deteriorated as a result of the pain given to him. The Prince chiding Falstaff declares that he was had a man that he could not have a place in his heart for faith, truth and honesty and all these things were completely separated from him. The Prince scolds Falstaff repeatedly and calling him by names throws a shame upon him for charging a gentle and honest woman like his hostess, of a theft. He asks him if he had anything in his pocket but tanneru-reckoning and a miserable stick of candied sugar which he sucked in order to relieve the short-windedness natural to his enormous size. He further asks if he had ever anything more than described above in his pocket.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Summary—

The scene opens in the rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas are seen on the stage, talking when a messenger with letters enters and informs Hotspur that he had letters from his father, who was seriously ill and could not go anywhere in person. The sickness of the father throws Hotspur in a trouble because the help he could receive from him in the battle was curtailed. Nevertheless his advise to proceed further does help him together courage and prepare himself to state every thing he possessed. His idea is however endorsed by Douglas. Douglas in course of discourse tells Hotspur that his father's absence therefrom was a sure sign of something very wrong and dangerous, the fear of which had frightened him to reach the place. Hotspur does not agree with Douglas and tells him that he was imagining the things that had no existence ; his father's absence was to give them more liberty in fighting. Enters Vernon who informs Hotspur that the Earl of Westmoreland was marching towards him with a huge army of seven thousand and also the king was proceeding to the very side. Vernon appreciates young Harry who was approaching to fight with Hotspur ; But Hotspur shows indifference and bids to face them all well ; but he feels the absence of his father and Glendower and taking it to be a bad omen things of dying in the battle. Douglas now consoles him and asks him not to think of death so easily and then all are out from the stage.

Word-Meanings :

6. *Defy*—despise, 7. *Soothers*—flatterers, *Braver*—more honourable, 9. *Approve*—Prove, 11-12. *No man..... him*—There is no man on the earth whom I shall not be able face or defy, 13. *I can.....you*—at this time I can do nothing for except thanking you, 18. *In such.....time*—under the circumstances of such a busy conflict, 19. *Government*—order or command, 20. *Bear his mind*—convey his purpose, 24. *He was...physicians* His physicians were much worried of his condition, 25. *I would'.....whole*—I wish that the condition of the country should be made better, 27. *His health.....now*—At this stage it is very essential that he should be in good health, 28-29. *Sickness...enterprise*—every one effected by his sickness now, 34. *To lay...trust*—to believe in him so much that such a important task is imposed over him, 39. *There is no quailing now*—any hesitation

now will prove fatal to us, 40. *Passess'd*—informed, 48. *Nice*—precarious. 50. *Soul*—The ultimate essences 53 *Where...reversion*—Still we have better things to hope for, 55. *A comfort...this*—thus we feel comfort and feel to have a streak of hope against despair, 57. *A rendezvous*—refuge, 64 *Mere*—complete, 67. *Fearful faction*—Those who are very much inclined to revolt against but are hesitating owing to fear they have in their heart, 70. *Arbitrement*—enquiry into the justice and giving a judicial decision, 71. *Sight-holes*—chinks through which one could peep, 73. *Draws*—draws back, 76. *Use*—inference 79. *Must think*—that is you can not help supposing, 80. *Can make head*—Venture, 90. *No harm*—there is nothing to frighten us, 95. *Nimble footed*—fastest runner, 96. *Daff*—do off, 97. *All furnish'd*—well equipped for war, 100. *Images*—statues seen in richly embroidered vestments, 104. *Beaver*—lower portion of helmet, 105. *Cuisses*—armour for the thigh, 107. *Vaulted*—vault 109. *Pegasus*—a spirited horse, 110. *Witch*—charm, 106. *The mailed Mars*—the god of war clad in coat of mail, 119. *Taste my horse*—you can make a trial of my horse, 134. *Doomsday*—The day of decision.

Explanations :

(Lines 43 to 52) *A perilous* *fortunes.*

The Letter of Hotspur father informed them that he was not reaching to them. Worcester declared it to be dangerous to them and to their plan. Hotspur telling him that it was no way dangerous and addressing him a dangerous gash, a part and parcel of their project, the lopping off of which affected their plan strength in the most vital manner, tells him that he too felt his want at that time but even if he was coming, it could in no way be harmful to them and to their plan. Their plan was such that even to stake the whole wealth of their several fortunes upon one throw of dice. Again in a suspecting tone Hotspur exclaims how far it was good to risk so heavy a stroke even when the success was doubtful. However he does not want to think over such a thing for a long because a ray hope was there and by thinking it otherwise they might ascertain the furthest hope, the extreamest limits of their fortune and might also know that there was nothing before them but complete despair.

and therefore he does at all not want to think that his father's absence was in any harmful to them.

(Lines 60 to 68) *But* ... — *cause.*

Hotspur tried to pacify Worcester for he was constantly thinking that Hotspur's father's absence from the battle field was harmful to them. In order to press the same point Worcester says that though he was fully aware of the fact that the character and peculiar nature of their undertaking was one that ill-endured any division among them and in order to succeed in an undertaking of so singular and so venturous a nature, there should be both the appearance and the reality of complete union between them, because if there was even a bit of disunion it could give them utter failure. Even then he does not seem to agree with Hotspur's view because expressing his opinion again on the absence of Hotspur's father from the battle field might help others to believe that the Earl absented himself, simply because he was wise and loyal enough to think that their plan rebel against the king was wrong and condemnable and his absence explained his dislike in that battle. He further states that Earl's absence might throw the people in a dilemma and thus their cause might become a matter of interrogation for the people and thus not only this that they might fail but also their venture might be disliked and disapproved by the people.

(Lines 117 to 123) *I am* *corse.*

Hotspur being informed, that the prince of Wales was coming to fight him, is enraged and says, in the same mental state, that he was very much enraged to hear that so rich a prize, i. e. Prince of Wales, was so nigh and near in his grasp and yet not actually clutched. He declares to go and taste his own horse for it was his horse that was to carry him, like an thunderbolt in the sky, on the battle field against the prince of Wales. He again declares that in the battle field there would be so fierce a battle between the two that one of them shall have to die on the very battle field because if non of the two opponents were to die on the battle field itself, it could be of no use to him and rebellion was never then to be successful. Thus

he gathers courage himself and encourages others belonging to his group, such as Worcester etc.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Summary :

Falstaff and Bardolph are shown talking together on a public road near Coventry. Falstaff orders Bardolph to fill him a sack before leaving for Coventry and tells him to spend freely as he had gathered a lot of money by taking bribes. Falstaff then asks Bardolph to bid his lieutenant Peto and speaks much about himself and his army and subordinate officers. In the mean time enter the Prince and Westmoreland. Now Falstaff and the Prince inquire of each other and the Prince wants to know who those rascals with Falstaff were ? Falstaff declares them to be his own subordinates and brave and courageous men. Westmoreland comments that he is of the opinion that almost all of them are beggars, Falstaff defending says that he was not much aware of their monetary status but this much he could say that he did not demand money from him. The Prince asks them all to be ready to proceed towards the battle field because Percy had reached and so had reached the king. Falstaff announces to proceed in haste being himself not favour of fighting in after battle and thus all get out.

Word-Meanings :

3. *Sutton-co'fil'*—Sutton Colfield a village in Warwickshire, 5. *Lay out*—spend extravagantly, *Bottle.....angel*—The money spent to an angel by me is the cost of the battle, 11-12. *A soused-gurnet*—the gurnet or a poor tasting fish, pickled in vinegar, 15-16. *Contracted.....banns*—the bachelors whose marriage day was at hand, 18. *A caliver*—a light sort of muskets, 19. *Ttruck fowl*—wounded fowl or bird, 23. *Gentlemen of companies*—subordinate officers, 24. *Painted cloth*—canvas painted in oil with various device, 26. *Discardel*—dismissed from service, *Unjust*—dishonest, 29. *Dishonourable*—shamefully, *Old-faced*—tattered and patched, 33. *Druff*—refuse, *'ad-wield*, 36. *That's flat*—that is a plain truth, 41. *An herald's coat*—sleeveless coat, 43-44. *But that's.....hedge*—but that is immaterial, 45. *Blown*—inflated like bladder,

46. *What a devil*—what in devil's name, 62. *Pit*—into which the dead bodies, after the battle were cast, 66. *Had*—got.

Explanation :

(Lines 33-38) *A mad.....prison.*

Falstaff telling Bardolph of his army tells him that his army include the poorest people. In continuation he goes on saying that he met a wild fellow on the way, who told him that he vocated all the places where the prisoners were confined. This man meant to say that all the prisoners and beggers had been included by Falstaff in his army. He also meant that such people did not deserve to be among the army staff, nor had such an army was ever seen by anybody. However Falstaff plainly declares that he himself shall not be marching through Coventry with them because they walked with their legs wide apart like prisoners who are compelled to do so by the shackles between their legs as if they were fastened round the ankles and then connected to on iron bar fastened to a ring round the waist and it was simply because they were accustomed to such walkings because all of them were directly brought from the prison.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Summary :

The Scene III opens in the rebel-camp near Shrewsbury. The rebel leaders—Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas and Vernon are seen. The plan to fight the very night. Hotspur is in favour of the fight on the very night but Worcester is against. Douglas declares Worcester to be a coward. Vernon tells them the impediment owing to which they did not like fighting that night. The huge army of the king compelled Worcester to advise that the fight be stayed till their all forces had gathered. Sir Walter Blunt enters with the message of the king. Hotspur welcomes Sir Blunt owing to his certain qualities though he was his enemy. Sir Blunt conveys the message of the king and asks Hotspur of his grief that compelled him to stand a rebellion against the king. Hotspur shows every kind of respect to the king and appreciate him for all the noble qualities he possessed.

He also speaks of all the helps that had, howsoever, been rendered to the king by his father, uncle and all, but now all of them were standing against the same admired king ; this all was simply because the king, owing to certain temptations, had forgot them all, had dismissed his father and uncle and had disgraced him by disbelieving him. Sir Blunt assures him to convey all that to the king but at this assurance Hotspur tells him not say anything to the king and promises to send his uncle to the king to deliver him his all grievances. Blunt promises to follow his request and the scene is closed.

Word-Meanings :

3. *Supply*—reinforcement, 5. *Be advised*—i.e. you should do as I advised you, 10. *Well-respected honour*—well weighed honour, 11. *I hold.....fear*—I am to be guided by so wretched councillor like fear, 14. *Content*—agreed, 19. *Expedition*—haste that one should make, 21. *Horse*—cavalry, 22. *Their pride.....asleep*—they are no more in spirited condition, 23. *Mettle*—spirit and spiritual strength, 26. *Journey-bated*—tired of a long journey they have made, 36. *Quality*—profession, 38. *Defend*—forbid, 41. *But to my charge*—Let me deliver the charge for which I have come, 43. *Conjure*—call us without showing any respect, 48. *Griefs*—grievances, 51. *Suggestion*—tempting, 57. *Sick.....regard*—hated by almost everybody, 58. *Unminded*—unregarded, 62. *To sue his livery*—to claim his right, 63. *Terms of zeal*—assurance of zealous loyalty, 64. *In kind.....moved*—moved owing to his kind-heartedness and have a pity for Hereford's condition, 65. *Swore him assistance*—promise to help him, 73. *Even at the heels*—as closely and nearly as they come to each other, 74. *As greatness knows itself*—greatness, when recognizes itself, does something, 76. *While.....poor*—the idea of his over-poverty and helplessness, depressed his heart, 77. *Naked*—barren, 78. *Now—here*, 79. *Certain*—particular, *Strait*—severe, 88. *Was personal*—was engaged in person, 89. *Then to the point*—so now let me come to the very points and matters which are of a special interest to us owing to their possessing the matters of our grievances, 92. *In the neck of that*—just after that, 94. *Were well-placed*—has his rightful position, 95. *To be engaged*—to be detained

as hostage, 96. *There.....forfeited*—to be in the hands of his captor than to be freed, 97. *Disgraced.....victories*—victories could not bring any honour or respect, 99. *Rated*—scolded, 101. *Oath on oath*—repeated oaths, 105. *Too indirect.....continuance*—not derived in a sufficiently direct course to be lasting.

Explanations :

(Lines 38-45) *And.....cruelty.*

Reaching the rebel camp near Shrewsbury Sir Blunt is accorded a due welcome and is appreciated very much ; but he remains firm like rock and replies to the welcome of himself by Hotspur and says that even if God were to forbid him from helping the king he was not prepared to accept and was to stand against anybody so long one, transgressing all the bounds of due obedience, was revolting against his lawful sovereign. (Hotspur was revolting against the king). Now tells him of his purpose owing to which he was sent to the camp of rebels by the king. He tells him that the king wanted to know the trouble they were experiencing and the griefs they were suffering up such an extent that they stood a rebellion against the sovereignty of the king and began to behave like hostiles and also misguiding the most duteous people of his country.

(Lines 93-104) *To make.....of safety.*

Hotspur, being asked by Sir Walter Blunt the reason and main cause of his rebellion against the king, tells him that he and his other fellows were revolting against the king, not owing to something very secret but because of the king's attitude towards themselves and the insult, the king had inflicted over himself, his family and friends. He states very plainly that besides many things else the king instead of trying for the ransom of Mortimer, harrassed all his kinsmen affronted them and made those suffer very much who had helped him in his bad times. Not only this but he insulted Hotspur too in his great victories, removed his uncle from the Council board and out of rage the king dismissed Hotspur's father from the court. Thus according to Hotspur the king went on repeating the mistake one after the other and he committed so numerous a wrongs that he

inspired them to revolt against his own sovereignty and thus defend their honour and prestige.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Summary :

The scene opens in the Archbishop's palace and the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael are seen on the stage. Archbishop is handing over a note, to Sir Michael, to be delivered to Thomas, Lord Mowbray and asks him to make haste as the letter was very important and urgent. He also tells Sir Michael that the next day the weakest, as he supposed, army of Percy was to meet the huge army of the king and thus a great ruin could be brought about. Sir Michael informs him Percy was being assisted by Douglas and Lord Mortimer and so there was nothing to be worried at ; but the Archbishop tells him that Mortimer is not there. At this he states that if Mortimer is absent, there are many such as Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy and Lord Worcester. Even then Archbishop is appeased and he still holds that the army of the king was too strong to be faced and there to have a safe side in the very beginning it was incumbent upon him to save himself, being a party with Percy together strength as much as he could.

Words Meaning :

1. *Brief*—short letter or note. 2. *The Lord Marshal*—has been used for Thomas, Lord Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. 10. *Must.....touch*—must be subject to a trial, 15. *Whose.....proportion*—“whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy, 17. *Sinew*—fibre, 18. *O'er ruled by prophecies*—dissuaded by predictions, 20. *To wage...king*—to meet the king in battle without making any proper preparation, 27. *And so there*—that is perfectly true, 31. *More corrivals*—the greater number of companions of equal skill and perfection in warfare, 31-32. *Dear men.....arms*—High class and most important men for the sake of war, 33. *They shall.....oppose*—they shall fight bravely, 37. *To visit us*—he shall visit us with his army, to punish us.

Explanation :—

(Lines 34 to 41) *I hope* *Michael.*

Being tried to be appeased by Sir Michael in favour of the fact that the strength of Hotspur and Percy was enough to face the huge army of the king, the Archbishop of York who was a party in the conspiracy against the king, tries to convince Sir Michael and says that he too is of the opinion that Percy would be well able to face the king by all means and may even over come him but so as to look for the safest side for himself it was very essential for him to fear the imminent danger lest Percy was defeated by the king, was made a captive and all those who helped him directly might then become the victims of the king and he himself (Archbishop) might become one of those victims who had been with Percy or who joined the conspiracy against the king. He further adds that it imperative on him to make himself stronger enough to face the huge army of the king, if at all he were to attack over him. He requested therefore that Sir Michael should immediately leave for the place he was requisied by him to deliver the letter and convey news. He tells of himself that was going to write letters and notes to his other friends, so that if some times the need be there he might get the help of his friends and thus unitedly might face the rage of the king on all those who stood against him. With this he entreats once more that Sir Michael should be quick enough to go and deliver his letter and thus with their departure from the stage the scene closes

ACT V. SCENE I.**Summary :**

The scene opens in the King's camp near Shrewsbury. King Henry the fourth, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earst of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaff are seen on the stage. The king speaks that the weather itself was forecasting something. The Prince tells that weather should sympathise the losers. In the mean time the sound of a trumpet is heard and Worcester and Vernon enter and are told by the king that they have proved unworthy which is not good on

their part. The King asks them if they wanted war again and destroy themselves that way. Worcester denies to be the factor of war and tells that other rebels are responsible for it. He also reminds the king of his promise to him and his brother and nephew and how they all helped to their utmost at his odd times ; but fortunately because he became potent enough, he forgot all what he had once promised and perhaps it was owing to this that they rebelled against him. The king in a voice full of rage tells that they had spoken the same at different public places, so as to bequick the masses and specially those who had no brain of their own the Prince also tells Worcester to convey his message to the Prince, Percy that the Prince of Wales was fully prepared to fight with him with his all might and thus give him a good lesson but the king tells him to convey his nephew that if even now he were ready to accept his mistake and surrender, he could excuse him and all. Worcester and Vernon go out. The Prince shows his dissatisfaction that he is no more ready to believe in any kind of negotiations. The king tries to convince his son and all go out except the Prince and Falstaff and converse for a while and then leave the place.

Word-Meanings.

2. *Busky*—full of shrubs, 3. *Distemperature*—Disorder
 4. *Play*—act or play the part of, *Trumpet*—one who proclaims something, 5. *His*—its, 7. *Let it sympathise*—let it present itself in such a mood when one feels something, 12. *Doff*—do off, 13. *To Cursh...steel*—“leads ancient lords and reverend bishops to bloody battles and to bruising arms”, 15. *What say ...it*—what follows, *unknit*—open, 21. *Broached...times*—refers to the evil which, brewed now, 24. *To entertain*—to spend in a happy and pleaserful manner, 29 *Chewet*—chatter, 32 *Remember you*—remind you, 44. *New-fall'n right*—the death of your father has brought this position of your legally, 45. *Sear*—property, 47. *It ..head*—such a good fortune has rained over your head, 51. *The seeming...borne*—you appear to have met with an undeserved honour, 60. *Gulf*—a bird in its unfledged state, 61. *oppress*—seiz upon for yourself, 62, *Dangerous countenance*—the appearance that creates terror 73. *Market*

crosses—the proclamations etc. affixed to the crossings of the market places, 74. *To facema*—to give allusion to, 76. *Fickle changelings*—the creatures ever ready to change sides, *Poor discontents*—those wretched people who are not satisfied with their lot, 80. *Water colours*—pigments or colours mixed with water 82. *Pelmells*—confusion, 92. *This latter age*—the after period, 101. *So....thee*—some one willing to stake you in such game, 103. *Make against it*—oppose such a venture, 103-104. *No...well*—rectify yourself, 106. *Will they take*—whether they are prepared to take it, 110. *What he will do*—to do what has he determined ?, 120. *As*—According as, 121. *Bestride me*—to defend me standing on my body itself, 123 *Colossus*—here means a gigantic statue of Apollo, 131. *Set to a leg*—let the two pieces be brought together, 136 *Insensible*—something which can not be felt, 138. *A mere scutcheon*—A shield hung upon the Wales of the churches in olden times.

Explanations :

(Lines 15 to 21) *What* *times.*

The treacherous act of rebellion of Worcester and his family tells him that it was no way good for himself or for any body else. He ask Worcester if he wanted to say something in response to what the king had stated and if he wanted again a bloody battle to be fought and thus to destroy thousands of lives—the act or the war which is universally dested it brokeout, was sure to bring about a great destruction. The King further asked Worcester if he wanted once more, to show himself in that sphere of action, which helped him to become a loyal subjected he formerly was and if did not want to remain an exhaled meteor and maintain the corbuncles and boils of faithlessness and rebellion on his face ? If he wanted to remain something contrary to a wonderful man of fear and significance and if he wanted that the evil brewing should continue and people of the country may remain in a very constant fear of helplessness and insecurity.

(Lines 103 to 109) *No, good* *Word.*

The King hearing, that his son has conveyed through Worcester a message to Percy that he was ready to fight with him,,

expresses his thought that they actually repented their deed, he could forgive them. He goes on adding that he loved his people very much and did not want them to be killed be they were all his own and it was owing to this that the king was, yet, ready to forgive the rebels. He advises Worcester not to continue in his mistaken belief that the king did not love his subject, he loved even those who by false statements had been persuaded, to take part with his cousin i. e. the nephew. The king asks Worcester, to go, from whom the king asks that if all of them were once more absent. He declares to remain a friend and is brother of all of them. The King orders Worcester to talk and decide with the rebels and convey the result of the same to him.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Summary :

The scene opens in the rebel camp, Worcester and Vernon enter the stage. Worcester tells Vernon that his nephew should not know the offer of the king, lest he agrees to it because even though the king was ready to excuse them, yet, the suspicion could not go out of his heart and he could not love them so much as before. He also tells that it could be possible that his nephew's weakness and tress pass were forgotten by the king, because owing to his young blood he could be supposed to commit a mistake ; but they could never and so if there were anything like piece, their position was to become very bad. Vernon tells him to say as he pleased because he was ready to endorse his statement. Hotspur and Douglas enter and inform the Prince that the king wanted to start the battle immediately and also he called all of them as traitors and all what could, be Douglas informs him of the preparations, Hotspur adds that the Prince of Wales has challenged him to fight. The Prince asks the manner of challenge is, Vernon tells that it was dignified and full of all respects to him ; but Hotspur again misguides him. Now enters a messenger and delivers a letter to Hotspur who declines to read it because he does not want to waste time in reading a letter. In the mean time another messenger comes and informs that the king is coming rapidly. Hotspur decides

to entertain the king with the sound of the trumpet of war and the trumpets are sounded.

Word-Meaning :

1. *Must not know*—must not be told, 5. *Shoud ..us*—his pretensions must be exposed, 9. *Is but...fox*—should not be trusted more than fox, 10. *Ne'er so tame*—he should never be so tamed, 13. *Misquote*—to give a wrong interpretation, 19. *Hare brain'd*—the man of scattered brain, 22. *Ta'en*—caught as an infections, 23. *Spring*—origin, 31. *Will bid you battle*—will extend an invitation to you for a battle, 34. *And shall*—that I shall do, 38. *Mended thus*—reformed thus, 41. *This hateful...us*—this hateful treason of ours, 49. *Draw short breath*—exhausted due to fighting, 57. *Trimm'd up*—decked out, 58. *Like a chronical*—with every minute detail of historical fact, 67. *Envy*—malicious fate, 68. *One*—possess, 75. *Shrink under*—with a play upon the physical sense of shrinking, 87. *Brave death*—these could have no better and glorious death than this we are meeting, 88. *For our consciences*—so for as our consciences is concerned, 89. *The intent of bearing*—the object that we have to fulfill, 90. *Apace*—swiftly.

Explanation :

(Lines 62 to 69) *He made.....wantonness,*

Hotspur misguided the Prince, Percy and did not tell him the actual desire of the king. Now Percy enquired of the Prince of Wales's challenge from Vernon, who told the reality and said that he challenged him in a very dignified manner and enhanced his merits by depreciating all praise as inadequate to describe his worth. He goes on saying that the Prince made a most modest account of himself, specially with an idea of summoning himself before the bar of his own judgement. He scolded himself in such a manner, which unique and most beautiful and which clearly exhibited that the Prince had to do the things so that he suddenly became the master of the art of learning and alike of teaching. Vernon states that the Prince paused then and did not say anything. Even then Vernon wants to let the world know that if he could be spared by

the malicious fate being dropped over him, it was definite that England would realise that never such a Prince was born and specially England never owned so hopeful a son, though the grounds for its hopefulness were absured by his wild excesses.

ACT. V. SCENE III.

Summary :

The scene opens in the plain between the camps of the two rival armies. The king enters with his power. Alarm is there and Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt meet on the battle field. Blunt asks the name of Douglas, who tells his name and wants to know if he was kind and the answer is in positive. Douglas asks him to yield, who denies and a fierce battle is fought. Hotspur enters and is told by Douglas that the king was killed. Hotspur recognises Blunt and tells Douglas the reality and Blunt tells that many are fighting with wearing the robe of a king Douglas swears to kill them all. Falstaff enters and is very much frightened. The Prince comes and demands the sword of Falstaff, who refuses and gives his pistol, taking which and throwing the battle upon Falstaff, the Prince goes out when Falstaff cries loudly to kill Percy if at all he was living.

Word-Meanings :

3. *Upon my head*—at my expense, 4. *Haunt*—trouble or frighten, 16. *All's ...won*—the completion of our victory lies in the death of the king, 21. *Semblably furnish'd*—fully equipped in armour, 29. *Our soldiers...day*—our soldiers are bravely fighting and continuing the battle, 32. *There's...you*—that is a fine acquisition you have made or the honour of which people talk everywhere, 34. *Keep lead...me*—save me from bullets, 35. *Ragamuffins*—beggarly fellows, 41. *Stark*—rigid in death, 46. *I have paid...sure*—I have done for Percy completely and need no more fear from him, 56. *So*—very good, 57. *A Carbonado*—a slice of broiled meat, 59-60—*If not...end*—In case I cannot save my life, I should not be so big a fool to lose this opportunity and accept this honour.

Explanation :

(Lines 54 to 59) *Well, if.....an end.*

Falstaff gave his pistol to the Prince, who by talking it and throwing the bottle at him left the place leaving Falstaff above who says that if Percy were still living he would pierce him and killing him, if at all he came in his way and interfered him, if Falstaff himself happens to go in the way of Percy and not Percy in his way, he is prepared to be assassinated by him. The thing in reality is that all what Falstaff thinks is nothing but a mere imagination because he himself is a very timid natured man and this is more clear when he says that he did not want to purchase such honours as Sir Walter had acquired at the cost of being like him a ginning corpse and dying for ever. He also thinks that if he were not able to save his life under any circumstance and condition he could then be prepared to face death and die and that is why he says that if he could not save his life by any means and even being so big a coward, he must accept that honour which he did not seek and that could be the end of the matter.

ACT V. SCENE IV.**Summary :**

The scene opens in another part of the field. The Prince has been wounded in the battle. The king asks Westmoreland to lead the Prince to his tent. The Prince does not want to be helped, because in his opinion the wound was not so serious as to get help from others. John of Lancaster asks him to be quick and the Prince, John and Westmoreland are gone away. King Henry and the Prince both appreciate the courage of John of Lancaster and call him a great warrior. Douglas enters and asks the king like, who he was, because like kings he had seen many battle field and the king tells him that he himself is the king and then alarms him to be ready to fight with him lest he should be killed unexpectedly. Douglas first doubts then accepts him as the king and both fight and king is in danger, when the Prince of Wales enters, warns Douglas and fights with him so fiercely that Douglas flees. The king appreciates him very much. He is also informed

of the succour of Clifton. Hotspur enters the Prince of Wales and Westspur introduce themselves to each other and fight to kill each other. Falstaff and Douglas also fight Falstaff pretends as if he were dead, Douglas is gone out and Hotspur is wounded and dies after a moments and the Prince bid him farewell and wishes him to enjoy his praise in heaven. The Prince sees Falstaff on the ground and scolds him but Falstaff begs to be excused at least for a day and advises the Prince to give more wounds to Hotspur so that he might not get up any more like himself, stales Hotspur, takes him up on his back and goes. Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster enter. The Prince praises the Lord for his bravery. The meet Falstaff, who claims to have killed Percy, but they indifferently go to see the friends who were living and who were dead. Retreat is announced and the battle comes to a close in the victory of the king Henry the fourth Falstaff insists on going to the king to get his owner of having killed Percy.

Word-Meaning :

5. *Beseech*—request, *Make up*—advance, 6. *Amaze*—confuse, 11. *A shallow scratch*—an insignificant wound. 15. *Breathe*—take rest, 20. *Respect*—hold dear. 29. *At heart*—most heartedly, 34. *Assay*—trial or attempt, 37. *But...Art*—i. e. you are bound to be mine, either by death or by capture, 44. *But he means*—without meaning, 49. *Makest...life*—hold my life dear, *Tender*—fond regard, 50. *In this...me*—in so nobly rescuing me, 52. *Hearken'd for*—Longed for, 58. *Make up to*—hasten to the assistance of, 74. *Thy vanities*—your useless talk, 75. *Well said*—well done, 78. *Brook*—endure, 79. *Than those*—than the loss of those, 91. *Vilest*—most ordinary, 93. *Stout*—courageous, 95. *So dear...zeal*—such a display of warm feelings. 96. *Favours*—token of here given to a knight by his own beloved, 104. *I could .. man*—there are many good people whose loss could have brought very little difference to me, 108. *Dearer*—of a higher value, 109. *Embowell'd*—in order to embalm a body, the intestines were first taken out of it, 112. *Powder*—salt, 113. *Termagant*—scolding woman, 114. *Scot and Lot*—most thoroughly, 125. *Confutes*—is able to prove that I did not kill him. 133. *Fantasy*—imagination, 136. *Double*—deceitful,

140. *Look*—expect, 146. *The sin*—of not rewarding valour, 147. *I'll take...death*—I live death if my words do not come out true, 152. *Your Luggage*—Percy's body, 153. *May do thee grace*—may help to make your story credible, 159. *Great*—in position, *Less*—incorpulence.

Explanation :

(Lines 63 to 68) *A very*

Wales.

Hotspur entering the battle field found the Prince and asked if he actually was the Prince of Wales. The Prince answered in positive and spoke in rage that he had before him the brave yet the rebel Hotspur Percy. The Prince informs Percy, not to think anymore that he could also share with the Prince. As two stars could not move in one sphere, in the same way two brave princes could not live in the same kingdom and either of those two was to meet his death, because England could not tolerate double reign of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales and therefore it was the best and a golden opportunity for both of them to decide, by killing the, who was to be come the future successor of England.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Summary :

This is the last scene of the play where after the victory, the king, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster and Earl of Westmoreland are seen along with Vernon and Worcester as prisoners. The king tells Worcester that it was owing to him that many were killed, who could be living. Worcester accepts his act but explains it to have been inspired by his selfish motive and now he was prepared to undergo any fate awaiting. The King sentences them to death and asks the prince about the battle field. The Prince tells him that Percy was slain and Douglas made a captive. The Prince asks his permission to dispose Douglas off and the king happily permits him. The Prince asks John of Lancaster to announce the sentence of Douglas as instructed by the King. John of Lancaster goes to comply. Now the king divides the power and asks them to leave for the places allotted. He also tells them that since they

were successful in the first plight they should not leave even a single place which is not won if it belonged to the rebels.

Word-Meanings :

1. *Rebuke*—Threatening, 2. *Ill-spirited*—with evil intentions, 4. *Turn contrary*—misinterpret, 5. *Misuse...trust*—betray the trust, 12. *Embrace*—accept, 20. *Upon...fear*—taking to flight in fear, 26. *This honourable bounty*—the privilege of announcing to him this kindness which the king allows me to show him, 28. *To his pleasure*—to do as may be liked by him, 33. *Give away*—Transfer, 36. *Dearest*—most urgent, 44. *Let us ...won*—let us not be at ease till we have recovered all what we have lost.

Explanation :

(Lines 17 to 24) *The noble*

him.

Disposing off Worcester and Vernon and announcing for them the sentence for death, the king asked the Prince of Wales about the battle field. The Prince told him that Lord Douglas, when found that noble Percy was slain and the fortune was turning away from him and all his soldiers and men were so much frightened that they were running away from the battlefield tried to flee with the rest of the people but, unfortunately, fell down from a very high rock and was naturally wounded so badly that he could not flee and was caught by his men who were persueiny him. The Prince also informed the king that the captive Douglas was in the tent of the Prince himself and His Majesty permitted him he could get Douglas disposed of.

A SOVEREIGN APPENDIX

“The Chronicle history, flourished during the last fifteen years of Elizabeth’s reign and owed its popularity to the fervour of Armada patriotism: the newly awaked national spirit made the people quick to discern a topical interest in the records of by-gone struggles against foreign aggression and civil disunion.’ The memory of the past would be a warning and an inspiration for the future. In the history plays Shakespear makes frequent appeals to the patriotic sense of the English people. He was himself a patriotic Englishman, an enthusiastic lover of the land ‘hedged in by the man,’ of England’s fertile soil, of the winds ‘that blow to England’s blessed shore’. And he loved also, the hearts of England’s breed, with their high military qualities, worthy brood of the eagle England being in prey. For this Island of England breeds very viliant creatures, their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.”

—(W. Raleigh)

William Shakespeare took the historic story of *Henry IV.*—*Part I.* mainly from the *Chronicle* of Raphael Holinshed, who died in 1580, two years after the appearance of his book, which dealt with the history of the British Isles from “the firste inhabiting” up to “the present time,” namely 1575. The chronicler claimed “to have had an especial eye unto the truth of things,” though he is spoilt as a judge by his strong Protestant feeling. His book is, moreover, intensely patriotic on the English side. Shakespeare used it for most of the facts of nearly all his historical plays, as well as for *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and part of *Cymbeline*; and at times the poet used not only the story but also the chronicler’s phrases.

A great deal of Holinshed’s *Chronicle* was drawn from a book published about thirty years before his own appeared. This was the work of a Protestant lawyer named Edward Halle, and was entitled *The Union of the Noble and Illustrious Families of Lancaster and York*, but it was really a book in praise of the

House of the Tudor. It began with the reign of Henry IV and told of the deposition of Richard II. Shakespeare used it as well as the chronical of Holinshed.

The Falstaffian episodes are based upon hints drawn from an old play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*.
—(A. T. Quiller Couch)

"Strange as it may seem, the legendary and the miraculous must be regarded as true. Shakespeare and many others will be found scrupulously respecting the data of history or legend, following North's *Plutarch* or Holinshed's *Chronicles* step by step, cutting out only such passages as overload the dramatic purpose, adding only what can be included in the general belief accorded to all actions, the news-item known to all, the adventure read in a book, which has received the stamp of authenticity, by the mere fact of seeing itself in print."

—(Henre Fluchere)

"Absolute fidelity to historical facts must not be booked for on all occasions or in all minute details. There is a kind of truth which is sometimes higher than truth to fact, and such is Shakespeare's. His histories are always true to the spirit of the age even when they are false in details. What the poet does, is to give the true historical meaning to the leading moments in the life and progress of the English nation from the time of John almost to his time."

—(Stanlewood and Rev. F. Marshall)

"*Henry IV.* is particularly suitable for an all-boy company. There are only three women's parts, and all small ones. The spirit and energy of the conference and battle scene, the boisterous fun of the Tavern at Eastcheap and the tricking of Falstaff make it a splendid play for the school stage, and if a three-hour performance can be given, it should be acted as a whole with a little judicious cutting of some of the longer speeches. If a short entertainmet is wanted, the practical joke Hal plays upon Falstaff, with the old regue's justification of himself, makes an amusing and complete little comedy. Let the curtain go up on the revellers in the Boar's Head Tavern at Eastcheap, singing one of the Elizabethan drinking-songs :

"Back and sides go bare, go bare", or "And let me the canakin clink, clink" (from *Othello*), or the catch from *Twelfth Night*. Then begin with "Enter Poins" in Act I. Scene ii, an continue to his exit, omitting the Prince's soliloquy, which has no point unless enough of the play to show the development of his character is acted. Go on with Act II. Scene ii., showing the highway robbery, and conclude with Act II. Scene iv., from Falstaff's entrance to the sudden half-humours half-serious collapse of his defence—"Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!" ending, as you have begun, with the gaiety of a drinking-song. This makes a capital little form-room play, as it can be done in the period of three-quarters of an hour or an hour usually allotted to an English lesson, and so need not interfere with the workings of the rest of the day's time-table, and, with its fun and completeness, it is a good choice for the dramatic part of the sort of variety entertainment that a school often gives in hall or at the end of term for its own diversion and that of its friends. If a two-hour play is needed, the following arrangement may be suggested. The main motives of the whole drama are the emergence of Hal's character, the "mortifying" of his wildness and the assumption of the responsibilities of his kingly manhood, and the passing of England from civil broils to peace: in shortening, the former has been given chief place, as to the majority of the audience, it is the more interesting."

(E. Smith)

"The plays rich in good acting parts. First and foremost is the fat rogue Falstaff, as difficult a character to interpret satisfactorily as Hamlet himself. There is a queer contrast between his amusing speech, his nimble phrases, and the enormous heavy bulk which makes him the butt of the boy Hal, and he himself appreciates this. "I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." On the professional stage the full value of his racy talk is, I think often lost—his speech is too thick and drunken, his fatness too colossal: one cannot forget the physical grossness of him, which is too much exaggerated. Hotspur is an attractive character to act, hare-brained, hot-headed, speaking thick with temper, hating mincing poetry, maddened by affection, intolerant of folly, longing with real passion to "pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon." When acting at Stratford, the late Lewis Waller chose this part,

which proves its excellent stage opportunities. But Hal's is undoubtedly the part of hero : gay, impudent, boyish, sulking at the opening of the play because he feels that this is not the environment for a king's son, unable to keep up his bad temper when the old reprobate Falstaff remembers what he was before the prince led him astray, quick and passionate in his desire to prove himself generous to the memory of his fallen enemy. These characters repay the most careful and loving study, and and they by no means exhaust the list of good parts.

Get word-perfect by the first rehearsal, if you can—so much time is wasted add so much confusion caused by an actor who does not know his part properly. The first consideration is to make yourself heard—speak slowly and clearly, though, for a little, it may seem unnatural to you and think of those of the audience who are at the back of the hall. Practise your part aloud to yourself, with the proper gestures and expression, and it will come more naturally to you when you rehearse it with the others. If you are speaking blank verse remember that it is verse. Do not render it in the extraordinary moaning voice that some second-rate actors and elocutionists assume; but do not speak it as prose—it is poetry, and should have all the beauty of its rhythm. Try to remember exactly the stage manager's directions as to where you should be, and be there at the right moment, or you may spoil the whole effect of the picture.

For incidental music in the battle-scenes Naylor's *Shakespeare's and Music* is a useful book, as it gives "tuckets" and drum rhythms. Arrange to have music before and after the play and during the intervals if there are any; it creates the proper festive theatre feeling: and get your music master or mistress to choose something that is in keeping with the spirit of the play and of the time when it was written."

—(Evelyn Smith)

"Shakespeare departs from his (Marlowe's) model allows his own genius for character-drawing. In *King Jo* no reminiscence of Marlowe remains save the eloquence of tirades and the sonorous roll of the verse. In the trilogy formed by the two parts of *Henry IV* and by *Henry V*,

peare's most powerful creation in the sphere of English history, his broad strokes of the brush his mingling of the comic and the tragic, his association of Falstaff with the Prince of Wales who became the hero of Agincourt—show that his genius and reached complete independence. Here, he owed nothing to any one but himself." —(*Legous*)

"A good shallow young fellow", says Falstaff; "a would have made a good pantler; a would have chipped bread well." This view accepted, makes nonsense of the whole structure of the play; and Shakespeare comes very near to making nonsense of it for true glorification of Falstaff. He saves himself by forcible, not to say violent, means, after preparing the way in the unnatural and pedantic soliloquy of the Prince:—

*I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,*

—and soon, for twenty times or more, like the induction of a bold Morality play. Truly, a flout in a poor case when it sets up defences like this against the artillery of Falstaff's criticism and humour, and the insidious advances of his good fellowship".

—(*Walter Raleigh*)

"Shakespeare gave us the measure of his own magnanimity in the two parts of Henry IV., a play of incomparable ease and variety, and mastery. Hence having perfected himself in his craft, he passed on to graver themes, and, with Plutarch for his text book, resuscitated the world-drama of the Romans; or breathed life into those fables of early British history which he found in Holinshed".

—(*Walter Raleigh*)

"This quality of humour is seen nowhere more plainly than in the character of Falstaff. *The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battle at Shrewsbury, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe* (c. 1597; printed 1598 and 1599) is by no means a romantic comedy, but it may deal with here because of this common method of treatment. Elevation of Falstaff reveals well the peculiar sympathy

which is inherent in this mood of humour. Falstaff is a braggart, perhaps a coward, certainly a disreputable old sinner, yet there is hardly anyone who does not feel for him and sympathise with him. If we regard him in the cold light of reason, we are bound to shun and to condemn him, but no audience ever could regard Falstaff in the cold light of reason because of this intangible sympathy which Shakespeare has transfused into his pages. The humour of the man is so broad: he like the characters of the purely romantic comedies, can laugh not only at others, but at himself. His intellect is so acute, his sense of fun so highly developed, that we cannot but take him to our hearts. It is the fact that Shakespeare has presented Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* without this humour which makes the majority of readers feel that the latter is an immeasurably weaker and less interesting play."

"So far Shakespeare's endeavours in the realm of historical drama had not shown anything of peerless excellence, but about 1556 or 1557 appeared the true masterpiece of the history of Henry the Fourth (Printed 1598), followed by The Second part of Henry the Fourth (1597-8; printed 1600). Instead of gloomy tragedy of lyrical passion there is transfused into this play a genuinely realistic and humorous tone. Out of the sketch of the character of a certain Sir John Oldcastle Shakespeare developed the now immortal figure of Falstaff, one who, as we have seen, belongs to the realm of the romantic Comedy. That Shakespeare did not feel quite at ease in the company of this witty old rascal is shown probably by the 'rejection of Falstaff' at the close of the second part of the play, and by the record of his death in The Chronicle History of Henry the fifth (1599; printed 1600), the last of this series of history plays".

—(A. Nicoll)

"Shakespeare's prose is copious in quantity and high in quality, and ranges at ease from magnificent eloquence, through the polished exchanges of high comedy, to the crisp and racy patter of minor characters. Shakespeare's prose dialogue is definitely better than that of anyone of his age, both in itself and as the medium of drama. Moreover, Shakespeare's prose is real prose and not the mere relapse of a poet's verse. Indeed,

-there is no respect in which Shakespeare fails to be the master of all who have ever worked in words. He is complete and supreme in conception and execution, in character and in story—not an unnatural full-blown marvel, but an instance of genius working it self up, on precedent and by experiment, from promise to performance and from the part to the whole”.

—(*G. Sampson*)

“In Richard II, there is no prose and as Shakespeare’s genius is elevated and touches the horizontal radiance of the king of day, he realises that prose not verse is the medium of familiarity. So we find that Shakespeare transforms verse into prose and we find that in the tempest there is more prose than in any of his plays.”

“Marlowe seeks to conquer the impossible in drama, to find the complete expression for all his hopes and desires, and he can put that same passion into the ambition for earthly dominion, for power over the intangible, for limitless revenge”

—(*A. Nicoll*)

So does Shakespeare in the chronicle plays.

